

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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No. 2.

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.



NO. 1. GRIMALDI LOSES HIS BET. [SEE PAGE 170.]

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK was born on the 27th of September, 1792. Heir to the traditions of a family of artists, and beginning life with no higher ambition than to do good sound work, every day, and get paid for it, he found himself started at ten or twelve years of age on that career of labor and success which has lasted longer than the whole lives of most long-lived men. The earliest print which the writer of this has ever seen is dated March, 1808, when the artist was fifteen years and six months

old. The earliest dated print, according to the tolerably complete catalogue issued seven years ago, by Mr. G. W. Reid of the British Museum, is of 1803, in which year the artist was eleven years old. "My father, Isaac Cruikshank, was a designer and etcher and engraver and a first-rate water-color draughtsman," says George, in a letter to Mr. Reid. "My brother, Isaac Robert, was a very clever miniature and portrait painter, was also a designer and etcher. * * * When I was a mere boy my dear father kindly allowed me to play



NO. 2. POLITICAL CARICATURE, AT TWENTY.

at etching on some of his copper-plates,—little bits of shadow, or little figures in the background; and to assist him a little as I grew older, and he used to assist me in putting in hands and faces. And when my dear brother, Robert (who in his later days omitted the Isaac), left off portrait painting and took almost entirely to designing and etching, I assisted him at first to a great extent in his drawings on wood and his etchings." Both the father and the brother were designers of respectable powers and of great diligence, though the biographical dictionaries despised them; and George learned his trade and its technicalities in his boyhood, as such things were learned in the great days of fine art,—as Giotto learned them, who was called to Rome at nineteen,—as Raphael learned them, who at twenty was a painter of renown at Florence.

A certain unconsciousness, a certain naïveté, is gained for the art of the man to whom the processes of his art are matters of course, from childhood up. Great as we believe the natural gifts of George Cruikshank to have been, one charm of his work would have been lacking to it if he had had to struggle with the difficulties of the etching needle and the acid, and to serve his apprenticeship to designing for woodcuts, in after life.

The earliest works of our artist were prints for children, six or eight on a sheet, and sold for a penny or two; frontispieces of "chap-books;" head-pieces to songs, which having become popular as sung upon the stage, or in other ways, were printed on a broadside of more elegant appearance than "ha'penny ballads." The print referred to above is one of these; it represents three gentlemen carousing under the "Mulberry

Tree," which gives name to the song; it is out of drawing in every direction; it has no merit beyond a certain vigor of gesture and reality in the conceptions; our fifteen-year-old boy spent no more time on it than he was paid for, it is to be supposed. In 1812 appeared the little etching, which has been very accurately

copied by wood engraving in our No. 2. Of the many political caricatures of Cruikshank's life, few are small enough for these pages, without reduction, which is always to be regretted, as changing more or less the character of the design. In this case the reproduction is in all respects like the original, except that all or most of the copies were colored. Pitt had died six years before, and his last words had been "My country, oh! my country," or, as otherwise reported, "How I leave my country!" This caricature is not aimed at Pitt so much as at the ministers who succeeded him; if it seems incredibly coarse, and to do violence to the memory of a revered statesman, this can only be laid to the unconsciousness and want of refinement characteristic of early youth.

In 1813 was begun the "Meteor"—a journal of the most pronounced anti-priv-



NO. 3. DOMINIE SAMPSON.

ilege, anti-administration type, to which Cruikshank contributed several important designs. The large, folding frontispiece gives us the Prince Regent in the dress and character afterward so widely known,—huge crimson cheeks, powdered wig, blue body-coat with little, pointed tails. Near him, on the ground, are scattered his "wig-block," "wig and whisker box," and such-like fopperies. The same periodical contained caricatures aimed at the Duke of Cumberland, fifth son of George III., and afterward King of Hanover. This same Duke of Cumberland was a favorite butt. We find him as the hero in some very scandalous adventures, represented in designs made for "The Annals of Gallantry."

These prints from the "Meteor" and the "Annals" are etchings in line, of great simplicity and beauty of execution, but generally colored. Indeed, down to a late date, Cruikshank's etchings and wood-cuts, both, were issued colored, as well as plain. The fashion seems to have lasted till about 1835, and to this day the frontispieces of "Punch's Pocket-Book" preserve the memory of it. It is hardly necessary to say that the beauty of an etching can scarcely be judged under the trenchant colors of the popular taste of the day, and that, although collectors of caricatures prefer the colored copies, the plain ones are more interesting to one who loves etching supremely.

It is often said that the influence of Gillray's caricatures is to be seen in Cruikshank's early works. That some such influence may have been exercised by the veteran caricaturist over the 'prentice hand is not unlikely; but it is hard to trace in work of this early time. The rare works of Isaac Cruikshank seem to us much more the root from which the freer design, the more perfect drawing, and the greater intensity and directness of action of his son were developed. The influence of both Gillray and of Rowlandson can be seen distinctly in works of George Cruikshank's after life.

The Bonaparte caricatures must be mentioned briefly. No artist could have lived and worked in England in 1812-15 and not have had his say about the French emperor. As political squibs these amount to little. The power of fun which our designer showed in an eminent degree in other subjects is but faintly seen here. The allusions are too obvious, the assaults too violent, the artist has only the popular conception of the emperor's strength and of his weakness, and this is too vague and general to allow of

first-rate work being done in the expression of it. These caricatures are sometimes marked as being designed by some person other than the etcher; often by the publisher, who may be imagined as telling Cruikshank to get up a print to order, as thus: "The allied sovereigns at work as tailors, patching up a peace; Napoleon bouncing in at the window, fresh



NO. 4. "THE FIRST GENTLEMAN OF EUROPE."

from Elba; then the name to be, 'The Devil among the Tailors,' and here are some verses to put below the print." Out of some such general orders as these, we may imagine our artist making the spirited print known by the name we have given, which is No. 461 of Reid's catalogue, and then signing it, as in duty bound, "G. H., *inv.*—etched by G. Cruikshank." There is no evidence in his works that he was intensely interested in the war against Napoleon. Indeed, there is evidence that, like many English liberals, he hated the enemies of the emperor not less than their common foe, and joined in the war-cry, so far as he did so of his own motion, under the influence partly of English insular dislike of the French and their works and ways; partly of the natural fear of the wholly unreasonable, overgrown, and insupportable domination over Europe of the French military empire. It is certain that as soon as that power was broken down, the

caricatures take the other turn: Louis XVIII. supported on allied bayonets, while slaughtered French strew the foreground; Louis XVIII. as a washer-woman striving to wash the red and the blue out of the tricolor; France bound, while Prussia steals her purse, and Austria and Russia prepare her chains; Louis XVIII. climbing a greased pole to reach the crown;—every one of these came out before Waterloo was three months old. That speedy appearance is noticeable; it was not because of long continuance of reactionary measures, but an instinctive feeling that the liberal cause was not best served by despotic sovereigns, and with these the Napoleon caricatures cease.

Our illustration, No. 3, is of this time. It is the title-page vignette of a chap-book entitled "Guy Mannering, or the Astrologer," published in 1816 by William Hone, who was soon afterward to become famous for his

ness," with a little shop in the Old Bailey, "three doors from Ludgate Hill," where he lived among old books, more of a student than a dealer, and seemingly more likely to live and die unknown than any of his neighbors. But he was a liberal and fearless. Stinging political tracts appeared, dated from his little shop, with his name in full as publisher. About the year 1816 the regent's government, of which Lord Liverpool was then the head, had passed through parliament laws of the most extraordinary severity designed to suppress "libels" and "profane and seditious publications," and no less a man than William Cobbett had fled to America to avoid prosecution by a vindictive administration before bitterly incensed judges. Hone, either less timid, or so unworldly as not to know what a storm would be raised by his early tracts, was indicted and brought to trial, and for

three days of December, 1817, he fought his own battle against the attorney-general, Mr. Justice Abbott, and Lord Chief-Justice Ellenborough. Too poor to pay counsel, and too sensible to attempt to deny the violence of his pamphlets, he piled the table with folios, and overwhelmed the court with the parodies, squibs, lampoons, bitter attacks which had been written by grave men in the past,—St. Augustine, Martin Luther, Erasmus, the Dean of Canterbury, George Canning,—these and such as these were his models. If his political squibs were seditious, if his parodies were profane, so were theirs. On three different days three different trials were held; the attorney-general, Sir Samuel Shepherd, was violent and the judge overbearing; every pressure was brought to bear on the jury, and on each day they brought in a verdict of not guilty. A curious caricature by Cruikshank commemorated the event,—one destined to exercise, it seems, a great influence over subsequent British legislation on the matter of freedom of the press.

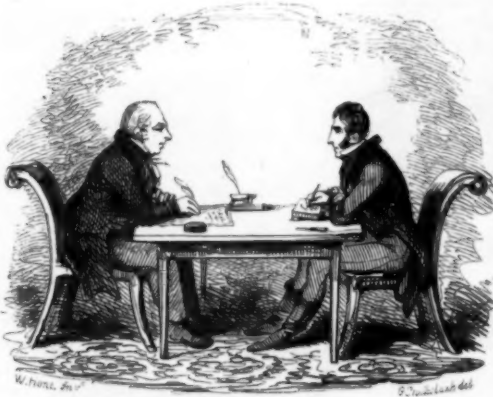


NO. 3. "HE REBING, REJOICING."

sufferings in the cause of extra-free speech and ultra-liberal politics. The book, however, does not appear to be a cheap edition of Sir Walter Scott's romance, which had been published only the year before; but a "penny dreadful" sort of tale, for the harrowing of the public feelings. The publisher was a man in a very "small way of busi-

ness." But still two years were to elapse before Cruikshank began that extraordinary series of cuts in which the political struggles of that day chiefly live in our memories. They were nearly all made for tracts published by Hone. Illustration No. 4 is from the "Queen's Matrimonial Ladder," published in 1820,—a tract in the form

of a pamphlet with nineteen wood-cuts. The wretched king,—at this time fifty-eight years old,—a lover still of every sort of dissipation, and notoriously the most unfaithful of husbands, with no more kingly qualities than “some skill in cutting out coats, and an undeniable taste in cookery,” had brought before the peers a bill to dissolve his marriage, on account of alleged improprieties of conduct on the part of the queen. The popular feeling seems to have been strongly in favor of the queen; the ministers who had brought forward the bill were assailed by every kind of ridicule and coarse abuse. In this attack Hone and Cruikshank were very prominent. Illustration No. 6, engraved on wood by Miss Powell in close fac-simile of the original, represents them as sitting face to face at their table, the artist with pencil and box-wood, the author and publisher with his pen.* Did they actually sit this way, and suggest each his thick-coming fancies to the other?



NO. 6. THE SATIRISTS.

In the tract from which is taken our picture of the drunken king, the whole private his-

* This cut did not appear till 1827 on the title-page of “Facetiae and Miscellanies, by Wm. Hone,”—a collection and re-issue of a number of the tracts of 1820-21.



NO. 7. “AND NOW THE TURNPIKE GATES AGAIN FLEW OPEN IN SHORT SPACE.”

tory of the unlucky monarch is set forth. He is held up to scorn, first, as our illustration shows him, with his foot on his star, his garter unlaced, and surrounded by emblems of every sort of profligacy; and, in another print, standing on a stool in a country church, and draped in a long white sheet as a penitent, while the clergyman points to him, and the seventh and ninth commandments blaze out from the decalogue on the wall. In another tract he is shown standing in the criminal's place, with the mirror over his head, and sprigs of rue laid on the bar before him. The ministers come in for their share of denunciation, and the attacks on the authors of the bill of divorce are mingled with those aimed at the ministers as tyrannical and anti-liberal rulers. Wellington, Sidmouth, Liverpool and Castlereagh, are assailed with extraordinary ferocity; the bishops and the royal family come in for their share; but the favorite argument is still “The Dandy of Sixty.”

Throughout this long series of twenty or more pamphlets and nearly three hundred wood-cuts, Queen Caroline is represented as a sort of earthly saint. No suggestion that there was any case against her appears. But our advocate was sometimes employed by the other side. As long before as 1817 a large caricature entitled “R-y-l Condescension” had held up the princess (as she then was) to execration and contempt in a

way more grossly cynical than the worst of the attacks on her husband; and even during the popular excitement over the queen's trial in June, 1820, the attack is renewed with almost equal recklessness. It has to be remembered that it was an age of coarser manners than our own. The picture of 1817 has no signature except Cruikshank's own; but the four prints of 1820 under the common title, "*La Gloire des Honnêtes Gens*," are signed "*Sr. Facto del: G. Ck. sculpt*;"—though the internal evidence and the doubtful name all seem to point to Cruikshank's independent action. Again the queen is represented in a frontispiece to an anti-radical tract as wearing a fool's cap and heading a procession of republicans, some of whom set fire to church and state. Some of the leaders of the liberal side are shown in this cut, Hone himself among them.

This readiness to be employed by either side is neither to be blamed nor praised; but it tends to contradict the often renewed assertion that our designer employed his genius only in the service of his liberal convictions. It is probable that he never held very positive political opinions, and was swayed by philanthropic feelings alone. It is probable that he saw things fit to ridicule in both sides of every question,—in both the armies in any contest. Thus the picture of "*Coriolanus addressing the Plebeians*," puts the king in the dignified position, although contemporary with the most laughable caricatures of him. The screen of Carlton House, long ago removed, fills the middle

distance; in front of it stands the king, dressed like a Roman noble, as conceived by the Georgian artists; opposite to him cower and shrink a host of radicals and reformers, and at them the dignified potentate hurls the scornful



NO. 8. THE WITCH'S SWITCH.

words of Shakspeare's *Coriolanus*: "What would you have, you curs?" And who are the "plebeians" of this caricature? Among them are many portraits one can recognize: William Cobbett; John Cam Hobhouse, the friend of Byron (afterward Lord Broughton); orator Hunt; Hone, the publisher, bearing a club marked "*Parody*," and George Cruikshank himself, with a portfolio lettered "*Caricature*."

In this year, 1820, appeared the famous "*Life in London*," by Pierce Egan, with



Designed & Etched & Published by George Cruikshank

NO. 9. FAIRY REVENGE.

thirty-six etchings by the two brothers Cruikshank. The book had more reputation than it deserved, and the pictures fully as much. Thackeray, writing in 1840, says that "Cruikshank's reputation was extraordinarily raised by it. Tom and Jerry were as popular as Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller now are." It is a curious picture of life and manners. Thackeray asks, in another place, whether the venerable men about him who were young in 1820 actually upset "Charlies," and made night hideous, like Jerry and Logic and Corinthian Tom. It seems hardly possible, he says, for grandfather is a gentlemanly old boy enough, now.

From this time we have to consider our artist in a wholly new light. He begins, in 1823, his career as a book illustrator. It is curious that before this time there is not one single book of permanent interest to which he had contributed illustrations, except that he made a frontispiece for an edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress," and one for an edition of Lord Chesterfield's letters. The "Points of Humor" marks the change, and the more decidedly that it was followed closely by the well-known "Peter Schlemihl," and this by the famous set of Grimm's "German Stories," the most renowned of all George Cruikshank's works. Of these, therefore, a word of criticism.

"Points of Humor" is a collection of comic passages from different authors, and anecdotes or legends from various sources. The longest selection is Burns's remarkable poem, "The Jolly Beggars: a Cantata," which is given in full, and has four illustrations, one of which is our No. 5. This book contains in its two parts twenty etchings and twenty wood-cuts. The former are not all technically successful, but the designs are full of life, and the wood-cuts are most admirable. The illustration, No. 5, selected as much easier of reproduction by a photographic process than some others, does scant justice to the original considered as an etching, or as a composition in black and white; but renders faithfully the expression of face, gesture, and general character. We give nothing from the "Grimm's Household Stories," because the reproductions contained in the volume published by John Camden

Hotten, in 1868, are in everybody's hands. They give all of the original except that evanescent charm of the artist's own touch on the copper. Faithful as they are, however, one who reads Mr. Ruskin's laudations of the originals, or Mr. Hamerton's words in "Etching and Etchers," will feel that what those lovers of art find so beautiful is not before him.

"Mornings at Bow Street," containing in two series forty-five delightfully delicate and spirited wood-cuts, came out in 1824 and 1827; "Greenwich Hospital," with twelve etchings and sixteen wood-cuts, in 1825; the "Universal Songster," which still holds its own in many editions, came out in 1825 and 1826. In 1827 appeared also "Phrenological



NO. 10. "AND I THOUGHT IT WAS RIGHT, AS THE MUSIC WAS COME, TO FOOT IT A LITTLE IN TABITHA'S ROOM."

Illustrations," with which Thackeray was so delighted.

Our picture, No. 7, is from "John Gilpin;" it is the last of six wood-cuts, and represents the cavalier returning through the toll-gate the second time, chased as a highwayman. This was published in 1828; the prints alone in a wrapper, "proofs on India paper, 2s. 6d." The reproduction comes nearer in this case than in the last two to the look and style of the original. These wood-cuts are worthy of examination, on account of the great difference between



NO. 11. THE PAY-TABLE.

them and the "effect" wood-cuts of the present day,—works of the style which this magazine has done so much to perfect. Cruikshank's work is more like the wood-cut engraving of old times. Dürer would have liked it; Andreani would have understood it. It is more evidently fitted to the material on which the engraving is made and to the destination of small pictures of the sort; the difference between a carefully printed proof from the block and the 75,000 or more steam-press-made copies from electrotypes is not so great,—so discouraging. This much may be said in favor of Cruikshank's early manner. The advantages of the other style need hardly be dwelt upon here. It is observable that this style of design, now (in 1828) fully matured, is kept up by our artist for twenty years, and only gradually passes into the more modern fashion in the course of the years 1845-50. "The Witch's Switch," a little wood-cut from an amusing book of sketches and anecdotes, Clarke's "Three Courses and a Dessert," published in 1836, forms our illustration, No. 8. The rustic, who thought he was safe from the witch if he kept at a distance, finds it not so easy to keep "out of her reach;" the self-acting cudgel has followed him up with a vigorous rap on the shoulder, which it seems to think of repeating. This print is also reproduced by a photographic process. The fifty-one illustrations of this book are very amusing,—a perfect gallery of quaint little fancies; copies of a late edition of it, with the wood-cuts still tolerably preserved, can easily be procured, as the book belongs now to Bohn's Illustrated Library.

Cruikshank is famous for his elves and imps, fairies and goblins. No artist has ever surpassed him in this department. From the goat-footed devils in the "Ingoldsby Legends" to the dancing elves in the famous picture in Grimm's "Household Stories," all the aspects of the extra-human world of popular superstition in England are familiar to him, and are portrayed with a vivacious reality all his own. A lady says to the writer, "But none of his fairies are pretty." Alas! fairies never were pretty, except in very modern books for children. The genuine fairy, so to speak, was a tricky, capricious, ill-conditioned

sprite, doing good but rarely, and for definite purposes of its own, doing harm as a rule, and by nature. There is only one Titania, and one Oberon. Cobweb and Mustard-seed, Moth and their fellows, were big-headed, prick-eared little scamps, in need of bats' wings for their coats, and kept out of mischief by being stationed on watch around their sleeping queen. Look well at our illustration, No. 9—a wood-cut, admirably copied by Mr. Whitney from the etching in Scott's "Demonology and Witchcraft." There is the whole fairy world of English popular legend; the elves had been well-treated by the former mistress of the house, and had found white bread and a bowl of cream set for them every night, but the new housewife was careless or sullen, and offered only red herrings and brown bread. See the catastrophe!

Of this same year, 1830, is the illustrated edition of Anstey's "New Bath Guide,"—a poem whose jingle lives in the memory of many readers of old books. Our illus-



NO. 12. THE BUTTERFLY.

tration, No. 10, shows how Mr. Simpkin, in his lodgings at Bath, utilized the music which an admirer of his sister had sent (this was a custom, and "sending the fiddles" was like sending a bouquet or a box of bonbons); also, it shows how the French valet of the lodger below-stairs conveyed his master's objections to the amusements of his neighbors. This wood-cut by Mr. Hayman is very successful in giving the character of the original design, and is at least as fine as the etching, which is not, indeed, very admirable as a piece of handiwork.

English novels before Scott; also, "Don Quixote," each story having from four to eight etchings. These books, with their illustrations, are still published, with sadly worn and defaced plates; perfect early copies are not easy to find, the editions having been thoroughly worn out in the service. About 175 designs of Cruikshank were published for the first time in that year. Our illustration No. 11 is from "Sunday in London," which appeared two years later. This picture has been selected for reproduction partly because it gives an early indication



NO. 13. "HARKAWAY! DICK!"

By this time our artist must have been pretty generally recognized as the best illustrator to be found of books, particularly of humorous books. The amount of work which he did during the quarter century from 1830 to 1855, in this one line of book illustration, is wonderful. The "Novelists' Library" was published in 1831, or at least the greater part of it came out in that year; it included "Roderick Random," "The Vicar of Wakefield," "Joseph Andrews," "Tom Jones;"—in short, many of the best

of our artist's espousal of that "Temperance" cause to which he gave such sincere and uncompromising aid in after-life. It seems to have been an abuse too common at the time to have the "pay-table" at a public house, and to allow workmen to run up a score to be paid out of their week's wages by the master. The picture needs no further introduction, but tells its own story; it is fairly well reproduced. No. 12, from "Mirth and Morality," because simpler, has come out still better from our photographic

process. This seems to the writer an almost faultless piece of work. It is simple; but how could it be bettered? How could the story be better told? "Mirth and Morality" is a stupid little book enough, with less of mirth than of the other thing; but Cruikshank's twenty little pictures redeem it at once; each one has something of the direct and vigorous action and the quiet beauty of "The Butterfly" which we give. This book appeared in 1835, and in the same year began the "Comic Almanack," destined to a popularity almost unexampled and to an existence of nineteen years.

The student is made to feel very often that it is disappointing to find so much of Cruikshank's best efforts spent upon books which, from their very nature, cannot have much permanent value. Consider Ainsworth's dreary stories—perfect desert wastes of literature! A New York critic, writing about Jules Verne's "Isle Mystérieuse," said that the mysterious thing about it was that anybody should buy it and read it; and, indeed, it is pretty long and wordy and "slow;" but it is of absorbing interest and condensed beauty, in comparison with "Rookwood" or "Jack Sheppard." How a "Newgate novel" can be made so dull passes comprehension. What! with a highwayman or a cracksmen for your hero, nothing more exciting? not even a shudder? The story of "Rookwood" creeps, but the twelve etchings have spirit enough, and the out-of-doors feeling and rapid movement. We give the one which is, on the whole, the best,—No. 13,—a scene in Dick Turpin's famous ride from London to York, on his mare, Black Bess. The reproduction, fortunately, is very good.

By way of contrast, probably, as he began on Ainsworth he began also on Scott, in this same year 1836. The illustrations to the

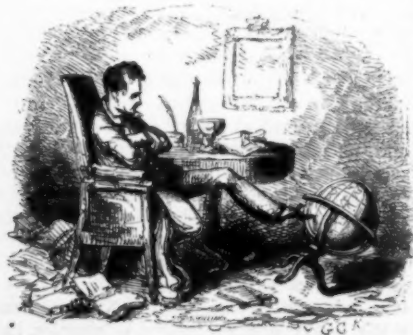
"Waverley Novels" are, perhaps, not equal to his best work; but, then, it is as hard to illustrate Scott as Shakspeare! Who shall give us the embodied form of Major Dalgetty, or of Dandie Dinmont? Not Cruikshank, for he was not a Scotchman, nor possessed of the dramatic power of conceiving the man he had not seen, but, as stanch a Londoner as Dickens himself, is ill at ease when he is "off the stones."

"Rejected Addresses" had gone through a number of editions from the time of the rebuilding of Drury Lane Theater, and, to float an eighteenth edition in 1838, six woodcuts by Cruikshank were added to it; we give one of these in our No. 14, which heads the poem assigned to "Lord B——." This has also been engraved, with entire success, by Mr. Hayman. "Oliver Twist," is of the same year. This story appeared in "Bentley's Miscellany," and the etchings are found in better condition in that periodical than elsewhere. In their present state, retouched, and in spite of their retouching having worn out, they are familiar enough to our readers.

Also, in 1838, appeared "Memoirs of Joseph Grimaldi, edited by 'Boz,'"—one of the most entertaining books ever written, even by Charles Dickens, and containing twelve capital etchings. Our No. 1 (head-piece) appertains to an episode of which Grimaldi was not exactly the hero, for he lost his bet. He and a friend were traveling in a post-chaise, and a well-mounted farmer came up behind, rapidly overtaking them. "I'll bet a guinea," says the friend, "that he wont overtake us before we reach the next town," and once the bet fairly made, the friend adopted the simple and efficacious means shown in the picture. Grimaldi, seeing his bet lost, and willing to get his full allowance of laughter, helps on the deception by his warning and deprecating gestures, with his body half out of the other window; as much as to say, "You see he's a madman!" This illustration is a wood-cut, admirably made by Mr. Whitney, and reproducing with almost perfect success even the most subtle characteristics of the etching,—even to the expression of the faces.

Cruikshank never did any more work for Dickens than the two sets of the "Sketches," the "Grimaldi," and the "Oliver Twist." It is a pity that this was so. One can but regret that "Nicholas Nickleby" was not illustrated by this great master of humorous design.

But, if the "Waverley Novels" proved to



NO. 14. SPURNING THE WORLD.



NO. 15. SATURDAY NIGHT AT SEA

be not quite adapted to Cruikshank's genius, and if the great chance of the Dickens books was taken from him, he had plenty of Ainsworth, at least! In the years 1840-41 appeared the "Tower of London," "Guy Fawkes," "The Miser's Daughter," and "Windsor Castle," with, in all, one hundred and seventy-eight designs by Cruikshank! Some of these are wonderfully good! The burning of Underhill on Tower Green is one of the most powerful pieces of tragedy ever engraved. There is a peculiar inequality among them, however, and we are left wondering why the "Guy Fawkes" etchings are so inferior to all the others.

In 1841 came out an edition of Dibdin's "Sea Songs," from which we take the capital picture, No. 15. Cruikshank must needs have been popular with the sea-loving, sailor-worshiping English of the "long peace," with their memories of Nelson and Collingwood, and the supremacy of the seas. This "Saturday Night at Sea," is just so far conventional that it smacks of the sailor as conceived by landmen; and one is inclined to challenge the propriety of some of the accessories: thus, the hooped quaighs,—what are the tars drinking out of such huge mugs? Spirits and water? Tea? In Queen Elizabeth's time, beer went to sea in Her Majesty's ships, but not under the Georges, nor under Queen Victoria.

These are busy years, when George Cruik-

shank had passed forty-five, and was not yet sixty. Tragedy and comedy crowd each other close. "Arthur O'Leary," and the "Bachelor's Own Book" (a most comical performance of the order of broad farce) are followed by "Old Saint Paul's, a tale of the Plague and the Fire," in which—whatever Mr. Ainsworth may have done with his ghastly subject—the artist's part is serious enough. In 1845 appeared Maxwell's "History of the Irish Rebellion of 1798." Cruikshank's share in this work is very remarkable, on account of its extent and elaborateness. The book is a stout octavo, and the twenty etchings are all of the full size of the page; all are scenes of the most furious and savage conflict, or of wild orgy, and all but one or two are crowded with a multitude of minute figures. It is difficult to name a better instance of success in representing violent action, throngs of people, headlong rage and brutality.

Illustrations Nos. 17 and 18 are from "The Table Book," one of the numerous attempts at an annual volume, like the "Omnibus" some years before. This "Table Book" has a well-known story by Thackeray, then first published ("The Legend of the Rhine"). It is curious how many "first appearances" of afterward well-known bits of literature one finds scattered about among the Cruikshank books, and written for Cruikshank to illustrate. To take Thackeray alone: in



NO. 16. FRONTISPIECE TO "THE TABLE BOOK."



NO. 17. FELIX'S FAMILY.

the "Comic Almanack" are "Cox's Diary" and "Lord Cornwallis, or The Fatal Boots," with twelve large etchings to each. But as for our illustrations, Felix's family are seen above and their shoes below, and Mark Lemon's ingenious text connects the two pictures.

Illustration No. 16 is also from the "Table Book." It is a wood-cut, copied by Mr. Le Blanc from the etching which forms the frontispiece. It needs no introduction nor showman to

"take his stand,
Motley on back, and pointing-pole in hand
Beside it"——

but can be trusted to explain itself, and make its own way. The engraving on wood

divergence from the etching, even in the expression of the hundred little faces.

Illustration No. 19 is from the "Comic Almanack" for the same year, 1845. It is a wood-cut, copied in fac-simile, by Mr. Bancker from the original etching, and is very successful, except for a certain flatness and hardness most difficult to avoid. The original is more soft and translucent. As for the not wholly pleasant engraving of the faces, it comes of a very successful attempt to preserve the exact expression of



NO. 18. THEIR SHOES.

is very remarkable. The most minute examination reveals hardly a shade of

face of the original. Cruikshank's fancy for filling his pictures with little allusions to its principal subject was never more fully shown. Even the picture seen over the footman's head is Rubens's "Fall of the Amazons," or some such scene.

From this time, the amount of work per year somewhat diminishes, and perhaps the



NO. 19. THE FALL OF THE LEAF.

culminating time is passed for excellence, as well as quantity. But the "latest manner" of a great designer is as full of interest and of value of a certain kind, as that of his youth or of his prime. Moreover, Cruikshank seems to have been a youth still. See his portrait in illustration No. 20. It is copied from the center-subject of a cover designed for several pieces of music,—comic songs by Mr. Cooke, published in 1849. The composer, like an itinerant musician, is playing on the flageolet, while the artist passes round the hat. In spite of his unkempt condition, Cruikshank does not look old for a man of fifty-seven, and we cannot but believe him a faithful portrait-painter. It is curious what a fancy he always had for putting his own portrait into his designs. Mr. Reid mentions one instance which the writer has not seen, and is not likely to see short of the British Museum,—an etching of his very earliest youth, in which George is seen taking the copperplate to the publisher's shop. Mr. Reid adds this note:

"Curious early instance of Cruikshank giving his own portrait to the world, a predilection which has clung to him throughout his whole career. Mr. Cruikshank says this was generally done at the instigation of his publishers."

Three instances of this are before the reader, or indeed five, for "The Triumph of Cupid" counts three portraits within itself. And is not this image of the artist himself taking his own picture from himself a curi-

ous bit of self-consciousness? Evidently he knew how fond he was of taking his own likeness. In the whole list of his works there are as many self-made portraits, it would seem, as there are among Rembrandt's etchings. In the "Sketches by Boz" we have him and Dickens, as managers of a charity dinner. In a caricature of a Dissenters' meeting made in 1811, he and his brother appear together. His appearance in "Coriolanus Addressing the Plebeians" has been noticed. In "Scraps and Sketches" he stands at his easel, palette and brushes in hand, while "Nobody" seated before him "desires the artist to make him as ugly and ridiculous as possible." In the "Sketch Book" he is holding a certain obnoxious publisher by the nose with a pair of tongs, and this subject is repeated in a pamphlet as late as 1860. In fine, Mr. Reid mentions several more instances not otherwise known to the writer.

In this year of 1849 came out Taylor's translation of the "Pentamerone,"—Neapolitan fairy tales, with six full-page etchings, some of them containing several subjects. Our illustration, No. 21, is from this book, a wood-cut copy by Miss Powell of the illustration to the well-known story of "Fine-Ear, Strong-Back, and their Wondrous Companions." Particularly to be enjoyed is the packing of the king's treasure on "Strong-Back's" shoulders. Even His Majesty's silver candlesticks are tied fast to the pile.

Illustration No. 23 is from "Talpa, or, Chronicles of a Clay Farm," published in 1852. Each chapter has a wood-cut tail-piece, illustrating in a jocose way its last few words. Thus one chapter ends with the words of the title of our illustration used seriously as part of the discussion about labor and proprietorship. Were these jolly little designs meant to make the book more salable? It is not impossible, and it

Falstaff," of which Cruikshank's share was a set of twenty large etchings and a wood-cut. These prints are well known, and still easy to get in tolerable condition, and they are the most desirable things of the artist's later style. Their short-comings are obvious, and in no way injure the designs, either as very graceful comedy or as interesting studies of character. There were few more important undertakings after this one. Cruikshank



NO. 20. CRUIKSHANK AT FIFTY-SEVEN.

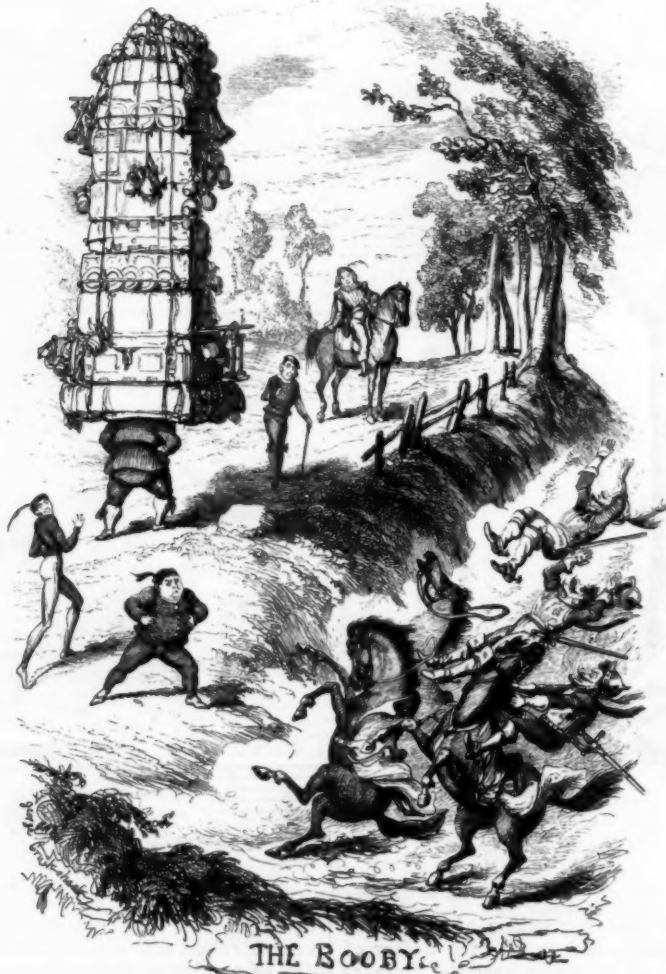
is to be desired that writers of severe and heavy books would imitate the author of "Talpa," and so secure immortal fame, at least for their titles. Government documents might be so decorated, and so be as eagerly sought as they are now despised by the recipient, while a school of designers and wood-engravers would thus be built up. It is a bright dream.

In 1857 appeared the "Life of Sir John

was sixty-five years old when "Falstaff" was published, and although he did a good deal of good work during the twenty years that followed, keeping the pencil in his hand until the very year of his death, it was of a desultory sort. He was exceedingly interested in all sorts of philanthropical projects, and full of opinions and ideas on public matters. He wrote, now and then, pamphlets of a singular vivacity of expression,

with amusing wood-cuts; one of these we give in illustration No. 22, a little nothing, from a pamphlet about the "volunteer movement," which was published in 1860. A few political caricatures of the size and

Bomb," and Colonel Mackinnon throwing it "out of the house." One of 1869 ridicules Miss Rye's scheme of taking away from London "Our Gutter Children," who are swept and shoveled up by various par-



NO. 21. THE FOUR MIGHTY SERVANTS.

appearance of those of half a century before belong to this period. One of 1861 shows Palmerston and Russell on the treasury bench, Disraeli and the Opposition opposite, John Bright presenting his "Reform

sons and philanthropists, and piled in a cart for exportation. One of 1871 is still more like the work of 1812 in appearance and character: "The Leader of the Parisian Blood-red Republic, or the Infernal Fiend;"



NO. 22. GOING OFF BY ITSELF.

in the old way it is colored in strong crude color, by hand, with plenty of red in the composition, and, in the old way, it is written all over with significant legends.

It is more agreeable to think of the illustrations to children's books, of which many were issued during this time. The "Fairy Library" came out in 1854 and 1857, and of this the text, as well as the pictures, are Cruikshank's own. He took the old tales—"Cinderella," "Hop-o'-my-thumb," etc.—and turned them into temperance stories,—of all things in the world! The designs are pretty and interesting, and would seem excellent but for comparison with better fairy pictures of an earlier time. Woodcut illustrations to "The Brownies," "Lob Lie-by-the-Fire," and "The Rose and the Lily," bring down our brief abstract of a

busy life to the year 1877 and the age of eighty-five. The old man was proud of his green old age and his unabated strength, as well he might be. The newspapers have been telling anecdotes illustrative of this;—it is our business to refer rather to the evidence of the designs themselves. Mr. Bouton, the New York book-seller, has a business card of Cruikshank's design,—a spectacled book-worm surrounded with folios,—and on a scroll appears this inscription: "Designed & etched by George Cruikshank in September 1871, who was born on the 27th Sept' 1792." Mr. S. P. Avery has a business card of still more elaborate design, and this is signed as follows: "Designed & etched by George Cruikshank, age 81. Sept' 27th 1873." And, finally, the frontispiece of "The Rose and the Lily," which was probably the last published of all his designs, has an inscription nearly in these words: "Designed & etched by George Cruikshank, aged 85, in 1877." Our space has not admitted any attempt at critical examination of the artistic character of Cruikshank's work. The charm of such humoristic art as his is very subtle. A thin partition divides fun from vulgarity. And when the painful and really tragic is mixed so closely with the humorous, as it constantly is in this artist's most important work, the native good taste required to keep the result from being ridiculous—to keep it impressive and powerful—is so great that it may be considered an essential part of that combination of qualities which we call "genius." As it is, no amount of familiarity can weaken the delight which George Cruikshank's best work is capable of giving. Time can only add to the reputation of the thousand designs of his maturity, and the museums of the future will contend for their possession.



NO. 23. ANTAGONISM OF INTEREST YET MUTUALITY OF OBJECT.

HIS INHERITANCE.

BY ADELINE TRAFTON.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE LUNCH-PARTY.

THERE was certainly something very mysterious about the family. This was the universal judgment rendered at last upon the Drakes, though Mrs. Akers kept her own counsel as to her call, adding nothing by word or look to the general suspicion. She even found herself taking their part—the part of these people who were nothing to her, and who,—the widow, at least—had been anything but civil to her. She tried to understand it. Some sympathetic chord between herself, strong, young, and happy, and this poor Emily Drake, had been feebly touched. It was this which made her screen the family so far as she could, from the arrows of scorn showered upon them. For the small community had been disappointed, not to say shocked, and feared it had committed a grievous error in thus taking up these people whose antecedents were unknown. It had not even the late satisfaction of dropping them again, since the Drakes showed themselves by no means anxious to turn these much-regretted civilities to account. The calls, made from various motives—in which curiosity had a large share—were never returned. They ignored all invitations, and repelled every advance toward further acquaintance. They seemed to desire only to be left to themselves; and to this the small circle making up the society of the town, at last consented with a severity which showed something of pique.

Mrs. Akers, alone, would not give them up. Poor Emily Drake's life must be a lonely one. It would be no more than Christian charity to do what she could to brighten it. The girl had not been unresponsive. It was the mother who had watched, checked, and repressed her. Why did she thus act the part of a dragon over her daughter? "She's a tartar," was Mrs. Akers's mental comment, reviewing her visit, "and leads the poor girl a dreadful life, I am sure." And being both courageous and warm-hearted, she determined to become as intimate with Miss Drake as circumstances—twisted by her own hands—would allow.

When some weeks had elapsed, and no notice was taken of her visit, she prepared

to repeat it,—ostensibly to ask after Miss Drake's health, which must suffer from too close confinement within doors. She filled a small basket with fruit, fresh from her own garden, and tied her pretty chip hat under her chin, prepared for a most neighborly and unceremonious call. A great quiet hung over the place as she pushed the gate open. The blinds of the house were closed, and no one was in sight; but as she raised the knocker, she fancied that the laugh of a child came from the lower end of the garden, and that something white moved in the shrubbery there. Could it be the child and Emily? But no; when the same untidy maid who had let her in before answered her summons, she was assured—with a half-frightened glance of the girl over her shoulder—that Miss Emily was confined to her room with a headache. Mrs. Akers could only leave her basket and come away, having no desire to encounter the widow again,—even supposing that Mrs. Drake would have received her. The little empty basket was left at the door, "with thanks," the next day.

"But who brought it?"

"A servant, ma'am."

So Miss Drake had not taken the trouble to leave it herself. Mrs. Akers had clung to a frail hope, until now. And there was only this cool verbal message! She would not persist after this. She then and there resigned all interest in the Drakes.

But the fates were stronger than her resolves. She met them, mother and daughter, at their own gate, less than a fortnight after this rather mortifying visit. As she came along High street, she met them face to face. They had come up from the lower town, and turning the corner suddenly, could not well avoid her.

"I am glad to see you out. The air will do you good; or perhaps you do not fancy our east winds?" Mary Akers made a bold sweep at Miss Drake, whose pale face brightened with real pleasure at this encounter. She even turned and walked back to their gate, suiting her steps to Emily's slow pace. "You have quite recovered from your headache, I trust; I was sorry to hear you were ill."

"It was very kind in you to remember me. The fruit was delicious. You will

think it strange, but I had never eaten raspberries before in my life. I hope you got the basket, and my message," Emily went on shyly, halting between each sentence. So there had been something more than these cool thanks, after all. "I wanted to take them to you myself, but I was not able," she went on. "I am often not well now," she said, with almost childish simplicity, merely stating a fact; by no means asking for sympathy.

"I am afraid you stay too closely within doors. She needs a little change," Mrs. Akers said, boldly, to the widow, who was standing uneasily by her own gate now, as though she wished herself and her daughter safely behind it. "I am sure a little society would do her good. Let me take her home to lunch with me. Are you fond of pets?"—addressing Miss Emily again, "I have quite a menagerie, and the prettiest pair of white mice in the world, sent to me only yesterday."

At the mention of the mice the girl hardly restrained a shudder; but a soft gleam crept over her face at the kindly, heartsome words.

"If I might," she stammered, appealing to her mother, whose countenance was perplexed and forbidding.

"And you too. Of course I wish you both to come." It was hardly true; but she could not carry Emily away alone, she saw at once; nor at all, but for this unexpected attack, in the face of which the widow could not rally. She found herself and her daughter borne off before she knew that she had given her consent to this most unwelcome proposition.

Once in her own house, Mary Akers set herself to entertaining her strange visitors. She brought out the white mice, and a wonderful learned cockatoo for Emily. Poor Miss Drake's nerves were not strong enough to bear the sight and the odor of the strange little creatures. Even the parrot's hoarse voice thrilled her unpleasantly; but she turned, with real enjoyment, to a large cabinet of curiosities in one corner of the room, the contents of which had been gathered from many lands. She evinced little interest in the explanations Mrs. Akers kindly offered, but it was enough that she appeared amused and happy to turn the articles over in her hand, struck by the bright colors or the strange forms, as a child might be.

It was not so easy a matter to entertain the mother, who hardly concealed her dis-

gust for the mice, and looked coldly upon the parrot's accomplishments. She did not care for such things—turning her back upon the cabinet, before which Emily still sat engrossed,—nor for anything else, her hostess thought in despair, after trying her with the whole circle of ordinary topics of conversation. She sat in uncomfortable erectness upon her chair, as though ready to fly at the first opportunity; her long, half-closed eyes taking in everything at the corners; her ears, keen as those of an animal, startled at every sound. If she had been a prisoner, longing for a chance to escape, she could not have been more keenly observant; if she had been intrusted with secrets of state she could scarcely have been more guarded in speech.

But two people cannot sit face to face in a drawing-room utterly silent, and Mrs. Akers was still making these futile efforts to establish something that should at least simulate conversation,—wishing with all her heart that luncheon would be announced,—when suddenly an entirely unlooked-for diversion occurred. There came a little, startled sound from the corner where Emily was bending over the cabinet, hardly loud enough to be called a cry; but in an instant the widow was upon her feet.

"Em'ly! What is it, Em'ly?"

The girl stood swaying on the floor, her hands clasped together, a strange excitement and pallor upon her face. Her mother seized her in her arms, hushing her,—almost threatening her, it seemed to Mary Akers; but in words too low to be caught. The parrot, who had gone to sleep in a corner, its ruffled head under its wing, roused by the excitement, burst out now, "Ha, ha! Dead and buried! dead and buried!" ending with a diabolical laugh.

"Hold your tongue, you jade!" cried the widow harshly to the bird. But the girl in her arms fell back in a dead faint.

This was a fine condition of affairs for a quiet household. The servant-maid, throwing open the doors from the room where the lunch was set out, offered a shrill scream instead of the announcement upon her lips, bringing the other domestics from the kitchen. But the widow motioned them all to a distance. She laid her daughter upon the floor, sprinkling her face with the water Mrs. Akers had brought after the first expression of fright. Silence fell upon them all; even the parrot, over whose cage a rug had been thrown, was shamed into quiet.

It was but a brief fainting-fit. While

Mrs. Akers was dismissing the gaping company of servants who still hovered in the doorway, Emily came to herself, sat up, looked about her in surprise at her strange position and surroundings; then gathering her recollections, burst into tears and hid her face in her mother's bosom.

"Now, her hat, if you please, and mine," said Mrs. Drake.

"But you are not going? Let me give her a glass of wine. She will be quite herself in a moment,"—for Miss Drake still sobbed feebly. "These lifeless summer days——" began Mrs. Akers, politely ignoring any other cause for this sudden illness. Lunch had been set out with more care than usual to do honor to these strange guests; it was a pity that it should be for nothing. Then, too, she could not bear to lose sight at once of these people, who were only more mysterious the more closely they were brought to sight. Assuredly some explanation would be offered for this unusual scene.

"I don't mind if you give her a glass of wine," the mother said; "but we'll go home, if you please. It's but a step."

"I'll send for the carriage, then; or at least call——"

"Nothing at all, ma'am; though we're obliged to you all the same. She can walk now. Can't you, Em'ly?"

The woman had forgotten herself, and fallen into a servile manner of speech, which did not escape Mrs. Akers's quick ears. "She has known nothing of society; she has been a servant, or—or something of the kind," that young woman said to herself, as the dragon did indeed put on her bonnet and lead her daughter away, without a word of apology or regret for the disappointment and trouble they had occasioned.

When they had gone and she had taken her solitary lunch, by no means pleased with this unexpected ending to the morning, Mrs. Akers returned to the drawing-room to remove the extinguisher from poor Poll, who was still in disgrace. As she passed the cabinet her foot struck some small object upon the floor. It was only a diminutive Indian moccasin, embroidered with beads, which had found a place among rarer articles of curiosity. The girl's sleeve had perhaps swept it from the shelf. It did not occur to Mrs. Akers—it never crossed her mind for an instant—that this trifle, forgotten as soon as laid down, could have had anything to do with poor Emily Drake's illness.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A VISITOR AT THE BROCK HOUSE.

SOME time elapsed before anything more was seen of the Drakes. A succession of visitors, with the gayety this occasioned, followed immediately upon the heels of the interrupted lunch-party, sweeping away all thought of the incident from Mrs. Akers's mind. She did send the same evening to inquire after Miss Drake, who was quite recovered, the servant brought back word. And there all intercourse seemed likely to end.

It was several weeks after this that she was driving home from the adjoining city, where she had been to dine with a party of friends. The carriage rolled slowly up one of the quiet streets skirting the park, grand now with an iron railing, concrete walks and a soldier's monument, but then only a damp, neglected play-ground and thoroughfare, shaded by handsome trees,—when a slight figure with a child by its side came slowly down one of the diagonal paths in the soft darkness, under the brooding elms. Other figures passed swiftly to and fro; this alone lagged feebly, resolving itself into shadows at last, as the sweeping branches seemed to gather it from sight.

As the carriage swept around a curve; it suddenly stopped. Two trembling hands rested upon the window-sash, and Emily Drake's tired face, a little flushed at this moment, looked in at the window.

"You will think me overbold, but indeed I wanted to tell you—to thank you—— What must you have thought that day?" she began hurriedly. There followed what sounded like a suppressed sob and a tear wet Mrs. Akers's hand, laid over Emily's. Dear me! Was she going to cry here in the street? Or, would she faint again? Mrs. Akers's thoughts had been miles away from Emily Drake at the moment of her appearance. She could hardly gather them or her sympathies upon such sudden demand.

"My dear," she said hurriedly, with that practical forethought so destructive of sentiment, "don't stand there; the evenings are chilly, and the park is wretchedly damp. Get in," and she made a movement to open the carriage-door. But Miss Drake shrank back into her shell of shy reserve at this proposal.

"We have not yet finished our walk," she said in a different voice, and withdrawing a step. "I—I hope you will pardon me for detaining you; but it had been such a long

time—and you came so close to us—we were just leaving the park,—I could not help motioning for the carriage to stop. I wanted to apologize for causing you so much trouble that day." Her very embarrassment multiplied her hurried words.

"Pray don't speak of it; I was only troubled that you would go away so soon; that you would let me do nothing for you. When one is not well——"

"But I was well—or as well as usual," Miss Drake corrected her quickly. "I am always weak and nervous now. I dare say you think it is silly. Mother says I could overcome it if I would make an effort."

"All that will pass away of itself when you are stronger. But what was it, my dear girl? What ailed you?"

"It was only that something brought back the time when I was so happy," Emily answered simply. "That was very long ago and miles away from here, in a place not at all like this," she added, glancing at the straight row of handsome houses above them, already darkening into a solid wall as the twilight closed in. "Then a great trouble came," she went on in a vibrating voice as though she were standing at an immeasurable distance from this life which she described,—as one might perhaps in the next world review the past. "I cannot forget it." It was like the hopeless statement of a fact. Then she burst out with wild passion, "Oh, how can I forget it!"

The excited tone caught the ear of the child. She left off her playing and ran to pull at Emily's gown.

"Come, come," she lisped, throwing her arms tight around Emily's knees with an odd little gesture of protection and love.

The girl's face had dropped into her hands.

"Don't, my dear, don't," said Mrs. Akers soothingly. What did it mean?—but this was too exposed a place for a scene. "You really must let me take you home." It was no time to ask the girl to explain herself, at least until she was safe within the carriage.

But Emily refused.

"It would only alarm mother if you were to bring me home."

"But, you will come and see me very soon—to-morrow?"

"I—I wish I might; I don't know." The girl had dropped her veil and taken her sister by the hand, prepared to move away. "But I shall never forget your great kindness."

Then she disappeared in the shadows creeping out from the park. Kindness!

It followed Mrs. Akers like a reproach as she drove home. Had she been kind? She had been suspicious of these people, almost of Emily herself while this strange scene was passing. The feeling of doubt was gone now. She was ashamed to remember it, but her great kindness had been no more than the sympathy which any human being would give to another in trouble. Poor Emily Drake! Her grief was doubtless some disappointment of the affections. The mother had interfered, perhaps. But if there had been true love, it would claim its own, Mary Akers prophesied with happy philosophy. And as Emily Drake did not come,—she had hardly expected it at the time,—after a few days, the subject was overlaid by others though hardly forgotten.

The autumn hurried away. White-footed winter followed. Even the spring came round again and nothing more was known of the Drakes. They had not sufficiently conformed to New England proprieties to attach themselves to any one of the churches of the town; they had shown themselves in no congregation of worshipers. Each clergyman had felt it incumbent upon him to call; but these visits had been as coldly received as those of the neighbors and had not been repeated. Even Christian kindness can scarcely force itself upon people. The general belief by this time had grown to be that the Drakes had come into a fortune unexpectedly—being but ill-prepared for it. Every one agreed to this simple theory—though speculating a little upon its margin—with the exceptions of Mrs. Mincer, who had no decided views upon any subject, and of Mrs. Akers, who offered no opinion whatever and knew not what to believe.

But about this time—the last of the spring or beginning of summer—there was a change. A visitor was seen to come out of the much-be-watched gate—a young man, who turned to raise his hat to some invisible form within as he closed the gate after him, thus hiding his face from Mrs. Colonel Stryker who was passing upon the opposite side of the street. Now Mrs. Stryker was no gossip; but it would have been beyond human nature in its present fallen state to forbear mentioning this circumstance to the two or three friends who dropped in for an hour's chat after tea the same evening. There had been wanting in its darkest moments but this one element to make the mystery complete. Given, a dragon, a young and pretty girl,—though upon this point there was a diversity of opinion,—and finally

a young man. Nothing more could be asked for.

"But there is no mystery at all about it," said Amy Stryker. "I saw you, mamma, from across the way, and met him full in the face as he left the house, and it was only Edgar Wyman."

"Only Edgar Wyman!" repeated every voice. "What was he doing there?"

Now the Wymans were scarcely considered to belong to the "society" of the town, though Mrs. Mincer, Mrs. Wyman's own sister, had crept into a tolerably assured position partly through her marriage, and in a measure by reason of a certain moral flexibility which made it easy for her to twist through very sinuous passages and make an entrance by extremely narrow doors. The Wymans themselves had not always lived in the vicinity of the square. They had come up from some burrow in the lower streets of the town—so it was said, though no one was supposed to be sufficiently familiar with the locality to point it out. They had made their fortunes hastily and had come up the hill to build a showy house and put themselves in violent contrast to it at once. As for Edgar Wyman, the only son, since the family had enjoyed its prosperity, for a dozen years now, he had been sent to the best of schools, where it must be owned his acquirements had not been great. They had sufficed, however, to obtain for him an entrance to one of the oldest colleges in the country, through which he had passed, having contrived to rub off and bring away very little knowledge and still less of the good-will of his associates. He was mean to penuriousness; sly and a sycophant; receiving a kick from those above him without a demur and passing it on to his inferiors—as he judged those to be who were poorer in estate than himself. In this only was he generous. Added to this it might be said that he was not ill-looking,—aside from his pretentious swagger,—but even this circumstance, and in a community where young men were at a premium, had failed to make an entrance for him into the best society of the town.

"He always was——" began some one, taking up the conversation. Then the sentence with its unflattering accent was choked back.

Everybody looked at Mrs. Mincer.

"I do not understand it—in the least. What can it mean?" she gasped.

"I am inclined to believe that it means nothing at all," said Mrs. Akers, "except

that the poor girl is at last making friends among us. For myself I am glad to think it is so."

She remembered the interview at her carriage window, of which no one of her friends knew anything at all. And was Emily Drake forgetting her "great trouble?" She could hardly repress a momentary contempt for a sorrow that could find consolation and forgetfulness in such an one as Edgar Wyman.

"It must have been he who came out at the gate, two nights ago, as we drove by from town," said another. "It was certainly the figure of a man, though it was entirely too dark to distinguish his face." And then by comparing notes it was found that this mysterious figure—mysterious no longer—had been seen many times of late slowly passing the house or going in and out at the gate.

Whatever secrecy there might have been in these visits at first there was none from this time. Edgar Wyman went openly and often to the Brock house now. And whether from the influence of his new associates, or because he found himself all at once an object of interest, he began to wear a fresh air of importance by no means well-fitting.

"It is her money. He cannot really feel any interest in that poor, pale creature," Mrs. Mincer said with an animation which savored of anger, turning upon her own family after trying in vain to learn from her nephew the occasion of these frequent visits, or at least some account of how the acquaintance had begun.

"Why shouldn't I visit them?" he had said. "Didn't you all run there when they first came to town? I'm a little late to be sure, but it was the tortoise, you know, who won the race." By which it will be seen that the young man had not studied the classics in vain.

"But, my dear Edgar, no one goes there now." Mrs. Mincer knew nothing about tortoises or races except that the latter were in very ill taste and not considered select by the best people.

"And why don't they go there now?" He laughed in a quiet, exasperating manner as he answered his own question, "Because they know they're not wanted; because they were never asked to come again. The old woman is a——" what, Mr. Edgar did not say, "but the elder daughter is a confoundedly pretty girl and I shall go there when I please."

This conversation Mrs. Mincer reported

word for word to her friends. It demonstrated nothing, to be sure, but the manly spirit Mr. Edgar Wyman had developed; but of this Mrs. Mincer was rather proud.

"He said the old woman was a—What *is* the old woman?" queried she when her story was ended, referring to the only mysterious point in what had been an unpleasantly plain statement of facts.

"She is a dragon," Mrs. Akers replied, with a good-natured laugh. "And your nephew is quite right; she does not wish us to call upon her. Why shouldn't she choose her own friends?" Unconsciously she bristled to the defense of these people.

They were rising from a social tea-table as she spoke.

"I must go," she said to her hostess. "I have friends coming from town, they may have arrived already. So I must run off like a beggar, with hardly a 'thank you.'" And she made her adieu and left her friends to discuss Emily Drake and her new acquaintance at their leisure. She was glad of an excuse to leave them. It had been upon her tongue more than once to tell the little she knew of the girl. But she would not; it would be a betrayal of confidence. And yet the temptation was strong. She turned the corner of the square rather hurriedly from the impetus of this resolution. The soft, early twilight was slowly gathering, melting the sharp angle at the top of the granite shaft above her, laying deeper shadows upon the trees about the mound, and idealizing the two figures moving slowly along the walk at a little distance before her. A young man and maiden they seemed to be. There was a drooping, listless air about the girl, a languor in her walk and the slow sweep and trail of her gown which could not be mistaken. It was Emily Drake, and the young man could be no other than Edgar Wyman. So indeed it proved, when the more hurried step of the woman had brought her nearer to them. They had reached the end of the square by this time, just beyond which was the Brock house. At the gate they separated, the young man going on without looking back. The girl stood for a moment in the open gate-way. The vine-covered trellis over the house-door behind her made a background of dark leaves against which the slight figure dressed in black was thrown out like a silhouette. A figure of despondency it might have been,—the head drooping, the hands clasped loosely before her and holding her hat, whose

long black ribbons trailed upon the ground. Certainly happiness—if that had indeed come to her—had made little change in poor Emily Drake's appearance. She turned to go into the house giving a little start at sight of Mrs. Akers who had taken up her flounced skirts at the moment to cross the dusty street toward her own home upon the other side of the square.

"Good-evening," the latter said with a cheerful little nod to the girl. Two wistful brown eyes seemed to follow her as she crossed the street, urging her to return. "What does ail the girl?" she said to herself impatiently. There was something almost exasperating to the woman of strong nerves and a happy nature in this moping figure with its mysterious trouble. She glanced back as she passed the corner. Emily still stood in the gate-way. "But why should I interfere?" she thought, with that putting away of responsibility in other people's affairs which is sometimes as culpable as interference. It was late; her friends had arrived already, perhaps, and she hastened her steps. "Why did I not go back?" she asked herself long afterward when it was too late.

A good angel had whispered to her, but she would not listen. She went on to her home and met her friends, and forgot the wistful eyes and the dark, slender figure standing dejectedly in the gate-way.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"SHE'S NOT GOING TO BE WORSE!"

It was not long after this that a report crept around the square that Emily Drake and Edgar Wyman were engaged to be married. The story was authenticated by Mrs. Mincer. But for her, it might have passed on and away, since there was absolutely no one—if we except the butcher and the grocer—who held any communication with the Drakes. She, however, declared it to be true. She had received it from Edgar Wyman himself. It was an official announcement, but even she did not hesitate to discuss the matter, and as Edgar became more communicative, dropped various hints as to the strange ways of this young girl whom he had won. He hated a black gown; and she had refused to lay by her mourning, though her father had been dead some years—four or five at least—now. It came out that he found her often weeping—at what? She had accepted him without an objection, and was presuma-

bly happy. What did it mean? "It almost seems—as though she had had another lover, and lost him," some one said, fearfully, for Mrs. Mincer was present when this remark was made. "Another lover!" the listeners to this fanciful suggestion exclaimed, contemptuously. It was impossible always to remember Mrs. Mincer, who, poor thing, was not of much account after all, and bore no resentment. But no one of them believed that pale, spiritless Miss Drake could ever have had another lover. Mrs. Mincer, having with many sighs let fall these dark suggestions of happiness not without alloy, was obliged to explain them away as best she could. The woman had no firm standing ground in these days between contempt for this girl, and a desire to uphold her own family.

But while this not entirely unfriendly gossip went on, there was no perceptible change at the Brock house, save that Edgar Wyman went in and out with, if possible, a more swaggering air of single proprietorship than ever. The family still kept to itself. Mrs. Wyman, a meek woman, as faded in spirit as in complexion, had at Mrs. Mincer's suggestion, asked her son if she were expected to call.

"You stay away, if you don't want to spoil everything," was the filial response of the young man. And no one of the family, besides Mr. Edgar himself, had extended a hand to the Drakes. Even Mrs. Akers seemed to have lost her slight hold upon Emily, who was seldom seen beyond the gate. But at one of the windows overlooking the garden, in the early twilight, as the summer wore to a close, Emily's shadowy figure often appeared, her little sister leaning over her shoulder or held tight in her arms; or alone, her face lying on her hands, while she gazed out and away in a reverie which seemed rather of memory than of hope. People fancied that her face grew whiter day by day, and shook their heads with a touch of pity over the girl who had moved them to little besides curiosity, until now. "Poor Emily Drake," they began to call her. Poor Emily, indeed, who might have been pretty Emily, fresh and young and happy for years to come, if only some one could have spoken the words she would have almost died of joy to hear.

The girl was fading away. By the time the apple-trees in the garden had shed their withered brown leaves, she had ceased to leave the house. She still sat in the window at night-fall, until the long evenings

with the early twilight came on, and the drawn curtains shut in the vision of the sad face. It was weeks before it became known that she was really ill—not until Edgar Wyman began to show symptoms of annoyance; for in this form his anxiety displayed itself. Could it be that his triumph was to end here? For a triumph he considered his relations with this family. Had not others striven and failed? He had aimed beyond them all, and could he lose all now? Would Fate be so hard upon him as to allow this girl, with all her wealth,—of which there was no need to feel a doubt,—would Fate curse him by letting her vanish like a shadow, slipping out of his grasp where he could neither follow nor bring her back? His alarm became too great to be concealed, and yet he was half ashamed to acknowledge it. Real feeling of any kind he had been accustomed to put out of sight as soon as possible, since it was usually of a kind to do him no credit. But failing in this now, he strove to cover it up with weak complainings and self-pity, honest enough, alternated by seasons of moroseness, hard to be endured by his own family, but doubly trying to Mrs. Mincer, through whom the kind-hearted ladies upon the Square hastened to offer any assistance in their power. Was Miss Emily's appetite feeble? Any little delicacy, etc., etc. Did she require a nurse? It was Mrs. Mincer's unpleasant task to receive her nephew's ungracious and even rude rejection of all such aid as was proffered, and translate it into the language of polite society.

Mrs. Akers alone employed no ambassador.

"I am sorry to hear that Miss Drake is seriously ill. Is there anything that a neighbor could do for her—or for the family?" she asked boldly of Edgar Wyman, stopping him at the very gate of the Brock place one morning. Something had tugged at her heart of late, very like regret or self-reproach. Had she done all that she might have done for this girl?

"Thanks; nothing at all," the young man replied, stiffly. "She has every comfort and attention that can be purchased." Even at such a time as this his true boastful self would come to the front. He lifted his hat, and would have passed on, but she still stood in his way.

"It would give me great pleasure to call. A friend from outside can sometimes suggest —"

"She is unable to see visitors." How he

rejoiced to show his power to one of these people who had scorned to notice him—until now!

"But you have consulted a physician, I trust," persisted Mrs. Akers, who felt her spirit taking up arms within her at his tone scarcely removed from insolence.

"We have done everything necessary. I think you may trust us," he added, with a disagreeable smile. "We do not consider her case hopeless, by any means." And then he did at last escape, leaving Mrs. Akers in a most disturbed state of mind. She still stood upon the sidewalk, directly before the Brock house. The curtains were drawn aside from one of the upper windows. Was it there that the sick girl lay? For it had crept about, one hardly knew how, that Emily Drake had taken to her bed. "I was so happy for a little while," she had said. "How can I forget it?" What was it that she could not forget? She, Mary Akers, had decided in her happy, healthy mind that it was some misplaced attachment; some hope rudely shattered, which time would build again. What if she had been mistaken after all, and a real trouble and grief which never could be set right had befallen the girl? It was this possibility, inwardly vexing her, which had stirred up regret, keen almost as remorse.

People jostled her as they pushed by; men hastening to their business, children late for school; some of them nodded and stared to see her standing there. It was morning, a late October morning, raw and chill; a rollicking north wind came down the street whistling to the leaves, which were like crisp red gold. They danced about her feet, and, whirling into the air, almost touched the window which she had fancied to be Emily's. What if the girl were to die? She started with a sudden resolution. She would see Miss Drake. Once more, if never again, she would see her face to face. What was it that the girl longed to tell, the very burden of which was breaking the poor heart. She pushed the gate open, and hurried up the walk to the door, a sudden terror pressing her lest she should even now be too late. An air of desolation pervaded the garden. The dead leaves lay where they had fallen, only the besom of the wind had disturbed them. The summer flowers had died upon their stems or scattered their seeds at will,—their stalks bent and broken by storms. Even the rose-bush over the door, once so carefully trained, had fallen away from its fastenings and flapped dis-

mally against the house. The knocker gave out a hollow sound at the touch of her hand, as though it could arouse only echoes. She was hesitating, unwilling to strike it again, and yet resolved not to quit the door until it was opened to her, when it was cautiously slipped ajar with a faint echo, and the face of the maid she had seen before appeared in the opening. It was a dull countenance, but the last trace of intelligence was swept from it at the sight of this visitor. She still held the door ajar, to be sure, but seemingly from inability to close it through the sudden disturbance of her faculties.

"I want to see Miss Emily, my good girl; is she very ill?"

Before the servant could reply, a voice sounded from above and behind her, from the top of the dim broad stair-way it would seem. And if it had come from still more aerial heights it could hardly have brought greater terror to the poor maid, who shrank back, letting the door slide open. It was a woman's voice, harsh, though repressed.

"What is it, Nora? Send them away. We don't want anything."

"It's a lady, ma'am, as would like to see Miss Em'ly."

Then the visitor stepped into the hall.

A dark figure came hastily down the stairs in a kind of rush, as the maid closed the door, standing upon the last, as though to bar the way. It was Mrs. Drake, "the dragon," but so changed that for a moment Mrs. Akers almost doubted if it were she. The deep red of her face had changed to a sickly color, almost livid in the dim light of the closely shaded hall. Her eyes seemed to have burned their way into her head, where they smoldered now like exhausted fires. Her dress was untidy in its arrangement; the shawl thrown over her shoulders awry; and she stood, without a word of greeting, as though waiting for her visitor to declare the object of her coming. There are certain conventionalities of speech which become so much a part of ourselves as not to be, even under the strongest excitement, entirely thrust aside or forgotten. But the words which came of themselves fled from Mrs. Akers's tongue at this moment, and she stood utterly speechless and confused before the strange figure.

"What is it? What did you come for? We have sickness in the house, and cannot see visitors. Nora, why did you let her in?"

It was so far beyond rudeness—the refined rudeness of society—that the very shock

of surprise restored Mrs. Akers's mental equilibrium.

"I have not come as an ordinary visitor," she said quietly; "but knowing your daughter was ill—— Do let me see her!" she burst out warmly. "Only for a moment. I will be very careful; I——"

But the woman upon the stairs threw out her arms and grasped the heavy rail upon either side.

"You can't see her; no one can see her. You have only come to find out——" Then she paused, an expression of terror upon her face, and added, with an evident striving after self-control, "It's very polite in you, I'm sure; but nobody can do anything."

"But if I could? If she should be worse?"

"She's not going to be worse!" And the fierceness came back to the mother's tone and manner. "My Em'ly's going to be well. She's better now, and happy—very happy." She threw her head back and regarded her visitor defiantly.

"I am glad to think so; I am, indeed," Mrs. Akers replied rather faintly, moving toward the door. Was the woman insane? It almost seemed so; and a thought of poor Emily in such hands had very nearly roused her to the point of pushing by the figure, with its rigid, outstretched arms, and seeing for herself how the poor girl fared. But, strangely as the woman appeared, she was still Emily's mother. And what but anxiety and watching could have changed her like this? Certainly the girl would not suffer under the jealous care which seemed more like the fierce love of an animal than the affection of a mother for her child. There was nothing to do but to come away.

"At least, you will tell Miss Emily I called?"

"She doesn't care about visitors," the woman replied doggedly.

"How can you be rude to me, when I came out of real interest for Emily?"

A whirl of indignant feeling had brought Mrs. Akers back from the door and compelled her to speak.

"She's mine, mine!" the mother burst out with wild passion. The rigid figure gave way at last. She swayed back and forth, wringing her hands in a spasm of grief,—for what else could it be?—dreadful to look at. "Nobody loves her but me. O, Em'ly, Em'ly!—Go away!"—for the visitor, remorseful over the storm she had called down, drew near and laid her hand softly upon the woman's arm. "Go away!" she said, turn-

ing upon her. "Why do you come here to spy upon us? I'd do it again, I tell you."

Some one pulled at Mrs. Akers's shawl. It was the frightened servant-maid who had let her in, and who, from an angle in the wall, had been trying to motion her toward the door. Yes, it was better for her to go. This could be only the raving of a lunatic. But she had gained nothing, she thought regretfully, as she walked quickly away from the house.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

"DEAR CHILD, YOU FORGOT TO TELL HIS NAME."

THERE come to us in New England, certain days in the late autumn, like a recollection of past summers, as though Nature, hoarding her treasures or disbursing them with a miserly hand, had, at the last, repented and poured out lavishly of her sweetest and best;—days softer than rose-full June, which have so little to do with the outer world, that they cannot be spoken of after the manner of an almanac, but must be reckoned among the tender emotions. If it were not for the haze which hangs over the hills, for the still air, softer than samite, one would know nothing of this season through the senses. The earth is bare and brown, the blossoms have turned to fruitage and dropped from the trees. The heart, alone, at this late moment, awakens to bloom again. All past summers and delights give of their fullness to this time; so that it might be called remembrance,—or possibly regret for some of us.

It was late in the afternoon upon one of these days that Mrs. Akers was summoned hastily.

"Oh, please, will you come?" said the Drakes' maid, who stood at her door bare-headed and frightened of face, catching her breath over her words. "Miss Emily's a-dyin,' an' the mistress has a turn."

Then she utterly broke down.

Mrs. Akers waited for nothing more, but catching her hat and shawl, followed the girl hastily out of the house and through the street. The gate, and even the door of the Brock house, for once, stood wide open. Any one might go in and out at will, now that the awful visitor had come, whom neither bolts nor bars could keep out, and who waited for no summons. No rigid form upon the stairs guarded their passage to-day, or motioned her back as the woman groped her way up their dark length to where the

girl who had preceded her beckoned from an open door. With all the dread of the moment, as she stepped over the threshold, Mrs. Akers's first sensation was one of utter bewilderment at the wild, disorderly magnificence of the room before her—a dazzling barbaric splendor of color, a crowded confusion of elaborate forms upon which her eye had no time to rest; for in the midst of all this, upon a bed which might have served in richness for a Pagan altar, lay the girl she had come to see. Whatever the excitement of the previous moment had been, there was only quiet and peace here now. The windows were opened wide, and something of the hush and stillness of the closing day outside seemed to have stolen in.

"I knew you would come," Emily said. "You were always kind. Where is Edgar; he was here a moment ago; and Remember?"

There was a faint stir in the room beyond, the door of which was ajar. A woman's still form was lying outstretched upon a couch, with one arm hanging lifelessly to the floor. Then Edgar Wyman appeared with the child, closing the door and shutting out the vision which seemed so much more death-like than the one before Mrs. Akers's eyes. For the strength which comes often to the dying had fallen upon Emily now. She beckoned to the child, who ran to nestle close by her pillows, while the young man nodded half sullenly to the visitor, then threw himself into a chair by the bedside.

"This is for you, my darling," Emily said, solemnly as though it had been a sacrament, drawing a broad gold ring from her finger, and placing it upon the little hand she held in hers.

The child looked up in happy wonder. What was it came to Emily's face at that moment, at the sight of which even the woman beside her started? *It was the mother-look.*

"She is mine!" Emily cried suddenly holding the little one close in her arms and turning her eyes, big with terror, and beseeching, upon her betrothed lover. "It was my wedding ring! I ought to have told you; but I had promised mother long before. But it cannot matter now. It was for her, poor mother! who did everything for me;" she went on hurriedly. "I was very young, it was away out on the plains, farther away than you can know of, that I met him. He was an officer at the fort;

and he chose ME!" Oh, the loving pride and wonder in the words!—"though beautiful ladies used to come there to visit. It was summer-time, like this," and the haze of the Indian summer seemed to have fallen on her face, from which the terror had died away, making it beautiful and unearthly.

"Every one wondered that he should have married me, for father was only the post-sutler, and not an officer at all. But we were so happy, oh, so happy, for a little time! Mother used to say that he would come into his inheritance some day, and then I should be a grand lady. But I was grand enough, being his wife. I was all she had, poor mother! for father was dead, and when she found after awhile that he was not to come into his property, that it was all changed, or there had been a mistake from the first,—*though never any mistake in his love for me*,—she could not forgive him. That was after he was ordered away—to carry dispatches to a fort in the north. He went with the others,"—in the eagerness of her recital she raised herself in the bed—"yes, he went away with the others, and he never came back. They were attacked. They were all killed but two; and he never came back. I cannot remember, for I was ill. But we came away. It seemed very soon; but mother said there was nothing to stay for now. Still, when we were once away, and I had gained a little strength, I begged to return,—I begged even to go and search for his body; but they said that could not be. I did not believe he was dead. For at the last, when he was going away and I felt my heart breaking, he said, '*I shall come back to you.*' And so I knew he would;" she added, simply. "And what if he should return and find us gone—no one knew where? But mother would not go back. She hated the place, she said, where nothing but trouble had come to us.

"Then by and by the baby came, and still I did not believe that he was dead though I felt that I had not long to live. I used to lie awake at night and think he would return some day, and how sorry he would be to find the baby and not me. So I named her Remember. Oh, he would remember what I had been to him and he to me, and love her because he had once loved me. We moved from place to place. I could not rest; and mother let me have my way. Father had left more money than we had dreamed of. We were rich, though I was never to be a great lady.

Another year and more—two or three, it may be—dragged by. I scarcely know. It was a weary time, though it seems short enough to look back on now. Mother used to cry over me in those days, and say that I was lost to her. She urged me to forget that time and him, to give the child to her and begin again. It would be all the same, she said. We should never be separated. But how could I forget? I would not listen to her—not till long afterward, when I was tired and weak with contending. Not until I knew that it would not be for long—that nothing would be for long to me here. And then at last—do you think he will blame me for it?—at last I began to feel that he would never come, and that nothing mattered any more. I would try to make poor mother happy, and he would know—oh, wherever he was, he would know that I never forgot; that I only waited for the time when I could go to him, since he could not come to me. I was tired of the noisy cities, so we came here, and—you know all the rest." Her eyes turned again to Edgar Wyman. "You knew that I had no love to give to any man," she said, solemnly. "You knew—I told you."

He did not seem to have heard her.

"And that is your child?" His words

(To be continued.)

came sluggish and thick, as though he were drunken. "And you deceived me from the first!" He was bending over her, his face white with passion. He seized her arm, and shook her in her bed. "I will never forgive you while I live!"

The child screamed. Mrs. Akers sprang forward with an exclamation of horror, but the man had staggered out of the room.

A change had come over Emily's face, pressed close to that of the sobbing, frightened child—the change which can never be mistaken. But the woman holding her in her arms must ask one question. A dreadful fear possessed her.

"Dear child," she said, "you forgot to tell his name. Who was your husband? Who was this man that loved you so?"

A kind of wonder spread over the girl's face. "I must have said it." Then with loving pride: "His name was Elyot, Captain Robert Elyot."

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" Mrs. Akers cried, in a passion of remorse. "Did you never know—has no one ever told you—"

The girl rose up in the bed, terror and doubt and an awful longing in her eyes.

"What is it? What could they have told?"

Then she fell back upon the pillows, dead.

A WHITE DAY AND A RED FOX.

THE day was indeed white, as white as three feet of snow and St. Valentine's sun could make it. The eye could not look forth without blinking or veiling itself with tears. The patch of plowed ground on the top of the hill where the wind had blown the snow away was as welcome to the eye as water to a parched tongue. It was the one refreshing oasis in this desert of dazzling light. I sat down upon it to let the eye bathe and revel in it. It took away the smart like a poultice. For so gentle, and on the whole, so beneficent an element, the snow asserts itself very loudly. It takes the world quickly and entirely to itself. It makes no concessions or compromises, but rules despotically. It baffles and bewilders the eye, and returns the sun glare for glare. Its coming in our climate is the hand of mercy to the earth and everything in its bosom, but a barrier and an embargo to everything that moves above.

We toiled up the long steep hill where only an occasional mullein-stalk or other tall weed stood above the snow. Near the

top the hill was girded with a bank of snow that blotted out the stone wall and every vestige of the earth beneath. These hills wear this belt till May, and sometimes the plow pauses beside them. From the top of the ridge an immense landscape in immaculate white stretches before us. Miles upon miles of farms, smoothed and flattered by the stainless element, hang upon the sides of the mountains, or repose across the long sloping hills. The fences of stone walls show like half obliterated black lines. I turn my back to the sun, or shade my eyes with my hand. Every object or movement in the landscape is sharply revealed; one could see a fox half a league. The farmer foddering his cattle, or drawing manure afield, or leading his horse to water, the pedestrian crossing the hill below, the children wending their way toward the distant school-house,—the eye cannot help but note them; they are black specks upon square miles of dazzling white. What a multitude of sins this unstinted charity of

the snow covers! Yonder sterile field might be a garden, and you would never suspect that gentle slope with its pretty dimples and curves was not the smoothest of meadows, yet it is paved with rocks and stone.

But what is that black speck creeping across that cleared field near the top of the mountain at the head of the valley, three-quarters of a mile away? It is like a fly moving across an illuminated surface. A distant mellow bay floats to us and we know it is the hound. He picked up the trail of the fox half an hour since, where he had crossed the ridge early in the morning, and now he has routed him and Reynard is steering for the Big Mountain. We press on, attain the shoulder of the range, where we strike a trail two or three days old, of some former hunters which leads us into the woods along the side of the mountain. We are on the first plateau before the summit; the snow partially supports us, but when it gives way and we sound it with our legs we find it up to our hips. Here we enter a white world indeed. It is like some conjurer's trick. The very trees have turned to snow. The eye is bewildered by the soft fleecy labyrinth before it. On the lower ranges the forests were entirely bare, but now we perceive that the summit of all the mountain about us runs up into a kind of arctic region where the trees are loaded with snow. The branches bend with it. The winds have not shaken it down. It adheres to them like a growth. On examination I find the branches coated with ice from which shoot slender spikes and needles that penetrate and hold the chork of snow. It is a new kind of foliage wrought by the frost and the clouds, and it obscures the sky and fills the vistas of the woods nearly as much as the myriad leaves of summer. The sun blazes, the sky is without a cloud or a film, yet we walk in a soft white shade. A gentle breeze was blowing on the open crest of the mountain, but one could carry a lighted candle through these snow-curtained and snow-canopied chambers. How shall we see the fox if the hound drives him through this white obscurity? But we listen in vain for the voice of the dog and press on. Hares' tracks were numerous. Their great soft pads had left their imprint everywhere, sometimes showing a clear leap of ten feet. They had regular circuits which we crossed at intervals. The woods were well suited to them, low and dense, and, as we saw, liable at times to wear a livery whiter than their own.

The mice, too, how thick their tracks were, that of the white-footed mouse being most abundant; but occasionally there was a much finer track, with strides or leaps scarcely more than an inch apart. Who was he? I am half persuaded there is a mouse in our woods that the naturalists do not know about. The hunters say they often see him, while sitting on the runway waiting for the fox,—a small, red mouse, quick and shy as a spirit. I have had glimpses of him myself. This is, perhaps, his track,—the finest stitching this snow coverlid has to show.

At one point, around a small sugar-maple, the mice-tracks are unusually thick. It is doubtless their granary; they have beech-nuts stored there, I'll warrant. There are two entrances to the cavity of the tree,—one at the base, and one seven or eight feet up. At the upper one, which is only just the size of a mouse, a squirrel has been trying to break in. He has cut and chiseled the solid wood to the depth of nearly an inch, and his chips strew the snow all about. He knows what is in there, and the mice know that he knows; hence their apparent consternation. They have rushed wildly about over the snow, and no doubt given the piratical red squirrel a piece of their minds. A few yards away the mice have a hole down into the snow, which perhaps leads to some snug den under the ground. Hither they may have been slyly removing their stores, while the squirrel was at work with his back turned. One more night, and he will effect an entrance: what a good joke upon him if he finds the cavity empty! These native mice are very provident, and, I imagine, have to take many precautions to prevent their winter stores being plundered by the squirrels, who live, as it were, from hand to mouth.

We see several fresh fox-tracks, and wish for the hound; but there are no tidings of him. After half an hour's floundering and cautiously picking our way through the woods, we emerge into a cleared field, that stretches up from the valley below, and just laps over the back of the mountain. It is a broad belt of white, that drops down, and down, till it joins other fields that sweep along the base of the mountain, a mile away. To the east, through a deep defile in the mountains, a landscape in an adjoining county lifts itself up, like a bank of white and gray clouds.

We pause here, and with alert ears turned toward the Big Mountain in front of us, listen for the dog. But not a sound is heard. A flock of snow-buntings pass over, uttering

their contented twitter, and seen against the intense blue of the sky, they are white as snow-flakes. I hear a purple finch, too, and the feeble lisp of the red-pol. A butcher-bird (the first I have seen this season) finds occasion to come this way, also. He alights on the tip of a dry limb, and from his perch can see into the valley on both sides of the mountain. He is prowling about for chickadees, no doubt, a troop of which I saw coming through the wood. When pursued by the shrike, the chickadee has been seen to take refuge in a squirrel-hole in a tree. Hark! Is that the hound, or doth expectation mock the eager ear? With open mouths and bated breaths, we listen. Yes, it is old "Singer;" he is bringing the fox over the top of the range toward the Butt End, the *Ultima Thule* of the hunters' tramps in this section. In a moment or two the dog is lost to hearing again. We wait for his second turn; then for his third. "He is playing about the summit," says my companion.

"Let us go there," say I, and we are off.

More dense snow-hung woods beyond the clearing where we begin our ascent of the Big Mountain,—a chief that carries the range up several hundred feet higher than the part we have thus far traversed. We are occasionally up to our hips in the snow, but for the most part the older strata, a foot or so down, bears us. Up and up into the dim, muffled solitudes we go, our hats and coats powdered like a miller's. A half hour's heavy tramping brings us to the broad, level summit, and to where the fox and the hound have crossed and recrossed many times. As we are walking along discussing the matter, we suddenly hear the dog coming straight on to us. The woods are so choked with snow that we do not hear him till he breaks up from under the mountain within a hundred yards of us.

"We have turned the fox!" we both exclaim, much put out.

Sure enough, we have. The dog appears in front, is puzzled a moment, then turns sharply to the left, and is lost to eye and to ear as quickly as if he had plunged into a cave. The woods are, indeed, a kind of cave,—a cave of alabaster, with the sun shining upon it. We take up positions and wait. These old hunters know exactly where to stand.

"If the fox comes back," says my companion, "he will cross up there or down here," indicating two points not twenty rods asunder.

We stand so that each commands one of the runways indicated. How light it is, though the sun is hidden! Every branch and twig beams in the sun like a lamp. A downy woodpecker below me keeps up a great fuss and clatter,—all for my benefit, I suspect. All about me are great, soft mounds, where the rocks lie buried. It is a cemetery of drift-boulders. There! that is the hound. Does his voice come across the valley from the spur off against us, or is it on our side down under the mountain? After an interval, just as I am thinking the dog is going away from us along the opposite range, his voice comes up astonishingly near. A mass of snow falls from a branch, and makes me start; but it is not the fox. Then through the white vista I see a red object emerge from the lower ground and, with an easy, jaunty air, draw near. I am ready and just in the mood to make a good shot. The fox stops just out of range and listens for the hound. He looks as red as an autumn leaf upon that spotless surface. Then he starts on, but he is not coming to me, he is going to the other run. Oh, foolish fox, you are going straight into the jaws of death! My comrade stands just there beside that tree. I would gladly give Reynard the wink, or signal to him, if I could. It does seem a pity to shoot him, now that he is out of my reach. I cringe for him, when, crack goes the gun! The fox squalls, picks himself up, and plunges over the brink of the mountain. The hunter has not missed his aim, but the oil in his gun has weakened the strength of his powder. The hound, hearing the report, comes like a whirlwind and is off in hot pursuit. Both fox and dog now bleed,—the dog at his heels, the fox from his wounds.

In a few minutes there came up from under the mountain that long, peculiar bark, which the hound always makes when he has run the fox in, or when something new and extraordinary has happened. In this instance, he said plainly enough, "The race is up; the coward has taken to his hole, ho-o-o-le." Plunging down in the direction of the sound, we were soon at the spot, a great ledge thatched over with three or four feet of snow. The dog was alternately licking his heels, and whining and berating the fox. The opening into which the latter had fled was partially closed, and, as I scraped out and cleared away the snow, I thought of the familiar saying, that so far as the sun shines in, the snow will blow in. The fox,

I suspect, always has his house of refuge, or knows at once where to flee to if hard pressed. This place proved to be a large vertical seam in the rock, into which the dog, on a little encouragement from his master made his way. I thrust my head into the ledge's mouth, and in the dim light watched the dog. He progressed slowly and cautiously till only his bleeding heels were visible. Here some obstacle impeded him a few moments, when he entirely disappeared. Fearing that the fox might have a way of escape on the other side of the ledge, we made our way around there, and were astonished to hear the dog barking fiercely, apparently just behind and beneath some flat stones held only by the front. He was evidently face to face with the fox and pressing him close. I imagined them sparring like two deadly combatants there in the darkness. Presently the dog appeared to grapple him, and a fierce but brief struggle ensued. A moment before I had encouraged the hound, but now I was sorry for the fox, and would fain have encouraged him. We fell to pounding and wrenching the ice-bound stones to expose the combatants to view, but made but slow progress. The dog was now thoroughly enraged, and made assault after assault upon the poor fox. We could hear as distinctly every charge and repulse as if separated from them only by a thin partition. The hound made a great uproar, but the fox was silent as death. Not a cry or sound did he make during that struggle of three-quarters of an hour. Now the hound would seem to have the advantage and there was exultation in his tones, but quickly he would utter a cry of mingled pain and wrath, and we knew it was the fox's turn to exult.

"Now he is giving it to him! Take him, 'Singer'! Take him, 'Singer'!" shouted his master, and we could hear the panting and the struggling. Then the fox would break the dog's hold, and keep him at bay again. Thus the tide of battle ebbed and flowed beneath the rocks, and I confess with humility I took a fierce delight in it, though my sympathies were entirely with Reynard. No very deep scraping is required to find the savage in me: he came to the surface the moment that encounter began under the ledge. But the dog is determined to end it now. He grapples the fox again, for the sixth or eighth time, and after a moment of hard breathing and snorting, a long silence ensues. We have removed some outer obstacles, but seem no nearer them than before. What

has happened? Are fox and dog both dead? No; the dog has seized the fox and dragged him near the entrance, where the barking and struggling are renewed after some minutes; but the sound is still apparently just beneath us, and we continue our efforts some time longer. Finally my companion goes round to the mouth of the den, where he finds the dog pretty well "tuckered out," and the fox nearly dead. Reynard winks and eyes me suspiciously, as I stroke his head and praise his heroic defense; but the hunter quickly and mercifully puts an end to his fast ebbing life. His canine teeth seem unusually large and formidable, and the dog bears the marks of them in many deep gashes upon his face and nose. His pelt is quickly stripped off, revealing his lean, sinewy form. What a merciful provision it would have been to many poor sufferers, I thought, as I saw this furry vestment peeled off, if the human pellicle had come off with like ease! Man is like the hog in one obvious respect at least,—his skin sticks very close.

The fox was not as poor in flesh as I expected to see him, though I'll warrant he had tasted very little food for days, perhaps for weeks. How his great activity and endurance can be kept up on the spare diet he must of necessity be confined to, is a mystery. Snow, snow everywhere, for weeks and for months, and intense cold, and no hen-roost to rob, or bird or fowl to catch. The hunter, tramping miles and leagues through his haunts, rarely sees any sign of his having caught anything. He does not watch for his prey like a cat, and it must be rare indeed that he comes up with a mouse out on his travels, or a bird asleep upon the snow. He no doubt at this season lives largely upon the memory (or the fat) of the many good dinners he had in the plentiful summer and fall.

As we crossed the mountain on our return, we saw at one point blood stains upon the snow, and as the fox-tracks were very thick on and about it, we concluded that a couple of males had had an encounter there, and a pretty sharp one. Reynard goes a-wooing in February, and it is to be presumed that, like other dogs, he is a jealous lover. A crow had alighted and examined the blood stains, and now if he will look a little farther along, upon a flat rock he will find the flesh he was looking for. The dog's nose was blunted now, speaking without metaphor, and he would not look at another trail, but hurried home to rest upon his laurels.

THE STORY OF LESKEN.

CHAPTER I.

OLD LESKEN NOW WAS YOUNG DE LESKEN
ONCE.

"TRUTH is stranger than fiction."

Poor old Lesken knew it well, for he had lived through the truth, and fiction passed before him every night behind the foot-lights of the old Wallack Theatre, as he sat in his place in the orchestra and scratched away at his fiddle as if for dear life. Perhaps you know how wearing the melodrama is on fiddle-strings.

The others in the band called him "poor



YOUNG DE LESKEN.

old Lesken." Life was very hard for them, too, with wife and children. But even they could look with pity on the lonely old man, who, year in and year out, sat in the same corner of the orchestra and saw generations of actors pass away; and could, if he only would, have recognized among the fashiona-

ble dandies in the stalls many a child of long ago.

Eight chairs had old Lesken worn out in his corner, and the plush top of the orchestra railing had become old and shabby many a time with the weight of his heavy hand, as he sat lost in thought, or shaking his head at the play deprecatingly, as much as to say:

"You painted images, do you call *this* a play, *this* grief, *this* misfortune? Why, I could show you——"

So ran his thoughts as his old head sank forward on his breast—his old head with its grizzled hair and dim eyes that looked at fiction through a huge pair of silver spectacles, perched on the end of a long, thin nose.

Who would have thought of a romance in connection with old Lesken, as he sat there with a look about him as if he had gone to bed in his clothes? He brings forth from the depths of a musty pocket a little, soiled paper parcel, out of which he takes a comforting pinch of snuff, while the hero on the stage declares his undying love for the heroine, looking passionately over her head into the wings.

One night old Lesken heard a song. A young girl stood behind the foot-lights, and sang with trembling voice a simple melody, which made the man forget half a century. Though the worn hand still guided the bow, fifty years had fled, and he was young again. Thousands of miles had disappeared, and he stood once more before his father's house in the neat Dutch town that lay so—yes, so phlegmatically, being a Dutch town, on the banks of the Rhine, which, as if in deference to the highly practical nature of the good burghers, had left behind it castles and hills and legends, and appeared instead with low, grassy banks that appealed to the best emotions of every ox and cow in the little kingdom. Did a stranger weary of the prospect, he was shown the wind-mills. If these bored him in the course of time, it was his own fault, for Mynheer, who did the honors of the town, had always found them sufficient food for his contemplative mind.

There was nothing exciting about the irregular streets, the gabled houses with their red roofs. Even the cobble-stones proclaimed the peace that reigned, for the thick grass grew in the middle of the street, and could not even tempt an accidental horse passing by in jog-trot fashion.

Young de Lesken may have found the peace of his native town slightly oppressive as he strode up and down before his father's house under the noon sun, stamping his foot



MISTRESS BETTY.

and pulling at the silver buttons of his blue coat in a way unbecoming a future burgher of Arndt.

So thought his father, as, looking out of the window, he caught sight of his son. Mynheer de Lesken was filled with righteous wrath, and, leaning out, he cried:

"What are you doing there at this time of day, Jan? What will the burgomeister say, should he see you? Go to the counting-room instantly!"

Then the window was closed with a phlegmatic deliberation that argued ill for the culprit.

Burgomeister van der Velde lived over the way in a severely substantial dwelling, of a buff color, with gabled roof, innumerable windows, and a green front door that boasted a brass knocker of dazzling brilliancy, and the pride of Mistress Betty's heart.

Old de Lesken's remark was merely a chance shot; for the burgomeister was, at that moment, puffing away at a long clay pipe in his own room in the town-house on the market-place, performing the arduous duties of his office in stealthily

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watching the servant-maids as they came to draw water from the town pump in the center of the great square, and making a mental note of all such as stopped to gossip by the way.

If the burgomeister was not at home, Mistress Betty was, shyly watching Jan over the way as he stood there, with the silver buttons of his coat and the buckles of his shoes glittering in the sunlight. There was a nameless grace even in the black ribbon that tied his long brown hair.

"All the other young mynheers are so fat!" thought Betty, and stole another glance at the tall, agile figure.

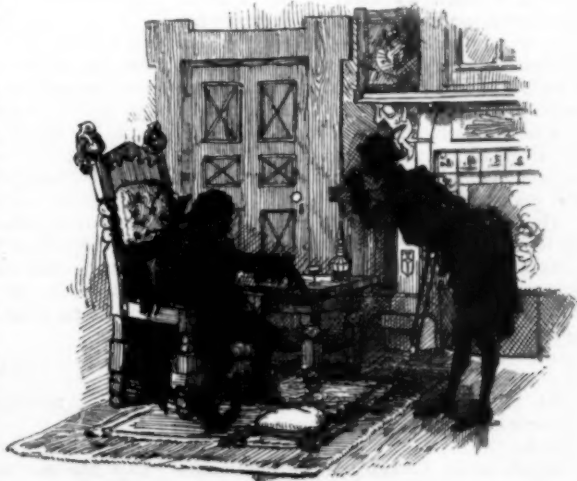
However, Mynheer de Lesken was not born to be disobeyed, and at his words Jan slowly disappeared into the house. For a moment the duster in Mistress Betty's little right hand stopped its godly work, while she heaved a gentle sigh, just enough to set a few particles from the powdered hair floating in the breeze of the summer day.

Such was her unwonted absence of mind that she knocked down a very hideous, but very sacred ornament, and, as she examined the injury done to the ugly little object, wondered what could for a moment have disturbed the calm placidity of her even life.

CHAPTER II.

MYNHEER, HIS FATHER.

MYNHEER DE LESKEN was a well-to-do man,—some said a rich man.



DIETRICH EXAMINES THE DISASTER FROM A DISTANCE.

Once there had been a mevrouw. Yes, fate had ruffled Mynheer's calm career with a wife,—peace to her gentle, troubled soul!—who had during her life-time been his constant worry, just as Jan was now.

"You're the son of your mother!" Mynheer would cry, in the hottest part of the battles with his heir. Not that he hated the boy,—heaven forbid!—but they were antagonistic to each other.

When Mynheer could so deviate from practical life as to wonder, he did wonder how he, an honest, steady citizen of Arndt, happened to be the father of a boy who was a dreamer; who could be passionate; who hated his father's East India and grocery trade, and who had once declared that he hated Arndt and wanted to see the world.

See the world! As if the career of all the dead and buried de Leskens was not good enough for him!

Jan's greatest disgrace—and, as he thought of it, Mynheer came as near shuddering as a phlegmatic Dutch burgher can—was that he played the violin—neglected everything for it, so his father thought. He filled the house with its high, clear tones till Mynheer, in a fit of rage, with his fingers in his outraged ears, strode up and down the room twice in succession,—a circumstance which had not happened even when Mevrouw died.

Once before there had been such a scene: when Jan said that he wanted to be an artist—a violinist.

High words there had been between father and son. His son a musician—his son! A beggar, a thief, an artist! So Mynheer classified these professions. A beggarly fiddler, when there was an opening in the wholesale grocery business worthy of a king, if such a one had leisure to undertake other duties than those of reigning! In bitterness of spirit the old merchant walked through his richly filled warehouses, and stood in stern contemplation of raisins and coffee and grains and molasses.

The divine art was represented in Arndt by Kobus (short for Jacobus), who held the position of town trumpeter. Kobus had left one of his legs in the Seven Years' War, and having, in this practical way, been cured of roving, settled down in his mother's house by the river, and constituted the only element of romance in Arndt. He was the only artist Mynheer had ever seen; and, good heavens! his son wanted to become an artist!

Mynheer de Lesken's house lay unpromisingly on the street, with neither tree

nor grass-plot to relieve its white exterior. It was only back of the house, beyond the beds of gorgeous tulips, that Mynheer's domain impressed you; there stood the great warehouses and the counting-room, into whose windows a couple of apple-trees nodded cheerily. Four clerks sat at the tall desk in the center of the large, bare room, while a smaller desk, in a state of chaos, stood deserted in a corner. The head clerk, old Dietrich, glancing at it, shook his long, wooden head disapprovingly. Length was Dietrich's chief characteristic, just as roundness was that of the other three. Thirty-five years had he been in Mynheer's employ, and if faithfulness is rewarded, Dietrich was a candidate for a crown.

Suddenly there came through the open window the passionate, pleading tones of a violin, and Dietrich, looking up with a start and a frown, saw Jan at his attic window, with his violin under his chin, playing as if the world could live without sugar and molasses, and as if he, simple Jan de Lesken, could conjure up another world with fiddle and bow. Old Dietrich scratched his head under his sandy wig, in much displeasure. Striding to the window, he called to the unsuspecting culprit:

"Come down instantly, Mynheer, and finish your letter about the herrings!"

So Jan came back to the world and the herrings, and Jan's father, smoking a pipe in the family sitting-room, hearing all, glared at the portraits of his ancestors that lined the walls, as if bidding them bear testimony against such depravity.

"Don't scold, old fellow!" Jan cried, as he entered the counting-room. "Only let me play to you some day, and I'll show you that something besides herrings and molasses can touch your flinty old heart," and he laid his hand affectionately on Dietrich's shoulder.

"Mynheer Jan, you waste so much time," the other said half reprovingly, as Jan stooped to pick up his fallen pen.

"Why, I call *this* wasting time," cried Jan, pointing with some scorn at the fat ledgers. "Anybody can do this; but not everybody can be an artist."

CHAPTER III.

MYNHEER'S LITTLE PLAN.

MYNHEER DE LESKEN, waking from his nap late one afternoon, was the victim of crossness and gout combined. Mynheer's

chair and the table at his side were planted on a little island of carpet in the exact center of the spotless, waxed floor. From this point of observation his sharp gray eyes reconnoitered in search of hidden dust and cobwebs.

Suddenly Mynheer rang a little bell that stood on the table beside him, and as a red-cheeked maid softly opened the door, Mynheer, staring with much wrath at the very edge of the carpet before him, demanded furiously:

"What do you call that, Babette?"

Babette examined the fatal mark, and, after a thoughtful pause:

"I should call it mud; mud from the street, Mynheer."

"I knew it, I knew it!" he cried in triumph; then, with a glare at Babette, he exclaimed:

"Send Dietrich to me at once."

"In my house mud,—mud," he muttered as she left the room.

Dietrich looked in with misgivings, being uncertain if he were called in as adviser or victim. Neither was Mynheer's opening address re-assuring:

"Come in and be —! Do you think I like to sit in a draught? Have you wiped your feet on the door-mat?"

"Yes, Mynheer."

"'Pon my word—amazing! Do you see that? I tell you this house will be turned into a pig-sty," he cried, pointing to the carpet.

"Don't go near, don't step on the carpet," he interrupted himself, just as Dietrich was about to place an immense foot on the little island.

So Dietrich took out a pair of horn spectacles and examined the disaster from a distance.

"Mud! Mud brought in by my son Jan!" shouted Mynheer. "I tell you he is capable of anything, a fellow who brings mud into his father's house. But I'll end it! He shall not fill my house with mud and fiddles! I've made up my mind! He must marry, and then he can go to the devil with his fiddles and mud and his wife into the bargain."

"Mynheer Jan marry?" said Dietrich, dubiously. Then, in the character of adviser, he took a hard chair, and sitting outside the charmed circle, repeated, doubtfully,

"Mynheer Jan marry?"

"Certainly! He's old enough—twenty-three; don't you call that old enough? I do. That's enough, Basta!"

When Mynheer cried "Basta!" his word was law, and now only a special dispensation of Providence could keep young Jan single.

"There's Jufrow Marie Velters," said de Lesken.

"But she's nearly forty," murmured Dietrich.

"Katho Schneider."

"She has but one eye."

"Minna Fincke," Mynheer cried sharply, objecting to Dietrich's unasked-for criticisms.

"Mynheer, if Master Jan must marry, it should be some one near his own age and whom he will like."

"Stuff!" interrupted Jan's father.

"Not stuff, Mynheer; you have no right to make him unhappy. If he must marry, let it be Mistress Betty van der Velde. She alone will make him a suitable wife."

"Hum, hum!" murmured the match-maker, and fell into a brown study.

Who will declare that the good man had no imagination, when we say that there appeared before him a pleasant vision of Mistress Betty filling his pipe and brewing a glass of grog for him?

Lastly, when he thought of two soft, brown eyes looking up affectionately at him, the prospect was so enticing that now, thinking of it—yes, he would have married her himself, if it were not, really and truly, so very much trouble.

"Hang the young dog; he shall have her," he thought, with a sigh, and, taking up a tiny steel mirror that lay at his side, he looked at the reflection of his fat, choleric, well-preserved old face.

"Jufrow Betty,—if I should try? Who knows?"

Dietrich was accustomed to his master's calm contemplation of his own charms, so he waited patiently till Mynheer, laying aside the glass, exclaimed with decision,

"Yes; he shall marry Jufrow Betty!"

In those old days there were grand confabulations in regard to such a thing as a marriage, and everybody was deeply interested in the matter, except, perhaps, the parties directly concerned. Jan did not see his father knock solemnly with the brass knocker at Mynheer van der Velde's spotless front door. He was still unconscious when Mynheer commanded him to be ready at three o'clock that afternoon to call at the burgomeister's.

"Where you may perhaps see Mistress

Betty," the old gentleman added, with a stiff wink in his right eye.

Never had Mynheer been so facetious before, and Jan stared; but imputing it to an extra allowance of grog,—such things happened in those days,—said nothing.

The burgomeister's room of state was open to receive the visitors; the room, with its angular furniture, slippery floor and innumerable van der Veldes staring at you from the

With a half-uttered exclamation, "father!" Jan had started back. His heart beat wildly; he could have rebelled against this—this—what? Against Betty? Silently blushing before him, with a look in her dark eyes, as if she were quite content! No, impossible! Jan, seeing that look, felt all his innate manliness come to his aid, and, bending forward, he kissed the little hand that was as helpless as his own at the mercy of



"HE KISSED THE LITTLE HAND."

walls, and, over all, that air of painful neatness which will freeze the most cordial visitor. This was just what old de Lesken reveled in, so in great content he sat down on a hard, uninviting sofa, while Jan stood at the window and looked wistfully out of the small diamond-shaped panes. The burgomeister had solemnity enough, and to spare, as he entered, leading Mistress Betty by the tips of the fingers. As for this same Mistress Betty—well, well! one could forgive old de Lesken for gallantly advancing and kissing one rosy cheek—at which her father looked discomposed and Jan wondered. Jufrow Betty lowered her brown eyes and a pink blush came and went as Jan stepped forward to greet her. Mynheer de Lesken, taking her hand in his, stopped him.

"Jan, there is a great surprise in store for you. Be grateful to me, for I arranged it. This, sir, is Betty van der Velde now, but she is to be Mevrouw de Lesken and your future wife! Yes,—I swear,—before the apples are ripe!"

these old men, who stood by making mental calculations and hugely satisfied with their day's work. Life was being shaped for Mynheer Jan by his cautious father as it had been cut and dried for all his ancestors.

Why should he complain? Love? Away with such foolish thoughts! What does a Dutch burgher want of so useless an article! Will it bear interest? Can it be bartered? No! Then out of the way with it!

CHAPTER IV.

KOBUS, THE TRUMPETER.

KOBUS camped out by the river in a thatched cottage containing one room. With the fiction of a camp and a ruthless enemy in mind, he had everything ready for instant retreat. A great hearth there was; a bed in a corner; an easy-chair (with a romance attached.) In a corner near the

bed stood the trumpet wrapped in green baize, and above it, against the rude, bare wall, hung Jan de Lesken's fate—a fiddle and a bow.

How often Jan had heard the old man play on it the melodies he had learnt in his progress through the world, believing what he said of elves who lived in the quaint wooden box and touched the strings with invisible fingers!

One never-to-be-forgotten day old Kobus placed the fiddle in his arms, and little by little, taught him all he knew, till he discovered that, ignorant as he was, the boy played as only untaught genius can play. Like a couple of conspirators, they used to come together of an evening, with the fear of Mynheer's righteous wrath before their eyes, and Kobus would tell stories of the Seven Years' War, interlarded with goblins, till Jan shivered even at the familiar plashing of the river as it flowed by.

At the foot of the path that led to Kobus's house the old soldier had built a rude wharf by the stream, where a boat lay moored, and here the peasants, in their heavily laden boats, would stop for a bit of gossip with the old man. Jan's visits were, however, his greatest joy; he was the child of his heart; the triumph of his clandestine teaching.

Rumors were rife in Arndt. They reached Mevrouw's ears, and Jan made his confession. His mother went by stealth to Kobus's house and heard her boy play; then wept bitterly, as if old memories had been awakened. Mevrouw had the absurdity to be proud of her son's talent. In a moment of insanity she planned a surprise for Mynheer.

The door was opened one afternoon, and Mynheer, waking from his nap, saw little Jan with his violin followed by his mother. Pleadingly, she said to Mynheer:

"It is a surprise."

It was a surprise all round; for, as Jan played, Mynheer's face grew fiery red.

"Take that beggar's trash away," he shouted, "and don't let me hear it again! You'd like Kobus's place, would you, young

man? As for you, Mevrouw, accept my congratulations; your son bears the strongest resemblance to you—ugh!" Mynheer cried in undisguised disgust, and so ushered them out of the room.

There is nothing like the hopelessness of a passion, to make it strong. What could Jan help it that every lovely sound knocked at his heart's door? Music was to him a purer, nobler language than earthly tongues; it filled his soul with dreams that were but fantastic foolery to other men.

Had Mynheer been less stern, Jan, after having seen the world, might have come back contented to Arndt with the knowledge that while the wholesale grocery business has its sunshine, the life of an artist has its shadows.

Meantime Kobus's house was Jan's paradise; here all space became alive with the tones the young fellow drew from the violin while Kobus looked with proud eyes on Mynheer Jan.

"You are my child," he would say.



KOBUS AND HIS PUPIL.

"When I die you will take the violin and trumpet and my sword, and keep them in memory of me, will you not? This house is to go to my old cousin, for what do you care for it. Are you not Mynheer Jan de Lesken!"

That was just his misfortune; to be Jan de Lesken, with his path in life so neatly marked out for him, that he awoke one fine morning and remembered that the day

before it had been decreed that Betty van der Velde should become his wife.

Then did Jan, looking up at the white bed-curtain, heave a rebellious sigh; but the next instant he turned over to the other side and calmly went to sleep again.

CHAPTER V.

JAN'S COURTSHIP.

THE betrothal day had come and gone. The burgomeister's house had been thrown open on that occasion,—if one can apply so violent a term to the serious ceremony. Fat mynheers and buxom mevrours, besides sons and daughters of various shapes, had, with staid demeanor, congratulated the happy couple.

Mistress Betty, in her blue brocaded gown, with the yellow satin petticoat, looked demurely satisfied out of her brown eyes, calm and quiet and fair—just the ideal of a Dutch maiden, as she leant back in the high-backed chair, while Mynheer Jan, who stood at her side rather listlessly, if too tall and agile for a young mynheer, wore a look of unconcern, nay, quiet indifference, which was felt to be highly proper under every circumstance, and especially the present.

Mynheer van der Velde, if not much acquainted with that organ called the heart, so much the more understood its neighbor—the stomach.

Rich, sweet cordials were drunk to the health of bride and groom; tarts of magic flavors, with true-lovers' knots upon them, stood on long tables; pine-apples, brought at great expense from the East Indies, made the mynheers' mouths water; delicious teas furthered gossip, and there was a certain little room to which the city fathers of Arndt were led by a red-checked maid in a white cap, with glistening, golden ornaments hanging down on either temple, where they were given grog and rum, and many another good thing besides.

So Mynheer van der Velde and Mynheer de Lesken were well content, and as the sentiments of the newly betrothed were a matter of utter indifference to everybody, bliss may be said to have reigned supreme.

There came a mid-autumn day when the apple-trees near the counting-house knocked with ripened fruit against the little windows; when the flowers were in their last superb

glory; when the grapes hung heavy and purple on the vines. The afternoon sun still shone, but there was a chill in the air.

Mynheer de Lesken walked through the long hall in his house, wrapped in half a dozen cloaks, and with his cocked hat on his head. As he reached the kitchen, he slipped in suddenly for a breath of warm air, and at the same time to see if the maids were doing their duty. Mynheer was a housewife at heart; he had a neat turn for cookery and was a connoisseur in polished copper. As he put his head in at the door, scores of mynheers were reflected back from the scoured pans and pots that hung against the walls.

Satisfied with the effect his unexpected presence produced, wrapping himself more tightly in his cloaks, the old gentleman directed his steps along the kitchen-garden to the counting-room.

Mynheer understood well the poetry of the kitchen-garden. With approving eyes, he looked at the yellow pumpkins that had tried, with elephantine playfulness, to grow over the fence of the inclosure; then at the delicate rose-cabbage, the lettuces, the juicy turnips and carrots, which, if not quite in their youth, were not to be despised. Then came the tulip-bed. The gay, flaunting flowers were long since dead, and only a few withered stalks remained. Old de Lesken had no objection to tulips; his grandfather had been a monomaniac on the subject, and he had a great respect for his ancestors. Tulips had also a market value, and were not merely idle sentiment. So Mynheer cultivated them, and felt as if he were patronizing Nature. But now the tulip-bed was bare; a chill wind, sweeping by, lifted the fourth of his six cloaks and gave Mynheer a humorous poke in the ribs, then, passing on, made the withered tulip-stalks so very conspicuous that Mynheer's orderly soul writhed at the confusion.

At that unlucky moment, Jan, with a quill behind his ear, stepped out of the counting-house and, in the supposed sweetness of solitude, gave an enjoyable yawn of the most honest description, when he suddenly caught his father's eyes fixed on him with a look of unmistakable wrath.

"Perhaps you'd like a bed next to your desk, sir!"

"But, father——"

"Don't interrupt me!" Mynheer cried, growing red. "I have some other things

to say to you. It's enough to—to—to choke with rage, to be your father!"

"Father, you ——"

"Don't interrupt, sir! Here I have worked myself to death for you, and you're not grateful! I betroth you to a young person of—of—unexceptionable qualities, and you neglect her. Yes, neglect her!" Mynheer cried, quite regardless that Dietrich's wooden face involuntarily turned to the window, troubled and perplexed.

"Father," said Jan, straightening himself up proudly, "you're unjust to me; you have always been so. As you say, this marriage is of your making; you never consulted me about it. Let that pass, for I expect that; others are no better off. I suppose you married my mother in the same way."

"How dare you, sir ——"

"Father, hear me! If I make no opposition to your desires, you have at least no power to make me love Jufrow Betty."

"Love! Stuff! Who wants you to love any one? I want you to marry her, that is all. You're to be civil. As for love——d nonsense, all of it!" cried Mynheer, quite beside himself.

"I do enough, father. I will even marry her; but I cannot pretend to what I do not feel. If that displeases you, release me. Jufrow Betty will not break her heart."

"Why should she break her heart, you

Had Jan really neglected Jufrow Betty? Was it true?

Well, one could hardly say neglected; he only, for the first time in his life, made a practical use of his native phlegm, and calmly accepted Mistress Betty as the inevitable.

Once a week he sat in the state-room of Mynheer van der Velde's house, and saw Betty knit with tireless hands, or embroider moral samplers—in fact, do any of those useless things with which young ladies whiled time away one hundred years ago, as well as now.

His betrothed was satisfied. Her little day-dream had become a reality.

There sat the hero, so different from the other young mynheers. To be sure, he was as silent as they; but while they stared at her with round, admiring eyes, Jan sat there with thoughts far off, without a glance even at the fair hands, as they deftly moved in and out of the dainty work.

Still, she was satisfied. A moral victory had been gained over those of her bosom friends who had confidentially declared to her their admiration for this same tall and silent youth.

Passion? Love? Such words were unknown to her. They would have thrown her peaceful little soul into a state of confusion.

So Jan sat dumbly by, and Betty was satisfied. Mynheer de Lesken, in a curious feeling of affection for his future daughter, had let his imagination run away with him; for Jan seemed to all the town of Arndt a model lover.

So old de Lesken's angry words fell on deaf ears; for Mynheer Jan continued his wooing with even more than Dutch indifference and tranquillity.

CHAPTER VI.

BEFORE THE WEDDING; THE WEDDING DAY.

WHAT Mynheer de Lesken had once decreed, was sure to be.

The burgomeister had consented and the wedding was to take place in two weeks.

There was no surprise for Mistress Betty, no bustle and hurry and excited consultations. Mevrouw van der Velde had occupied her placid career in collecting her daughter's trousseau, when that daughter was still in swaddling clothes.



JAN'S COURTSHIP.

coccomb? But you shall marry her, sir. Do you hear me? Yes, you shall marry her two weeks from to-day. I swear you shall!"

Mynheer gasped furiously, and so shook under his six cloaks, that there is no knowing what he might have done had not old Dietrich at that moment opened the counting-house door, and so become an unconscious lightning-rod.

Why, the great presses groaned with the weight of exquisite linen, each dozen of every thing tied with dainty red ribbons and the odor of all as fragrant as new-mown hay in an early summer's morning.

Invitations were sent far and wide. The

Silver by the ton, by the square yard, and all to burst in an accumulated flash of glory upon the good town of Arndt on the eventful wedding day.

How the sun shone that day! As if it had determined to do something great in honor of the occasion! Van der Veldes and de Leskens came from everywhere: on foot, in unwieldy chariots, and some in sedan chairs,—as there were only two sedan-chairs in Arndt their owners may be said to have made their fortune that day.

Mynheer the burgomeister's house was hung with garlands inside and out. The state-room was turned into a delicious arbor of flowers, amid which wandered illustrious van der Veldes in velvet cloaks and coats, and knee-breeches, and massive golden chains, and van der Veldes in silken and satin gowns and feathers and powdered hair.

Over the way, Mynheer de Lesken had sworn not to be outdone. He was to give

the dinner after the ceremony, and, ah! if you could only have seen the gorgeous plate. Even de Lesken of the posts and chains raised his eyebrows one-eighth of an inch, which is equivalent to a dictionary of the adjectives of ordinary mortals.

The whole of Arndt had flocked together before the burgomeister's house; everybody who had a spare moment devoted it to staring at the two all-important mansions, or at a great glass coach with four horses which stood before the burgomeister's door, ready to bear off Mistress Betty to the old church on the market-place, where the dominie already stood in the vestry, rehearsing his address to the young couple.

Dominie, dominie; there's many a slip between the cup and the lip!

As for Mistress Betty she also was ready. Calm, demure, plump and rosy, she sat in her little room, while about her bustled various illustrious feminine van der Veldes; one adorning her hair with a pat more of white powder, another bestowing a last touch on a rich pearl circlet about the fair throat, while still another smoothed admiringly the dainty brocade of the bridal dress.



DE LESKEN ENTERTAINING.

burgomeister of Amsterdam came,—he was a van der Velde, and the most illustrious of his name. There was invited a syndic of Rotterdam, and two from the Hague, and a godly divine from Arnheim.

There came a de Lesken from Amsterdam, who had obtained leave of the city fathers to have the great posts and connecting chains, which extended the whole length of his house, made of silver,—solid silver, while iron contented most people. But he cursed his boasted folly; for, though they remained there as a lasting token of the honesty or incapacity of every Dutch thief, this de Lesken could never go to sleep without the haunting fear of finding them gone. One morning they found him dead at his window. Physicians called it apoplexy; but, no, he was killed by his silver chains.

He was still enough alive to come to Jan's wedding; fleeing from his torture in a lumbering chariot and six; and as he descended at Mynheer's door he shed much glory upon the town.

What a time it was!

Such packages as the mail-coach brought!

This was the realization of Mistress Betty's most romantic dreams: not marrying the man she loved, oh, no! but sitting here in so lazy a fashion in such fine robes, and having every one at her beck and call. Jan, to be sure, was tall and thin, so thought his future *mevrouw*; but he was so odd, and the more she knew him the stranger he seemed. Indeed, she would far rather have him sit beside her without an idea in his head than, as unfortunately was often the case, with his thoughts far away, coming back to himself with a start when she spoke to him. Once, on such an occasion, he had begged her pardon and said he was wondering about something,—what it was she had long since forgotten; but Mistress Betty abhorred wondering as much as

CHAPTER VII.

THE WEDDING-DAY (CONCLUDED).

CONTENTMENT was enthroned on Mynheer de Lesken's countenance that morning, as he sat in the leathern chair in the sitting-room, doing the honors of his house to his kinsman of the post and chains, who sat opposite to him, tramping quite unconcernedly with one gouty foot—for of course he had the gout, this rich man—upon the sacred carpet; a liberty which would have brought down maledictions from Mynheer on any one else.

In one hour Mynheer would have a daughter; a dear, ideal daughter, who could fill a pipe and mix a glass of grog.

Jan had, to be sure, a part to play in the



KOBUS BRINGS NEWS OF MYNHEER JAN.

did her future father-in-law, and she pouted her pretty red lips with as much scorn as her little phlegmatic soul could exhibit. If Jan had had even the heavy gallantry of one of the despised young *mynheers*, he would have kissed the pout away from the rosy mouth; but, instead, he looked calmly on and moved not a muscle. So Jufrow Betty never forgot that he had an uncomfortable habit of wondering, and that he would not kiss her, even with the best of opportunities.

Therefore she sat calm and rosy and contented, without the unpleasant emotion of having her heart beat one degree faster than ordinary.

A model daughter-in-law for Mynheer de Lesken!

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coming event; and Mynheer, suddenly overcome by paternal feelings, remembered that, in attending to the welfare of de Lesken of the posts and chains, he had quite lost sight of his son, whom he had not seen since the state dinner of the evening before. Then, too, the pleasant opportunity of being wise before his honored guest!

"I must see him," thought Mynheer, and rang the bell.

"Babette, tell Mynheer Jan, if he is at leisure,"—wonderful thoughtfulness and condescension!—"to come here; I wish to speak to him. A good lad, a good lad," he said pompously to Mynheer of Amsterdam, with a wave of his right hand; "but more like the late *Mevrouw* than myself,"—the most touching allusion he had ever made

to his departed wife. Here the door was opened and Babette's head appeared.

"If you please, Mynheer, I knocked at the door, but no one answered."

"Go back and open the door."

"If you please, Mynheer, I opened the door," said Babette, re-appearing.

"Well?"

"Then I walked in, if you please, Mynheer——"

"What then?"

"If you please, Mynheer——"

"D——n 'if you please, Mynheer!'"

"Certainly, if—if you—I—I mean, Mynheer Jan was not there, and his wedding suit was lying on the chair, just as I had placed it there last night."

"That's enough. Go to Dietrich; perhaps my son is with him. You must know," he added, turning apologetically to his relative, "Jan, I am ashamed to say, is quite absent-minded, and——and——" he stammered, becoming embarrassed as he saw the other's look of horror, "perhaps he doesn't know how late it is."

"Not know how late it is any day—and on such a day? Absent-minded—absent-minded? What is the world coming to?" exclaimed he of Amsterdam, in a rich, wheezy voice, that harmonized finely with his gouty foot.

Mynheer felt the full force of this appeal, and was silent; but his face grew forebodingly red.

There was the sound of the shuffling of a pair of awkward feet, as if in the act of wiping themselves on the door-mat. The door was opened, and in came Dietrich, superb in cotton velvet.

"Was Mynheer Jan with you, Dietrich?"

"Yes, Mynheer."

"When?"

"Last night."

"Blockhead! I want to see him now," cried Mynheer.

"I have not seen him to-day. Isn't he in his room?" Dietrich asked in some surprise.

"Of course he isn't. What are you staring at me for?" cried Mynheer, in a passion. "Why don't you look for him? Send some of the men to hunt him up. He shall pay for this, the rascal! He was only born to be a trouble to me—just like his mother. Here, you, Dietrich, send some one to Kobus; perhaps the old fool will know where my son is." And, for the second time in his life, Mynheer stalked about the room in uncontrollable rage, till de Lesken of Am-

sterdam began to perspire, merely with the fatigue of looking at him.

Mynheer was, however, too excited to be thoughtful. He strode up and down, fast and furious, till Mynheer of Amsterdam, with a celerity of imagination that did him all credit, thought of apoplectic fits, and what not, and grasped the handle of the teakettle, that was singing away over the flame of a spirit-lamp on the table ready for instant use.

Again old Dietrich appeared.

"Mynheer, Mynheer!" he cried anxiously. "Mynheer Jan is not found, and Kobus is nowhere to be seen. Oh, if something should have happened to the boy!"

"Nonsense!" cried Mynheer, in great rage. "It's only some of his impudence; but he shall pay for it!" he gasped, pulling an immense gold chronometer out of his breeches-pocket, and consulting its staring face. Dietrich shook his head, when suddenly out in the hall a zealous voice shouted, "We've got him, we've got him!" and Mynheer, with a gulp of relief, and a muttered "D——n him!" tore open the door, and discovered Kobus, trying with difficulty to keep Babette and two enthusiastic men-servants from doing him a bodily injury.

"Where's my son?" cried old de Lesken, looking from one to the other.

"O, Mynheer, Mynheer! I came here of my own accord to speak to you. I must speak to you; let me go into your room."

"Go!" Mynheer commanded the servants, and, leading the way into the room, shut the door.

In his agitation Kobus saw neither Dietrich nor Mynheer from Amsterdam.

"Mynheer," he cried pleadingly, "the wedding cannot take place to-day."

"Good God! what do you mean? Is my son sick? Is he—is he dead? Speak, fellow!"

"No, neither. He is gone."

"Gone! Gone! Where? Can't you find your tongue?" Mynheer screamed, beside himself with rage and consternation.

"Mynheer, it was all my fault, and yet I, too, was innocent! Be merciful, Mynheer, he had forgotten that to-day was to be his wedding-day."

"Forgotten!" It was all the other three could gasp in their bewilderment.

"He came to my house last night after the dinner," Kobus said in a low voice. "He often came of an evening, and—oh, Mynheer, I love him like my own child. Be lenient with him!"

"Go on. We're not interested in your feelings," muttered Dietrich, a prey to grief and jealousy.

"We talked of this and that, and at last about music—Mynheer knows how his son loves music," said Kobus, pleadingly, "and we quite forgot that to-day was to be his wedding-day. At last I said that I had heard from some one who passed by that day, that the greatest violinist in the world was to give a concert at Arnheim to-day at noon. When I told him, he was quite beside himself, and spoke of nothing else, and said it was the dream of his life to hear such a master. Then he grew quieter, and soon he went away, quite lost in thought. I have not seen him since. This morning the miller of Gravow anchored at the wharf, and I went down to him for a bit of a talk, and then, for the first time I missed my boat. 'Some one's stolen my boat!' I cried to the miller of Gravow. 'He's honest,' said the miller. 'What d'ye mean?' says I, staring at him. 'Why,' says he, 'I saw Mynheer Jan de Lesken step out of her at Arnheim, bright and early this morning, and a good two hours' row he had. 'Merciful God!' I cried, 'and to-day is his wedding-day.' Then I ran to tell you. Oh, Mynheer, he will come back this afternoon, or to-morrow. Forgive——"

"Out of my sight, you scoundrel!" shrieked Mynheer. "Out, or I'll—I'll murder you!" And Dietrich pushed the bewildered Kobus out of the door and shut it in his face, while Mynheer de Lesken sank into his leathern chair and buried his face in his hands.

Suddenly he started up.

"Bear witness," he cried, "I disown him from this day forth. I have no more a son!"

"Mynheer, Mynheer, think of what you say," cried Dietrich, laying his faithful hand on his master's arm.

"Silence!" the other cried, shaking him off. "Not another word. I have spoken,—so it shall be. Oh, disgraced, disgraced!" he groaned, sinking into his chair again.

"Betty, poor child!" he muttered. Then aloud to Dietrich, "To Mynheer van der Velde's instantly. Tell him I must see him this moment. Go! Better that he were dead than this, the villain! But I have done with him. He may go to the devil for all I care. But Betty—poor, poor child! How will it be with her? This mummery, this confusion! It will never be forgotten that Jan de Lesken's bride was not worth the

scrape of a fiddle. Faugh!" And Mynheer shivered in his soul-felt disgust.

"Mynheer de Lesken, marry her yourself," said a fat voice, and Mynheer turned about with a start and stared in sheer amazement at his honored relative, who presented in his right eye a very good imitation of a wink.

"Marry—marry—I—marry her myself?" Ha! ha! ha!" And Mynheer laughed a furious, bitter laugh. The fury and the bitterness, however, faded away, and the idea remained. The idea was wonderfully enticing. Mynheer leaned back in his chair, and, in the silence that ensued, for the second time in his life allowed his imagination to run away with him.

"I marry her myself! Ha! ha! ha!" But this was a laugh of the deliciously yielding sort. "Why, if she will have me—to be sure, thirty years is—hum! hum! But I'm a *man*!" cried Mynheer, with a self-satisfied slap on his breast. "If she will only—and I'm a rich man!"

So loose-jointed were Mynheer de Lesken's thoughts, there is no knowing where they would have stopped if, at that moment, Mynheer the burgomeister had not opened the door.

"It is very late, Mynheer de Lesken; we must be moving; where is your son?"

"Mynheer, I have no son. For me he is dead. This morning he was seen in Arnheim where he forgot, in listening to a trumpery fiddler, that to-day he was to be married to Mistress Betty van der Velde."

Curious questioning went about; eyebrows were raised; little groups of whisperers stood around.

Two hours had passed since the time of the proposed ceremony, yet nothing had taken place; so the illustrious van der Velde and the rich de Leskens raised their eyebrows and whispered. Not that they had been neglected—by no means. They had been very well treated, which meant, in the understanding of van der Velde and de Leskens, well-fed and well-wined. But they had come for a wedding, and—where was the wedding?

Mistress Betty had been told.

"Tears?" Yes, tears had been shed; but, behind these same tears her common sense was on guard.

"What! she forgotten for a mere beggar?" Mistress Betty's classification was after the same standard as Mynheer de Lesken's.

She jilted? How her bosom friends would laugh! and, as she thought of that climax to her woes, tears of bitter earnest rolled down the plump cheeks. She to suffer for this insult all her life, and he, the villain, to go scot free? Oh no, no,—it must not be!

Then did the burgomeister very falteringly offer her Mynheer de Lesken's hand, and, as instructed, lay his old heart and all his riches at her feet.

Tears flowed unhindered down the rosy cheeks, but they did not prevent Jufrow Betty from calculating in a way that would have done honor even to the kinsman of the posts and chains. A sense of calm and security came upon her; after all, she could, if she only would, be married that day and become a *Mevrouw de Lesken*. Then must that other de Lesken beware,—and through her placid little soul there shot a feeling of hate as strong as it was rare.

After all, a van der Velde was to marry a de Lesken, and there was the excitement of unheard-of circumstances into the bargain; so thought the old people. All the young girls said they pitied the bride,—though there was not one who would have refused Mynheer de Lesken; and the young men seemed to think that the father of Jan had too much luck.

The dominie, who had been waiting at the church all day, was hastily notified of the curious change, so that he should leave out of his discourse all objectionable points, such, for instance, as the matter of age.

At last, then, the glass coach started off with the fair bride, and another followed with the bridegroom.

"Hurrah!" shouted all the little ragamuffins, in Dutch, as they should.

And so the dominie made them one.

Who cared that the flowers in the arbor began to droop; that the dishes at the state dinner were overdone; that the guests had more the aspect of condoling than congratulating? Who cared? You see, after all, a van der Velde married a de Lesken, and everything is in a name.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN; ANOTHER VERSION.

Yes, young Mynheer was honest, at least.

In the early dawn of the next day, Kobus found his boat again in its usual place on the wharf.

"Poor boy, perhaps he has come back! God have mercy on him!" thought the old man, sorrowfully. "I must see him,—I might meet him if I went toward the town. O, Mynheer de Lesken, Mynheer de Lesken, if you'd only waited till to-day!"

Never was the good town of Arndt in such a state of excitement before. Mynheer de Lesken's house was the cynosure of all eyes. Was it surprising, then, that at every sound or noise proceeding from that respectable dwelling, every *mevrouw* and *mynheer* should stare at it stealthily through the round hole in the closed shutters till there was an unseen line of night-caps with frills, brought up in the rear by night-caps in tassels, through the whole row of houses opposite Mynheer de Lesken's?

Still, exhausted nature must seek relief, and they were all sleeping the sleep of the just, when some one knocked with the brass knocker against Mynheer's front door.

"Merciful Father, it's Mynheer Jan!" cried an excited feminine voice.

"Open the door instantly, Babette," cried Jan—for it was he. His face was haggard and pale, and his whole appearance was disordered.



JAN RETURNS.

The housemaid proceeded to obey this command with great deliberation. Being a woman, Babette felt as if she had a personal grievance against this errant bridegroom.

The door opened. Babette concluded, on nearer examination, that Mynheer Jan was not to be trifled with.

"Babette, I must speak with my father; has he come down yet? Stay! I will go to his room."

"If you please, Mynheer," cried Babette, laying a detaining hand upon his arm and speaking with great distinctness; "if you please, Mynheer and *Mevrouw* have not yet come down-stairs."

"Mynheer and *Mevrouw*—*Mevrouw*?" Jan repeated, staring at her in utter astonishment.

"What do you mean? Who? *Mevrouw*? What *Mevrouw*?" he cried.

"*Mevrouw* de Lesken; for, as you did not come, Mynheer your father married the pretty young lady himself," Babette exclaimed spitefully and triumphantly, in the happy consciousness that she had avenged her sex.

"Married Betty—married her himself? Why," said Jan, with a wild laugh, quite forgetting Babette's presence—"why, then I don't need to ask his forgiveness,—indeed, he should thank me for my absence."

Then he laughed again, and, after the manner of men, felt as if he had been shamefully abused.

"Babette, I shall go to my room and wait till Mynheer and *Mevrouw*"—with a just perceptible stress on the last—"till Mynheer and *Mevrouw* come down to—"

"Not in my house, sir. You have no room in my house—you are a stranger here!" a harsh voice suddenly interrupted.

As Jan, with a start, raised his eyes, he beheld his father, enveloped in a voluminous dressing-gown, standing in the middle of the great stairs.

For a moment they looked at each other like two mortal enemies, with emotions too strong for words. Then the violent passion of the elder, made more furious by a sense of intense jealousy, spurned control.

"Leave my house, you—you wretch!" he cried, striking the balustrade with his clenched hand. "Leave this house, and let me never see your face again, you man without honor or shame! you disgrace to your name —"

"Stop, father! do not goad me on! You are my father, and—heaven forgive me!—I am in danger of forgetting it."

"Hold your tongue!" screamed Mynheer. "You have brought wretchedness enough here."

"I know,—I know; I cannot excuse

myself; you would not understand me should I try. But it seems you have no reason to complain of the wretchedness I caused," cried Jan.

"What? what? Do you taunt me with trying to hide your disgrace?" Mynheer screamed, leaping down the stairs toward his son, with strong, uplifted arm.

"Beware!" Jan shouted, holding his two hands out before him, while his eyes flashed fire. "Beware, Mynheer de Lesken! You have no son, I no father; as you have forgotten, I may forget. We are strangers now, as you wished."

"Be it so. I have many things to repent of in my life; but my last words to you, which will ever remind you that you had a son, shall be, that I might have been a better son, had you been a different — No, no! It is cowardly to accuse you—cowardly—cowardly! We shall never see each other again. May you—be—happy!"

So speaking, faltering, Jan, without another word, another look, left his father's house, and closed behind himself forever the spotless front door with its brass knocker. He strode down the silent street till some one came stamping up toward him.

"Dear boy, dear Mynheer Jan de Lesken —"

"Kobus, Kobus, never more Jan de Lesken!" cried Jan, covering his face with his hands, and a great, shuddering sigh went through him.

"Mynheer Jan, dear boy, come to my house. All will be well again in a few days," old Kobus pleaded, laying his hand on Jan's arm.

"Never, never, old friend. I must be gone. I must go far away, where no one will ever be disgraced by me again," Jan murmured. So the two walked slowly toward the little house by the river, and those of the good *mynheers* and *mevrouws* who were up early, were rewarded by seeing, for the last time, Mynheer Jan de Lesken in the respectable town of Arndt.

CHAPTER IX.

THE END.

WHY try to excuse him? It is impossible.

He went far, far away, as he said he would. Far away meant at first to Amsterdam, and then to Rotterdam; but life was not pleasant in the neighborhood of illustrious van der Veldes.

Opposers of the illustrious van der Veldes made quite a lion of him at first, but a more entertaining lion was sure to come and take his place before long.

One weary day, as he was purposely roaming about the great docks of Rotterdam, he thought:

"Why not sail away in one of these vessels, and see if there is any future for you in another country?"

So it came to pass that Jan sailed over the wide ocean to see the world—too late!

Poor, unfriended as he was, he tried to make the best of life. He was a dreamer. The world only tolerates rich dreamers; poor dreamers come to nothing. So Jan de Lesken came to nothing, like many another man. He turned for help to the instrument that had caused him so much misery, but among men who had lived and learned, he knew nothing.

He dreamed his life away, playing here

and playing there, barely earning his livelihood, till one day he obtained a place in the orchestra of the old Wallack Theatre. As the years went on, the old feeling of what he had been grew duller and duller, till it seemed a forgotten dream.

One night, he heard a song.

Fresh and strong, the memory of his life's story returned to him; for in this song he recognized a simple melody the great violinist had played the morning of the day, fifty years ago, that should have been his wedding-day. Father and bride and friends were long since dead, and he, who had nothing to live for, sat there, where they made people merry for money, and scratched away at his fiddle. Were you ever in the old Wallack Theatre? Did you never see the bent old man in the left-hand corner of the orchestra, who played the violin with trembling hands, or sat there lost in thought? That was old Lesken.



A NEW AMERICAN INDUSTRY.

In the old time, when New England orchards bent low with burdens of ripe apples, the farmer sent away barrels of the best fruit in trepidation lest the market be overstocked. Usually the fruit made small returns, and frequently it disappeared altogether before a purchaser could be found. The cider-mill grew fragrant with heaps of apples, and under all the trees they lay in golden and rosy masses, not

worth the gathering. Then it was the thrifty housewife came to the rescue with her needle and ball of twine. The "apple-paring bee"—a device to save the too abundant crops—became a high festival, at which young men and maidens met to slice apples and make love. Then every farm-house hung out festoons of "halves" and "quarters" to yellow in the sun.

But fruit-drying has now become a novel

and prosperous industry; from the domestic economy of that time, has sprung new wealth, and from dried apples have come delicious confections as yet without a name.

Since the old days when Norsemen navigators named New England "the Vine-land," this country has rejoiced in an abundance of fruit. Three million peach-trees bloom each spring on the sunny plains that lie between the Delaware and Chesapeake Bays. The apple crop of the country is almost past counting; our surplus fruit if rightly saved, would keep all Europe in table luxuries. The birds on New Hampshire hills are feasted with raspberries, while the mountains of North Carolina and Tennessee are purple with blackberries that go to waste. The time has been when an extra good crop of peaches in Delaware meant a million baskets of fruit left untouched upon the trees.

The primitive work of drying fruit in the sun is still followed in many parts of the country. Maine is noted for its sliced apples; New York is the chief dried-apple state, and sends its sun-dried product for export in halves and quarters. Ohio and Michigan, Illinois, Indiana and Kentucky, produce large quantities in the order in which we name them. Georgia makes a sun-dried apple of a fine gold color, and North Carolina, with only seedlings and wild fruit, produces sliced dried apples and peaches delicately colored from light straw to pale flesh color. Everywhere in Tennessee, North Carolina and Georgia, one may see at the farmsteads rows of boards tilted up to the sun and covered with sliced fruit. Sometimes it is spread between sheets of muslin to keep away the insects and to give the fruit a finer color. These small lots of fruit are collected by the country store-keepers, and thus find their way to the great cities and a market.

The first improvement made in drying fruit was tried in the North, and consisted of covering the fruit with glass. The hot-bed sash idle in the barn found a new duty. Wooden boxes or frames made to fit the sash were prepared and set upon legs to raise them above the ground. Holes were cut at the front near the bottom, and at the back near the top, to secure a current of air through the frame; within these glass-roofed frames the fruit was spread on trays in the full sunlight. The glass kept out rain, birds and insects, and the fruit dried more quickly and with less labor than in the old way, and with a decided improvement in its appearance.

Experiments were also made with stoves. The cooking stove dried the fruit more quickly than the sun, but it was wanted for other purposes. The next step was to erect drying closets. A small inclosed place or closet of any convenient shape or size was put up in the farm-house or shed, and in this was placed a small stove. The sides of the closet were protected from the fire by brick-work and above the stove were placed shelves for the fruit; inlets for the fresh air were made at the bottom, and at the top ventilators were provided for the escape of the heated air and vapor. Such appliances answered a very good purpose, and are often used to save the surplus fruit of a small farm for domestic use or for sale.

Besides these domestic appliances, there is now in use a very good iron stove or drying machine, costing about seventy dollars, and serving to dry all kinds of fruit in a much better manner than the wooden closets, which are liable to take fire. This stove is portable, and may be used out-of-doors or in a building, as is most convenient. A fire is kept up in a fire-box at the base, and above it are movable shelves for the apples, peaches, berries, corn, grapes, or other fruits or vegetables. A constant stream of hot air passes through the apparatus, sweeping across the trays of fruit and quickly extracting all their moisture. The smoke-flue from the fire passes through the escape for the hot air and materially assists the movement of the air. Dryers of this form are largely used in the peach districts of the East and the grape-growing country of the Pacific coasts. They are easily managed, and will dry as much fruit in a day as a family can peel and slice in that time.

Between Chesapeake Bay and the Delaware is a broad and level peninsula,—the center of the peach-garden of the continent. Here the peach-trees stand in rows a mile long, luxuriating in a warm and mellow soil and a genial climate. Every farm counts its hundreds or thousands. There are forests of twenty thousand trees standing in prim and stately lines. The plowman, guiding his horses between the trees, seems to be traveling off to the next county. Here also, blackberry and strawberry, pear and raspberry, spread wide in the mild and sunny air, growing up to new stateliness, or covering the ground with a fruit and foliage in a luxuriance unknown to New England gardens. The white and sandy soil, free from stones, invites to culture. Plants and trees grow as if it were a pleasure to reward

the labor spent upon them. Here and there the pines make a pleasing contrast with the monotonous peach-groves, and immense fields of wheat and corn alternate with acres of strawberries.

Each farm in the vast peach-garden, which covers the whole of Delaware and a part of Maryland, Pennsylvania, and New Jersey, has an average of a thousand peach-trees. Some large estates count ten, fifteen, or twenty thousand trees in one block. With a fair crop, there will be five million baskets of peaches on these trees. A good crop will yield six million baskets—more peaches than the nation can eat while they are in good condition.

When, in April days, the blossoms of these million trees foretoken an abundant crop, the good news is telegraphed all over the country. It is a new spur for trade and commerce. The basket factories drive a lively trade, the steamship companies tub up their rusty engines and lay in new stores of coal, and the railway lines buy or hire more freight cars. A million dollars will soon be poured into the lap of Delaware, and every one hastens to reap his share of the golden harvest. The farmer, long waiting for a return on his invested money and labor, sees the daily swelling crop with sparkling eyes; the express companies re-organize their routes; through trains for New England, for northern New York, Chicago and the West are arranged on fast time-tables, that the peaches may be moved quickly to the waiting markets; June and July slip away, and the peaches swell and yellow in the sun; huge steamboats appear on the Delaware, and engines stand on every switch with steam up and cars waiting.

Suddenly, at four o'clock in the morning, there appears at some way station in southern Delaware, a multitude of farm-wagons, ox-carts, and teams of every description. In the early morning light there is a scene of lively competition to get to the depot, each man striving to bring his load of fruit first to the car. It seems as if all the country-side had turned out in mad haste to reach the station. At last the heavy train is off for the Delaware Breakwater, where, in a wonderfully short time, the thousands of baskets of fruit are transferred to the steamship, which steams away along the sandy shores of New Jersey toward New York.

The arrival is heralded in all the papers. The peaches have come! On the same day long trains of fruit-cars pull up at Baltimore and Philadelphia, or steam away at express

speed for Boston or the West. From day to day the excitement spreads. More and more peaches ripen, and every car and steamboat is packed to the utmost. Around every rural station in the peninsula and at every steamboat landing there is each day a scene of hurrying, confusion and uproar. The rural mind seems to lose its traditional calm in the haste to realize the immense harvest of fruit poured out upon the land. The farmer already counts his gains, and thinks of the release of the mortgage on the farm, or of new home luxuries for wife and little ones. All, from rich to poor, share in some way in the harvest, for every man, woman and child is employed in some fashion in securing the crop. Even the public school closes its door, for all the boys and girls are picking peaches.

Suddenly a mysterious blight seems to fall on this vast activity. The mails and telegraph bring sad news to all the farms. The farmer is paralyzed as by enchantment, and sits idle in bitter disappointment, while the peaches drop unheeded from the trees. The steamships bank their fires, and all the children wonder at the sudden stop in the glorious fun in the orchards. The market has broken. There are too many peaches. They do not sell for the cost of picking. The poor man can have peaches in plenty; but every peach he eats costs the farmer more than the price paid in the city. Perhaps in a few days the market recovers, and the steamships sail again with fragrant cargoes; but the shipper has grown timid, and refuses to trust his fruit upon a shaken market, where perhaps not even the cost of the freight can be recovered. At last the season ends in disaster. A million baskets of peaches have been left to decay under the trees, and another million has been sold at a partial loss. The crop was too abundant. It perished before it could be consumed.

A good crop of peaches is estimated at something over six million baskets. Vast as this product is, it could be easily disposed of in our eastern markets if distributed over a longer time. The Delaware peach crop is over in about forty days. It must be sold and eaten in that time, or it will perish. If it could be packed in barrels, like the apple crop, and shipped abroad, the problem would be solved, and the Delaware peninsula would be a bonanza of rural wealth. The peach is too frail and delicate for export, even for home consumption, and formerly a good crop on all the trees meant a broken market and unprofitable prices. This has had a tendency to

check the culture of the peach. There were too many trees by half a million or more. Unless the crop could be in some way saved, it was useless to cultivate so many orchards.

Under the stimulus of this state of affairs canning and preserving sprang into activity, and these industries have done much for the peach-growing interest. Drying in the sun and in such stoves as we have described has been tried; but the result, while it is good as far as it goes, does not meet the difficulty. Mere domestic saving on small farms may be useful; but when a man has ten thousand peach-trees in bearing at once such devices are practically useless. It seems to be a habit of the American mind to turn instinctively to machinery in every business and manufacturing difficulty. To peel, slice, and spread in the sun even a hundred thousand baskets of peaches by hand labor, would be utterly beyond the reach of the entire rural population of a state. How, then, can a million or two be saved? Something of this kind must be done, or a portion of the Delaware peach-groves must be suffered to grow up to scrubby pines.

The peach season of 1877 was a good one. There was a fair crop, and the market was maintained without a break and at very fair prices. In one sense it was a remarkable season, for it showed what has been done to save the surplus fruit crop, and the experience points the way to a new and even more brilliant future for this great interest.

The season opened hopefully, and the growers felt sure of a paying crop. A new market had been found close by the farm, and by judicious management the disaster of a crowded market could be avoided. Again the teams thronged about the railway stations and the long peach trains rolled over the level country. The steamships sailed up the coasts with golden cargoes, and the demand was active and promising. If the news from the city hinted of an excess, there were other buyers about the stations and landings, with ready cash in hand. The farmer whose consignments to the market were large or of doubtful value, turned his horses from the struggling throng about the cars and boats and drove away to a quiet farm near by.

Here among the orchards and berry-fields is a two-story frame building with a tall chimney smoking furiously; at the door is a platform or landing for teams, so that the fruit may be conveniently unloaded. At the roof of this factory are one or two singular-looking ventilators, with blinds and shutters

spread wide; every window is open, and there comes out the sound of a merry industry. The peaches are quickly unloaded and taken into the building. The farmer gets his money for the load and drives away contented.

Within is carried on the new industry,—science and machinery applied to fruit preserving on a commercial scale. The fresh peaches are brought into a large room on the first floor, and are poured, a basket at a time, into a curious machine called an assorter. This machine sorts or separates the peaches into three sizes, without injuring the ripest "Crawford." Having been thus sorted, the fruit is taken to another room to be peeled and cut in half. Here a hundred girls and women are seated at long tables, each with a basket of fruit before her, and all busily paring and taking out the stones of the peaches. Each peach is then cut in two parts and put in a dish. A man comes around every few minutes and takes away the refuse and stones or gathers up the cut fruit. The soft and dripping fruit—for it is at its ripest stage—is taken to another room where shallow trays made of galvanized iron wire netting inclosed in wooden frames are placed on tables. Here, other girls pack the halved peaches close together into the trays till they are filled.

Near by are two square closets or shafts reaching from floor to ceiling, and extending from top to bottom of the building. At the sides of each shaft are four iron chains of a peculiar pattern, and in front is a low door. Presently, a tray is loaded with the cut fruit, and two men, taking it in hand, open the door and slide it into one of the shafts. A furious blast of hot air rushes out into the room, and, for a moment, we can look into the dark shaft. There are four iron chains inside next the walls, and on each are iron fingers projecting horizontally into the shaft. The trays rest on these fingers and are thus suspended in the shaft, very nearly filling it. As soon as the tray is in place, the door is closed and the attendant looks at the clock and makes a mark on a wooden dial to record the movement of the tray. When he puts in the tray, he also examines a thermometer hung inside and makes a note of the temperature. For several minutes the shaft remains closed while another tray is being prepared. Meanwhile, we may examine the evaporating apparatus, above and below.

Down-stairs in the basement is a brick furnace resembling the furnaces used to heat

dwellings in winter. In this, a bright fire is burning. Inlets are provided at the base for fresh air, and, as the top of the furnace is open and leads directly into the shaft above, the heated air rises and mounts swiftly through the shaft, and finally escapes through the ventilators at the top of the building. On its way, it sweeps through the trays of fruit that are suspended in the shaft.

Now to the top of the building next to the roof. Here the shafts are still seen passing upward through the floor and out into the open air above the roof. On this floor are doors in each shaft, and an iron hand-wheel for moving the elevating chains. A man is in attendance, aided by a number of girls as helpers. There are a clock and a wooden dial, and by these guides the attendant gives a turn to the wheel once in a certain number of minutes; presently he opens the door in one of the shafts. A sudden blast of warm air, heavy and moist with the watery vapor escaping from the fruit, rushes out. By taking a quick look we may see the inside of the shaft. It is full of trays of cut peaches, one above the other. The top tray is level with the door, and the attendant remarks that it is ready to come out. Above the door, the shaft may be seen open to the top, where the ventilators give free escape to the vapor-laden air; the man quickly draws the tray out into the room and closes the door.

The work is finished. The ripe peaches are now in proper condition and will not decay. They are said to be evaporated. When they entered the drying-shaft they filled the tray, touching each other at every point; now they are shrunk and lie flat and thin on the wire netting. Taking up half a peach that a short time ago was a plump and juicy "Crawford" or "Clingstone," we find it dry, very nearly of its natural color, flexible, and glistening with tiny drops of crystallized sugar. It is candied in its own sweet juices, preserved in its natural state without the addition of sugar, syrup, brandy, or any other preservative. It is not a cooked peach, but a raw, ripe peach, deprived of its water; everything that it held when fresh, mellow and ripe is retained, save the pure water that formed so large a portion of its bulk. In its present condition it will remain unchanged in any climate and for an indefinite time, provided it is kept dry.

The girls in attendance slip thin knives under the evaporated fruit and clear the hot tray of its fragrant load. The fruit is then packed securely in strong paper-bags, to

keep away insects and dampness, or stored in bulk in tight, dark closets till it is packed in wooden boxes for the fall or winter market.

It now may be well to examine, first, the philosophy of the work, and, secondly, its financial aspect in regard to the peach, apple, and berry crop of this country.

There are several forms of these fruit evaporators, but this is the oldest, and is a good type of them all. The apparatus that has been described consists essentially of an upright wooden shaft or tower erected in a three-story building. At the base is some form of hot-air furnace, with proper inlets for fresh air. The air passes over the furnace, becomes heated, and ascends through the shaft and escapes at the top of the tower. When the temperature of the interior ranges from 250 to 300° Fahrenheit, a tray of fresh fruit is suspended on the elevating chains just above the furnace. At this temperature the fruit would be cooked instead of dried, were it not for the fact that it is dripping with moisture. It is bathed in a steaming vapor and begins to dry, not on the outside, but from the inside first. The air, saturated with water, keeps the pores of the fruit open and the surface unchanged. There is no formation of a hard, dry, and discolored skin, as when fruit is dried in the open air. In this high temperature, in a few minutes, the fruit would begin to cook; but before this can happen, the elevating chains are moved and the tray is raised about thirteen centimeters (five inches), and another tray is placed below it. The first tray is now shaded from the direct heat and the lower tray gives off clouds of vapor that rise and bathe the fruit above in a hot and steaming atmosphere. In a certain number of minutes, regulated by the heat, the kind and quality of the fruit, and the state of the weather, the two trays are raised another thirteen centimeters, and another fresh lot of fruit is inserted below. The first lot is still more shaded from the heat, but remains in an atmosphere saturated with moisture from the new supplies below. Thus the fruit rises a few centimeters every ten or fifteen minutes, moving continually away from the fire, and yet always bathed in vapor from the fruit under it. In from four to six hours it rises to the top of the shaft, and is by this time finished. It has parted with all its water, and has undergone an entire change in its nature. When fresh, four-fifths of the ripe peach consisted of water. It also contained a certain percentage of

acids and a certain proportion of sugar, starch, and other chemical constituents. After passing through the evaporator, it is reduced to four-fifths of its original weight, the loss being almost wholly in water. The fibrous skeleton of the fruit remains, but the acids are reduced and the sugar has increased in quantity. The other portions—starch, etc.—are nearly unchanged, the color is retained, and there is still a trace of the fragrance of the ripe fruit. The process the fruit has passed through seems to resemble a supplementary ripening. The familiar instance of the after-ripening of winter pears in a dark closet, where the hard and sour pear becomes sweet, juicy, and mellow, may serve to illustrate the chemical change that takes place in this process. The evaporated peach is dry, but riper and sweeter than when fresh. Every valuable quality of the fruit is retained; the water alone has been extracted. Soak the dry peach in enough cold water to cover it and it assumes its natural size and flavor. It is then practically a ripe peach, with the water restored. It makes no difference when the water is replaced; it may be now, next year, or ten years hence, in this or in any other climate; add the water to the dry peach at any time, and it may be cooked and eaten in any form that fancy dictates.

This process of preserving fresh fruit is no longer an experiment. The work is carried on upon a large commercial scale in all parts of the country. Its success has naturally incited new inventions in the same field. The oldest and best known evaporator consists essentially of an upright shaft from 6.30 to 8.82 meters high, and from .94 to 1.57 centimeters square on the inside. In this are four elevating chains that pass up the inside and down the outside of the tower. These chains have fingers of iron which, as the chain rises, assume a horizontal position, and thus serve to support the trays of fruit placed in the tower. These evaporators cost about one thousand dollars each, and are usually built in pairs, so that one fire may serve for the two shafts. The fruit is prepared and put into the evaporator on the first floor and is taken out on the top floor. This machine has been in practical use for several years, and was the first that showed a decided advance on the crude method of drying in the sun and under glass. It embodied the correct scientific principles upon which this work of drying fruit must be carried on, and all the later machines simply introduce mechanical changes without departing from its principles.

The nearest approach to this original evaporator is a machine that employs the trays to form the shaft. The furnace is erected in the basement of the building and above it is a square opening just the size of the trays in the first floor. The fire is started and a tray loaded with fresh fruit is placed over this opening and completely closing it. When the fruit has dried sufficiently, a simple and ingenious piece of mechanism is employed to raise it a few centimeters. Another tray is slipped under it and the first tray is then supported by the one below. In this manner tray after tray is put one under another till the piled-up trays reach through a second opening in the floor above and part way into the top story. The trays thus make their own shaft, and the hot air from the furnace must pass up directly through them, and as the trays fit tightly one on the other a material economy of the heat is claimed for the apparatus. This machine has also an arrangement for spreading the hot air evenly through all parts of the shaft formed by the trays. The top tray is always open and exposed to view and the ventilators are omitted, the vapor freely escaping into the room and thence out the windows. The operator has also a view of the work at all its stages. Such an evaporator with trays 157 centimeters (5 feet) in diameter may be put up for something less than the other pattern.

Another form of evaporator employs two towers or a double shaft. The trays are suspended in sections on an endless chain in the two towers. The door is placed on the first floor just above the fire, and in use the trays are put into one shaft and then pass down over the fire and into the second shaft. They then move upward, as in the other forms of evaporators. At the top the trays pass over into the first shaft and descend to the door where they were put in. Certain advantages are claimed for this evaporator over the others. It is cheaper than the first style and does not require so high a building, as the double tower rises above the roof and stands quite alone. The machine may be easily put up and taken down in a few hours. The cost ranges from \$400 to \$800, the three sizes having a capacity of 40, 60 and 100 baskets of peaches in a day of twenty-four hours.

Besides the two evaporators mentioned, there have been others invented, some employing a horizontal shaft with a fan-blower to drive the hot air through it and with the trays moving on a track inside;

others more or less resembling a mechanical cracker-bakery or oven.

An evaporating "plant" in Delaware usually consists of a two-story frame building capable of accommodating from 40 to 100 hands and from one to four machines. With two machines and 80 helpers, four being men, 8,371 baskets of peaches have been dried, giving about 13,906 kilograms (27,800 lbs.) of dried fruit in one season of only forty days. The labor required for such a plant is usually four men and from 50 to 80 girls and women. The men are required to attend to the machines and the women to peel and cut the fruit. One town in southern Delaware having fifteen evaporators of all kinds turned out 100,000 kilos, (200,000 lbs.) of evaporated fruit in the season of 1877.

This work, valuable as it is to the peach-growing interest, is not confined to that fruit; apples, raspberries, currants, plums, blackberries, grapes and cherries, are preserved in large quantities in this manner. Ripe tomatoes, corn, Lima beans and other vegetables, treated in this way, may be exported to any climate, and will come back to their original condition when placed in water.

The city fruit-dealer and housekeeper may here remark that this is all very well for the fruit-grower; but is the evaporated fruit really good to eat and will it sell? At first it was difficult to find a market for this product. The people did not know what it was. They naturally thought it simply sun-dried fruit, and like such fruit, not wholly attractive. It took a long time to convince the retail trade that the new product could be sold, the price asked was thought to be excessive, and the city buyer was conservative and would not touch the "processed

fruit"; added to this was the fact that the owners of the evaporators, ignorant of the best methods of conducting the work, produced burned and badly colored fruit, and thus injured the reputation of the new product. Finally, the merits of the process and the excellence of the fruit became known and since that time the demand has steadily grown.

The evaporated fruit is no longer an experiment for courageous housekeepers or a doubtful venture on the markets. The common sun-dried fruit produced in such large quantities, already finds a market in Europe, South America and Australia, and this better and higher-priced product will undoubtedly follow it. Thus our millions of peach-trees will pay a surer return than ever; we may even need other millions of trees to supply the new foreign demand.

Any one may see at the confectioners' sugared fruits from France, neatly packed in fancy paper boxes and commanding fancy prices. These confections, that are now all imported, can be produced in the evaporators. Ripe pears, dipped in boiling sirup and then passed through the evaporator, come out a conserve as rich and delicate in flavor as the foreign article. The citron, black as it is, is a favorite with the confectioner. From the evaporator comes a new citron, silvery white.

It cannot be said that the present machines mark the final stage of the work. This part of the matter is yet in the field of experiment; only the processes that have been described have reached a commercial position. Enough has been done to show that a new industry has been established which will ultimately prove of the greatest advantage to the consumer, the exporter and the horticulturist.

MAURICE DE GUÉRIN.

THE old wine filled him, and he saw, with eyes
 Anoint of nature, fauns and dryads fair
 Unseen by others; to him maidenhair
 And waxen lilacs and those birds that rise
 A-sudden from tall reeds at slight surprise
 Brought charmed thoughts; and in earth everywhere
 He, like sad Jaques, found unheard music rare
 As that of Syrinx to old Grecians wise.
 A pagan heart, a Christian soul had he,
 He followed Christ, yet for dead Pan he sighed,
 Till earth and heaven met within his breast:
 As if Theocritus in Sicily
 Had come upon the Figure crucified
 And lost his gods in deep, Christ-given rest.

THAT SAME OLD 'COON.

WE were sitting on the store-porch of a small Virginia village. I was one of the party, and Martin Heiskill was the other one. Martin had been out fishing, which was an unusual thing for him.

"Yes, sir," said he, as he held up the small string of fish which he had laid carefully under his chair when he sat down to light his pipe; "that's all I've got to show for a day's work. But 'tain't often that I waste time that way. I don't b'lieve in huntin' fur a thing that ye can't see. If fishes sot on trees, now, and ye could shoot at 'em, I'd go out and hunt fishes with anybody. But it's mighty triffin' work to be goin' it blind in a mill-pond."

I ventured to state that there were fish that were occasionally found on trees. In India, for instance, a certain fish climbs trees.

"A which what's?" exclaimed Martin, with an arrangement of pronouns peculiar to himself.

"Oh yes!" he said, when I had told him all I knew about this bit of natural history. "That's very likely. I reckon they do that up North, where you come from, in some of them towns you was tellin' me about, where there's so many houses that they tech each other."

"That's all true about the fishes, Martin," said I, wisely making no reference to the houses, for I did not want to push his belief too hard, "but we'll drop them, now."

"Yes," said he, "I think we'd better."

Martin was a good fellow and no fool, but he had not traveled much, and had no correct ideas of cities, nor, indeed, of much of anything outside of his native backwoods. But of those backwoods he knew more than any other man I ever met. He liked to talk, but he resented tall stories.

"Martin," said I, glad to change the subject, "do you think there'll be many 'coons about, this fall?"

"About as many as common, I reckon," he answered. "What do you want to know fur?"

"I'd like to go out 'coon-huntin'," I said; "that's something I have never tried."

"Well," said he, "I don't s'pose your goin' will make much difference in the number of 'em, but, what's the good uv it? You'd better go 'possum-huntin'. You kin eat a possum."

"Don't you ever eat 'coons?" I asked.

"Eat 'coons!" he exclaimed, with con-

tempt. "Why, there isn't a nigger in this county 'd eat a 'coon. They aint fit to eat."

"I should think they'd be as good as 'possums," said I. "They feed on pretty much the same things, don't they?"

"Well, there aint much difference, that way; but a 'possum's a mighty different thing from a 'coon, when ye come to eat him. A 'possum's more like a kind o' tree-pig. An' when he's cooked, he's sweeter than any suckin'-pig you ever see. But a 'coon's more like a cat. Who'd eat cats?"

I was about to relate some city sausage stories, but I refrained.

"To be sure," continued Martin, "there's Colonel Tibbs, who says he's eat 'coon-meat, and liked it fust-rate; but then ag'in, he says frogs is good to eat, so ye see there's no dependin' on what people say. Now, I know what I'm a-talkin' about; 'coons aint fit fur human bein's to eat."

"What makes you hunt 'em, then?" I asked.

"Hunt 'em fur fun," said the old fellow, striking a lucifer match under his chair, to re-light his pipe. "Ef ye talk about vittles, that's one thing, an' ef ye talk about fun, that's another thing. An' I don't know now whether you'd think it was fun. I kinder think you wouldn't. I reckon it'd seem like pretty hard work to you."

"I suppose it would," I said; "there are many things that would be hard work to me, that would be nothing but sport to an old hunter like you."

"You're right, there, sir. You never spoke truer than that in your life. There's no man inside o' six counties that's hunted more'n I have. I've been at it ever sence I was a youngster, an' I've got a lot o' fun out uv it,—more fun than anything else, fur that matter. You see, afore the war, people used to go huntin' more for real sport than they do now. An' 'twa'n't because there was more game in this country then than there is now, fur there wa'n't,—not half as much. There's more game in Virginny now than there's been any time this fifty years."

I expressed my surprise at this statement, and he continued:

"It all stands to reason, plain enough. Ef you don't kill them wild critters off, they'll jist breed and breed, till the whole country gits full uv 'em. An' nobody had no time to hunt 'em durin' the war,—we was busy huntin' different game then, and

sometimes we was hunted ourselves; an' since then the most uv us has had to knuckle down to work,—no time for huntin' when you've got to do your own hoein' and plowin',—or, at least, a big part uv it. An' I tell ye that back there in the mountains there's lots o' deer where nobody livin' about here ever saw 'em before, and as fur turkeys, and 'coons, and 'possums, there's more an' more uv 'em ev'ry year, but as fur beavers,—them confounded chills-and-fever rep-tyles,—there's jist millions uv 'em, more or less."

"Do beavers have chills and fever?" I asked, wonderingly.

"No," said he, "I wish they did. But they give it to folks. There aint nothin' on earth that's raised the price o' quinine in this country like them beavers. Ye see, they've jist had the'r own way now, pretty much ever sence the war broke out, and they've gone to work and built dams across pretty nigh all the cricks we got, and that floods the bottom-lands, uv course, and makes ma'shes and swamps, where there used to be fust-rate corn-land. Why, I tell ye, sir, down here on Colt's Creek there's a beaver-dam a quarter uv a mile long, an' the water's backed up all over everything. Aint that enough to give a whole county the chills? An' it does it too. Ef the people 'd all go and sit on that there dam, they'd shake it down. I tell ye, sir, the war give us, in this country, a good many things we didn't want, and among 'em's chills. Before the war, nobody never heard of sich things as chills round about hyar. Taint on'y the beavers, nuther. When ye can't afford to hire more'n three or four niggers to work a big farm, 'taint likely ye kin do no ditchin', and all the branches and the ditches in the bottom-lands fills up, an' a feller's best corn-fields is pretty much all swamp, and his family has to live on quinine."

"I should think it would pay well to hunt and trap these beavers," I remarked.

"Well, so it does, sometimes," said Martin; "but half the people aint got no time. Now it's different with me, because I'm not a-farmin'. An' then it aint everybody that kin git 'em. It takes a kind o' eddication to hunt beaver. But you was a-askin' about 'coons."

"Yes," I said. "I'd like to go 'coon-hunting."

"There's lots o' fun in it," said he, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, and putting up his cowhide boots on the top of the porch-railing in front of him.

"About two or three years afore the war, I went out on a 'coon-hunt, which was the

liveliest hunt I ever see in all my life. I never had sich a good hunt afore, nur never sence. I was a-livin' over in Powhattan, and the 'coon was Haskinses 'coon. They called him Haskinses 'coon, because he was 'most allus seen somewhere on ole Tom Haskinses farm. Tom's dead now, an' so is the 'coon; but the farm's thar, an' I'm here, so ye kin b'lieve this story, jist as ef it was printed on paper. It was the most confoundedest queer 'coon anybody ever see in all this whole world. An' the queerness was this: It hadn't no stripes to its tail. Now ye needn't say to me that no 'coon was ever that way, fur this 'coon was, an' that settles it. All 'coons has four or five brown stripes a-runnin' roun' their tails,—all 'cept this one 'coon uv Haskinses. An' what's more, this was the savagest 'coon anybody ever did see in this whole world. That's what sot everybody huntin' him, fur the savager a 'coon is an' the more grit ther' is in him, the more's the fun when he comes to fight the dogs—fur that's whar the fun comes in. An' ther' is 'coons as kin lick a whole pack o' dogs, an' git off; and this is jist what Haskinses 'coon did, lots o' times. I b'lieve every nigger in the county, an' pretty much half the white men, had been out huntin' that 'coon, and they'd never got him yit. Ye see he was so derved cunnin' an' gritty, that when ye cut his tree down, he'd jist go through the dogs like a wasp in a Sunday-school, an' git away, as I tell ye. He must 'a' had teeth more'n an inch long, and he had a mighty tough bite to him. Quick, too, as a black-snake. Well, they never got him, no how; but he was often seed, fur he'd even let a feller as hadn't a gun with him git a look at him in the day-time, which is contrary to the natur' of a 'coon, which keeps dark all day an' on'y comes out arter dark. But this here 'coon o' Haskinses was different from any 'coon anybody ever see in all this world. Sometimes ye'd see him a-settin' down by a branch, a-dippin' his food inter the water every time he took a bite, which is the natur' of a 'coon; but if ye put yer hand inter yer pocket fur so much as a pocket-pistol, he'd skoot afore ye could wink.

"Well, I made up my mind I'd go out after Haskinses 'coon, and I got up a huntin' party. 'Twa'n't no trouble to do that. In them days ye could git up a huntin' party easier than anything else in this whole world. All ye had to do was to let the people know, an' they'd be thar, black an' white. Why, I tell ye, sir, they used to go fox-huntin' a lot in them days, an' there wasn't half as

many foxes as ther' is now, nuther. If a feller woke up bright an' early, an' felt like fox-huntin', all he had to do was to git on his horse, and take his dogs and his horn, and ride off to his nex' neighbor's, an' holler. An' up 'd jump the nex' feller, and git on his horse, and take his dogs, and them two 'd ride off to the nex' farm an' holler, an' keep that up till ther' was a lot uv 'em, with the'r hounds, and away they'd go, tip-it-ty-crack, after the fox an' the hounds—fur it didn't take long fur them dogs to scar' up a fox. An' they'd keep it up, too, like good fellers. Ther' was a party uv 'em, once, started out of a Friday mornin', and the'r fox, which was a red fox (fur a gray fox aint no good fur a long run) took 'em clean over into Albemarle, and none uv 'em didn't get back home till arter dark, Saturday. That was the way we used to hunt.

"Well, I got up my party, and we went out arter Haskinses 'coon. We started out pretty soon arter supper. Ole Tom Haskins himself was along, because, uv course, he wanted to see his 'coon killed; an' ther' was a lot of other fellers that you wouldn't know ef I was to tell ye the'r names. Ye see, it was 'way down at the lower end of the county that I was a-livin' then. An' ther' was about a dozen niggers with axes, an' five or six little black boys to carry light-wood. There was no less than thirteen dogs, all 'coon-hunters.

"Ye see, the 'coon-dog is sometimes a hound, an' sometimes he isn't. It takes a right smart dog to hunt a 'coon; and sometimes ye kin train a dog, thet aint a reg'lar huntin'-dog, to be a fust-rate 'coon-dog, pertickerlerly when the fightin' comes in. To be sure, ye want a dog with a good nose to him to foller up a 'coon; but ye want fellers with good jaws and teeth, and plenty of grit, too. We had thirteen of the best 'coon-dogs in the whole world, an' that was enough fur any one 'coon, I say; though Haskinses 'coon was a pertickerler kind of a 'coon, as I tell ye.

"Pretty soon arter we got inter Haskinses oak woods, jist back o' the house, the dogs got on the track uv a 'coon, an' after 'em we all went, as hard as we could skoot. Uv course we didn't know that it was Haskinses 'coon we was arter; but we made up our minds, afore we started, thet when we killed a 'coon and found it wasn't Haskinses 'coon, we'd jist keep on till we did find him. We didn't 'spect to have much trouble a-findin' him, fur we know'd pretty much whar he lived, and we went right thar. Taint often anybody hunts fur one pertickerler

'coon; but that was the matter this time, as I tell ye."

It was evident from the business-like way in which Martin Heiskill started into this story, that he wouldn't get home in time to have his fish cooked for supper, but that was not my affair. It was not every day that the old fellow chose to talk, and I was glad enough to have him go on as long as he would.

"As I tell ye," continued Martin, looking steadily over the toe of one of his boots, as if taking a long aim at some distant turkey, "we put off, hot and heavy, arter that ar 'coon, and hard work it was too. The dogs took us down through the very stickeryest part of the woods, and then down the holler by the edge of Lumley's mill-pond,—whar no human bein' in this world ever walked or run afore, I truly b'lieve, fur it was the meanest travelin' groun' I ever see,—and then back inter the woods ag'in. But 'twa'n't long afore we come up to the dogs a-barkin' and howlin' around a big chestnut oak about three foot through, an' we knew we had him. That is, ef it wa'n't Haskinses 'coon. Ef it was his 'coon, may be we had him, and may be we hadn't. The boys lighted up their light-wood torches, and two niggers with axes bent to work at the tree. And them as wasn't choppin' had as much as they could do to keep the dogs back out o' the way o' the axes.

"The dogs they was jist goin' on as ef they was mad, and ole Uncle Pete Williams—he was the one thet was a-holdin' on to Chink, the big dog—that dog's name was Chinkerpun, an' he was the best 'coon-dog in the whole world, I reckon. He was a big hound, brown an' black, an' he was the on'y dog in thet pack 'thet had never had a fight with Haskinses 'coon. They fetchted him over from Cumberland, a-purpose for this hunt. Well, as I tell ye, ole Pete, says he, 'Thar aint no mistook dis time, Mahsr Tom, now I tell you. Dese yar dogs knows well 'nuf dat dat 'coon's Mahsr Tom's 'coon, an' dey tell Chink too, fur he's a-doin' de debbil's own pullin' dis time.' An' I reckon Uncle Pete was 'bout right, fur I thought the dog ud pull him off his legs afore he got through.

"Pretty soon the niggers hollered fur to stan' from under, an' down came the chestnut-oak with a big smash, an' then ev'ry dog an' man an' nigger made one skoot fur that tree. But they couldn't see no 'coon, fur he was in a hole 'bout half way up the trunk, an' then there was another high ole time keepin' back the dogs till the fellers

with axes cut him out. It didn't take long to do that. The tree was a kind o' rotten up thar, and afore I know'd it, out hopped the 'coon; and then in less than half a

a long time ago, and I've been on lots o' hunts since thet; but the main p'int o' this hunt I aint likely to furgit, fur, as I tell ye, this was the liveliest 'coon-hunt I ever went out on.



ONE OF THE 'COONDogs THAT "LEFT FUST."

shake, there was sich a fight as you never see in all this world.

"At first, it 'peared like it was a blamed mean thing to let thirteen dogs fight one coon, but pretty soon I thought it was a little too bad to have on'y thirteen dogs fur sich a fiery savage beast as that there 'coon was. He jist laid down on his back an' buzzed around like a coffee-mill, an' whenever a dog got a snap at him, he got the 'coon's teeth inter him quick as lightnin'. Ther' was too many dogs in that fight, an' t'wa'n't long before some uv 'em found that out, and got out o' the muss. An' it was some o' the dogs thet had the best chance at the 'coon thet left fust.

"Afore long, though, old Chink, who'd a been a-watchin' his chance, he got a good grip on that 'coon, an' that was the end of him. He jist throw'd up his hand.

"The minute I seed the fight was over, I rushed in an' grabbed that 'coon, an' like to got grabbed myself, too, in doin' it, 'specially by Chink, who didn't know me. One o' the boys brought a light-wood torch so's we could see the little beast.

"Well, t'wa'n't Haskinses 'coon. He had rings round his tail, jist as reg'lar as ef he was the feller that set the fashion. So ther' was more 'coon-huntin' to be done that night. But ther' wa'n't nobody that objected to that, fur we were jist gittin inter the fun o' the thing. An' I made up my mind I wasn't a-goin' home without the tail off er Haskinses 'coon.

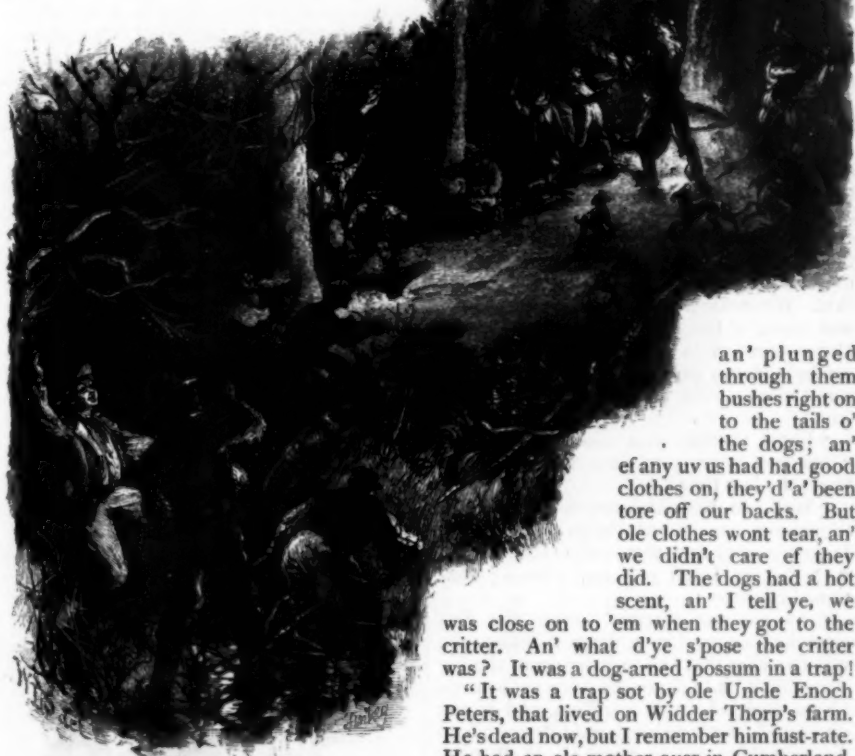
"I disremember now whether the nex' thing we killed was a 'coon or a 'possum. It's

"Ef it was a 'possum we got next, ther' wasn't much fun about it, fur a 'possum's not a game beast. Ther's no fight in him, though his meat's better. When ye tree a 'possum an' cut down the tree, an' cut him out uv his hole, ef he's in one, he jist keels over an' makes b'lieve he's dead, though that's jinerally no use at all, fur he's real dead in a minute, and it's hardly wuth while fur him to take the trouble uv puttin' on the sham. Sometimes a 'possum 'll hang by his tail to the limb of a tree, an' ye kin knock him down without cuttin' the tree down. He's not a game beast, as I tell ye. But they aint allus killed on the spot. I've seed niggers take a long saplin' an' make a little split in it about the middle of the pole, an' stick the end of a 'possum's long rat-tail through the split an' carry him home. I've seed two niggers carryin' a pole that a-way, one at each end, with two or three 'possums a-hangin' frum it. They take 'em home and fatten 'em. I hate a 'possum, principally fur his tail. Ef it was curled up short an' had a knot in it, it would be more like a pig's tail, an' then it would seem as ef the thing was meant to eat. But the way they have it, it's like nothing in the whole world but a rat's tail.

"So, as I tell ye, ef thet was a 'possum thet we treed nex', ther' wasn't no fight, an' some of the niggers got some meat. But after that—I remember it was about the middle o' the night—we got off again, this time really arter Haskinses 'coon. I was dead sure of it. The dogs went diff'rent, too. They was jist full o' fire an' blood,

an' run ahead like as ef they was mad. They know'd they wasn't on the track of no common 'coon, this time. As fur all uv us men, black an' white, we jist got up an' got arter them dogs, an' some o' the little fellers got stuck in a swamp, down by a branch that runs out o' Haskinses woods into Widder Thorp's corn-field; but we didn't stop fur nuthin', an' they never ketched up. We kep' on down that branch an' through the whole corn-field, an' then the dogs they took us cross-ways up a hill, whar we had to cross two or three gullies, an' I like to broke my neck down one uv 'em, fur I was in sich a blamed hurry that I tried to jump across, an' the bank giv way on the other side, as I might 'a' know'd it would, an' down I come, backward. But I landed on two niggers at the botttom of the gully, an'

woods, which is the wust woods in the whole world, I reckon, fur runnin' through arter a pack o' dogs. The whole place was so growed up with chinkerpin-bushes and dog-wood, an' every other kind o' underbrush that a hog would 'a' sp'iled his temper goin' through thar in the day-time; but we jist r'ared



THE 'COON-HUNT.

that kinder broke my fall, an' I was up an' a-goin' ag'in afore you'd 'a' know'd it.

"Well, as I tell ye, we jist b'iled up that hill, an' then we struck inter the widder's

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an' plunged through them bushes right on to the tails o' the dogs; an' ef any uv us had had good clothes on, they'd 'a' been tore off our backs. But ole clothes wont tear, an' we didn't care ef they did. The dogs had a hot scent, an' I tell ye, we was close on to 'em when they got to the critter. An' what d'ye s'pose the critter was? It was a dog-arned 'possum in a trap!

"It was a trap sot by ole Uncle Enoch Peters, that lived on Widder Thorp's farm. He's dead now, but I remember him fust-rate. He had an ole mother over in Cumberland, an' he was the very oldest man in this country, an' I reckon in the whole world, that had a livin' mother. Well, that there sneakin' 'possum had gone sniffin' along through the corn-field, an' up that hill, an'

along the gullies, and through that on-earthly woods to Uncle Enoch's trap, an' we'd follered him as ef he'd had a store order fur a bar'l o' flour tied to his tail.

"Well, he didn't last long, for the dogs and the niggers, between 'em, tore that trap all to bits, and what become o' the 'possum I don't b'lieve anybody knowed, 'cept it was ole Chink and two or three uv the biggest dogs."

I here asked if 'coons were ever caught in traps.

"Certainly they is," said Martin. "I remember the time that ther' was a good many 'coons caught in traps. That was in the ole Henry Clay 'lection times. The 'coon, he was the Whig beast. He stood for Harry Clay and the hull Whig party. Ther' never was a pole-raisin', or a barbecue, ore a speech meetin', or a torch-light percession, in the whole country that they didn't want a live 'coon to be sot on a pole or somewhar whar the people could look at him an' be encouraged. But it didn't do 'em no good. Ole Harry Clay he went under, an' ye couldn't sell a 'coon for a dime.

"Well, as I tell ye, this was a 'possum in a trap, and we was all pretty mad and pretty tired. We got out on the edge o' the woods as soon as we could, an' thar was a field o' corn. The corn had been planted late and the boys found a lot o' roastin' ears, though they was purty old, but we didn't care for that. We made a fire, an' roasted the corn, and some o' the men had their 'ticklers' along—enough to give us each a taste, an' we lighted our pipes and sat down to take a rest afore startin' off ag'in arter Haskinses 'coon."

"But I thought you said," I remarked, "that you knew you were after Haskins' 'coon the last time."

"Well, so we did know we was. But sometimes you know things as isn't so. Didn't ye ever find that out? It's so, anyway, jist as I tell ye," and then he continued his story:

"As we was a-settin' aroun' the fire, a-smokin' away, Uncle Pete Williams—he was the feller that had to hang on to the big dog, Chink, as I tell ye—he come an' he says, 'Now, look-a-here, Mahsr Tom, and de rest ob you all, don't ye bleab we'd better gib-up dis yere thing an' go home?' Well, none uv us thought that, an' we told him so, but he kep' on, an' begun to tell us we'd find ourselves in a heap o' misery, ef we didn't look out, pretty soon. Says he: 'Now, look-a-here Mahsr Tom, and you all, you

all wouldn't a-ketched me out on this yere hunt ef I a-knowed ye was a-gwine to hunt 'possums. 'Taint no luck to hunt 'possums: eberybody knows dat. De debbil gits after a man as will go a-chasin' 'possums wid dogs when he kin cotch 'em a heap mau comfortabler in a trap. 'Taint so much diff'rence 'bout 'coons, but de debbil he takes care o' 'possums. An' I spect de debbel know'd 'bout dis yere hunt, fur de oder ebenin' I was a-goin' down to de rock-spring, wid a gourd to git a drink, and dar on de rock, wid his legs a-danglin' down to de water, sat de debbil hisself a chawin' green ter-backer!' 'Green terbacker?' says I. 'Why, Uncle Pete, aint the debbil got no better sense than that?' 'Now, look-a-here, Mahsr Martin,' says he, 'de debbil knows what he's about, an' ef green terbacker was good fur anybody to chaw he wouldn't chaw it, an' he says to me, "Uncle Pete, been a huntin' any 'possums?" And says I, "No, Mahsr, I nebber do dat." An' den he look at me awful, fur I seed he didn't furgit nothin', an' he was a sottin dar, a-shinen as ef he was all polished all over wid shoe-blackin', an' he says, "Now, look-a-here, Uncle Pete, don't you eber do it; an' w'at's dat about dis yere Baptis' church at de Cross-roads, dat was sot afire?" An' I tole him dat I didn't know nuffin 'bout dat—not one single word in dis whole world. Den he wink, an' he says, "Dem bruders in dat church hunt too many 'possums. Dey is allus a-huntin' 'possums, and dat's de way dey lose der church. I sot dat church afire mesef. D'y' hear dat, Uncle Pete?" An' I was glad enough to hear it too, for der was bruders in dat church dat said Yeller Joe an' me sot it afire, cos we wasn't 'lected trustees, but dey can't say dat now, fur it's all plain as daylight,



"PUTTIN' ON DE SHAM."

an' ef dey dont bleab it, I kin show em de berry gourd I tuk down to de rock-spring when I seed de debbil. An' it don't do to hunt no more 'possums, fur de debbil 'd jist

but he had to come along all the same, as I tell ye.

"'Twa'n't half an hour arter we started ag'in afore we found a 'coon, but 'twa'n't



"SOMETIMES A 'POSSUM 'LL HANG BY HIS TAIL TO THE LIMB OF A TREE."

as leab scratch de end ob his tail agin a white man's church as agin a black man's church.'

"By this time we was all ready to start ag'in, an' we know'd that all Uncle Pete wanted was to git home ag'in, fur he was lazy and was sich an ole rascal that he was afraid to go back by himself in the dark fur fear the real debbil 'd gobble him up, an' so we didn't pay no 'tention to him, but jist started off ag'in. Ther' is niggers as b'lieve the debbil gits after people that hunt 'possums, but Uncle Pete never b'lieved that when he was a-goin' to git the 'possum. Ther' wasn't no chance fur him this night,

Haskinses 'coon. We was near the crick, when the dogs got arter him, an' inste'd o' gittin' up a tree, he run up inter the roots uv a big pine thet had been blown down, and was a-layin' half in the water. The brush was mighty thick jist here, an' some uv us thought it was another 'possum, an' we kep' back most uv the dogs, fur we didn't want 'em to carry us along that creek-bank arter no 'possum. But some o' the niggers, with two or three dogs, pushed through the bushes an' one feller clum up inter the roots uv the tree, and out jumped Mr. 'Coon. He hadn't no chance to git off any other way than to clim' down some



FULL CRY.

grape-vines that was a-hangin' from the tree inter the water. So he slips down one o' them, an' as he was a-hangin' on like a sailor a-goin' down a rope, I got a look at him through the bushes, an' I see plain enough by the light-wood torch thet he wa'n't Haskinses 'coon. He had the commonest kind o' bands on his tail.

"Well, that thar 'coon he looked like he was about the biggest fool uv a 'coon in this whole world. He come down to the water, as ef he thought a dog couldn't swim, an' ef that's what he did think he foun' out his mistake as soon as he teched the water, fur thar was a dog ready fur him. An' then they had it lively, and the other dogs they jumped in, an' thar was a purty big splashin' an' plungin' an' bitin' in that thar creek, an' I was jist a-goin' to push through an' holler fur the other fellers to come an' see the fun, when that thar 'coon he got off! He jist licked them dogs—the meanest dogs we had along—an' put fur the other bank, an' that was the end o' him. 'Coons is a good deal like folks—it don't pay to call none uv 'em fools till ye're done seein' what they're up to.

"Well, as I tell ye, we was then nigh the crick, but soon as we lef' the widders woods we struck off from it, fur none uv us, 'specially the niggers, wanted to go nigh 'Lijah Parker's. Reckon ye don't know 'Lijah Parker. Well, he lives 'bout three mile from here on the crick, an' he was then, an' is now, jist the laziest man in the whole world. He had two or three big

red oaks on his place thet he wanted cut down, but was too durned lazy to do it, an' he hadn't no money to hire anybody to do it, nuther, an' he was too stingy to spend it ef he'd had it. So he know'd ther' was a-goin' to be a 'coon-hunt one night, an' the evenin' before he tuk a 'coon his boy'd caught in a 'possum-trap, an' he put a chain aroun' its body, and pulled it through his woods to one of his red oak trees. Then he let the 'coon climb up a little ways, an' then he jerked him down ag'in, and pulled him over to another tree, and so on, till he'd let him run up three big trees. Then his boy got a box, an' they put the 'coon in an' carried him home. Uv course, when the dogs come inter his woods—an' he know'd they was a-goin' to do that—they got on the scent o' this 'coon, an' when they got to the fust tree, they thought they'd treed him, an' the niggers cut down that red oak in no time. An' then, when ther' wa'n't no 'coon thar, they tracked him to the nex' tree, an' so on till the whole three trees was cut down. We wouldn't 'a' found out nuthin about this ef 'Lijah's boy hadn't told on the ole man, an' ye kin jist bet all ye're wuth that ther' aint a man in this county that ud cut one o' his trees down ag'in.

"Well, as I tell ye, we kep' clear o'



UNCLE KNOCH AND HIS 'COON-TRAP.

Parker's place, an' we walked about two mile, an' then we found we'd gone clean around till we'd got inter Haskinses woods ag'in. We hadn't gone further inter the woods than ye could pitch a rock afore the dogs got on the track uv a 'coon, an' away we all went arter 'em. Even the little fellers

house, an' his wife she had a tame 'coon, an' this little beast was a mighty lot smarter than any human bein' in the house. Sometimes, when he'd come it a little too heavy with his tricks, they used to chain him up, but he always got loose and come a-humpin' inter the house with a bit o' the chain to



"HE WAS A-HANGIN' ON, LIKE A SAILOR A-GOIN' DOWN A ROPE."

that was stuck in the swamp away back was with us now, fur they'd got out an' was a pokin' home through the woods. 'Twa'n't long afore that 'coon was treed, an' when we got up an' looked at the tree, we all felt dead sure it was Haskinses 'coon this time an' no mistake. Fur it was jist the kind o' tree that no 'coon but that 'coon would ever 'a' thought o' climbin'. Mos' 'coons an' 'possums shin it up a pretty tall tree, to git as fur away from the dogs as they kin, an' the tall trees is often purty slim trees an' easy cut down. But this here 'coon o' Haskinses he had more sense than that. He jist scooted up the thickest tree he could find. He didn't care about gittin' up high. He know'd the dogs couldn't climb no tree at all, an' that no man or boy was a-comin' up after him. So he wanted to give 'em the best job o' choppin' he know'd how. Ther' aint no smarter critter then 'coons in this whole world. Dogs aint no circumstance to 'em. About four or five year ago, I was a livin' with Riley Marsh, over by the Court-

his collar. D'ye know how a 'coon walks? He never comes straight ahead like a Christian, but he humps up his back, an' he twists roun' his tail, an' he sticks out his head, crooked like, frum under his ha'r, an' he comes inter a room sideways an' a kind o' cross, as ef he'd a-wanted ter stay out an' play an' ye'd made him come in the house ter learn his lessons.

"Well, as I tell ye, this 'coon broke his chain every time, an' it was a good thick dog-chain, an' that puzzled Riley; but one day he saw the little runt goin' aroun' an' aroun' hoppin' over his chain ev'ry time, till he got an awful big twist on his chain, an' then it was easy enough to strain on it till a link opened. But Riley put a swivel on his chain, an' stopped that fun. But they'd let him out purty often, an' one day he squirmed himself inter the kitchen, an' thar he see the tea-kettle a-settin' by the fire-place. The lid was off, an' old 'cooney thought that was jist the kind uv a black hole he'd been used to crawlin' inter afore

he got tame. So he crawled in an' curled himself up an' went to sleep. Arter awhile, in comes Aunt Hannah to git supper, an' she picks up the kittle, an' findin' it heavy, thinks it was full o' water, an' puts on the lid an' hung it over the fire. Then she clapped on some light-wood to hurry up things. Purty soon that kittle begun to warm, an' then, all uv a sudden, off pops the lid an' out shoots Mister 'Coon, like a rocket. An' ther' never was, in all this whole world, sich a frightened ole nigger as Aunt Hannah. She thought it was the debbil, sure, an' she giv' a yell that fetched ev'ry man on the place. That ere 'coon had more mischief in him than any live thing ye ever see. He'd



WASH WEBSTER.

pick pockets, hide ev'ry thing he could find, an' steal eggs. He'd find an egg ef the hen ud sneak off an' lay it at the bottom uv the crick. One Sunday, Riley's wife went to all-day preachin' at Hornorsville, an' she put six mockin'-birds she was a-raisin' in one cage, an', fur fear the 'coon ud git 'em, she hung the cage from a hook in the middle uv the ceilin' in the chamber. She had to git upon a chair to do it. Well, she went to preachin', an' that 'coon he got inter the house an' eat up ev'ry one o' them mockin'-birds. Ther' wasn't no tellin' 'xactly how he done it, but we reckoned he got up on the high mantel-piece an' made one big jump from thar to the cage, an' hung on till he

put his paw through an' hauled out one bird. Then he dropped an' eat that, an' made another jump, till they was all gone. Anyway, he got all the birds, an' that was the last meal he ever eat.

"Well, as I tell ye, that 'coon he got inter the thickest tree in the whole woods, an' thar he sat a-peepin' at us from a crotch that wasn't twenty feet from the ground. Young Charley Ferris he took a burnin' chunk that one o' the boys had fetched along from the fire, an' throw'd it up at him, 'at we could all see him plain. He was Haskinses 'coon, sure. There wasn't a stripe on his tail. Arter that, the niggers jist made them axes swing, I tell ye. They had a big job afore 'em; but they took turns at it, an' didn't waste no time. An' the rest uv us we got the dogs ready. We wasn't a-goin' to let this 'coon off this here time. No, sir! Ther' was too many dogs, as I tell ye, an' we had four or five uv the clumsiest uv 'em tuk a little way off, with boys to hole 'em; an' the other dogs an' the hounds, 'specially old Chink, was held ready to tackle the 'coon when the time come. An' we had to be mighty sharp about this, too, fur we all saw that that thar 'coon was a-goin' to put the minute the tree come down. He wasn't goin' to git in a hole an' be cut-out. Ther' didn't 'pear to be any hole, an' he didn't want none. All he wanted was a good thick tree an' a crotch to set in an' think. That was what he was a-doin'. He was cunjerin up some trick or other. We all know'd that, but we jist made up our minds to be ready fur him, an' though, as he was Haskinses 'coon, the odds was agin us, we was dead sure we'd git him this time.

"I thought that thar tree never *was* a-comin' down, but purty soon it began to crack and lean, and then down she come. Ev'ry dog, man an' boy, made a rush fur that crotch, but ther was no 'coon thar. As the tree come down he seed how the land lay, and quicker 'n any light'in' in this whole world he jist streaked the other way to the root o' the tree, giv one hop over the stump, an' was off. I seed him do it, an' the dogs see him, but they wasn't quick enough, and couldn't stop 'emselves—they was goin' so hard fur the crotch.

"Ye never did see in all yer days sech a mad crowd as that thar crowd around that tree, but they didn't stop none to sw'ar. The dogs was arter the 'coon, an' arter him we went too. He put fur the edge o' the woods, which looked queer, fur a 'coon never will go out into the open, if he kin

help it; but the dogs was so hot arter him that he couldn't run fur, and he was treed ag'in in less than five minutes. This time he was in a tall hick'ry-tree, right on the edge of the woods, and it wa'n't a very thick tree, nuther, so the niggers they jist tuk ther axes, but afore they could make a single crack, ole Haskins he runs at 'em an' pushes 'em away.

"Don't ye touch that thar tree!" he hollers. "That hick'ry marks my line!" An' sure enough, that was the tree with the surveyor's cuts on it, that marked the place where the line took a corner that run atween Haskinses farm and Widder Thorp's. He knowed the tree the minute he seed it, an' so did I, fur I carried the chain fur the surveyors when they laid off the line, an' we could all see the cut they'd blazed on it, fur it was fresh yit, an' it was gittin to be daylight now, an' we could see things plain.

"Well, as I tell ye, ev'ry man uv us jist r'ared and snorted, an' the dogs an' boys was madder 'n the rest uv us, but ole Haskins he didn't give in. He jist walked aroun' that tree an' wouldn't let a nigger touch it. He said he wanted to kill the 'coon jist as much as anybody, but he wasn't a-goin' to have his line sp'iled, arter the money he'd spent, fur all the 'coons in this whole world.

"Now, did ye ever hear of sich a cute trick as that? That thar 'coon he must 'a' knowed that was Haskinses line-tree, an' I spect he'd 'a' made fur it fust, ef he'd 'a' knowed ole Haskins was along. But he didn't know it, till he was a-settin' in the crotch uv the big tree and could look aroun' and see who was thar. It wouldn't 'a' been no use fur him to go for that hick'ry if Haskins hadn't 'a' bin thar, for he know'd well enough it ud 'a' come down, sure."

I smiled at this statement, but Martin shook his head.

"Twont do," he said, "to undervally the sense of no 'coon. How're ye goin' to tell what he knows? Well, as I tell ye, we was jist gittin' madder an' madder when a nigger named Wash Webster, he run out in the field,—it was purty light now, as I tell ye—an' he hollers, 'O, Mahsr Tom! Mahsr Tom! Dat ar 'coon he aint you' 'coon! He got stripes to he tail!'

"We all made a rush out inter the field, to try to git a look, an' sure enough we could see the little beast a-settin' up in a crotch over on that side, an' I do b'lieve he knowed what we was all a-lookin' up fur, fur he jist kind a lowered his tail out o' the

crotch so's we could see it, an' thar it was, striped, jist like any other 'coon's tail."

"And you were so positively sure this time, that it was Haskins' 'coon," I said. "Why, you saw, when the man threw the blazing chunk into the big tree, that it had no bands on its tail."

"That's so," said Martin; "but ther' aint no man that kin see 'xactly straight uv a dark mornin', with no light but a flyin' chunk, and specially when he wants to see some-thing that isn't thar. An' as to bein' certain about that 'coon, I jist tell ye that ther's nothin' a man's more like to be mistook about, than a thing he knows fur dead sure.

"Well, as I tell ye, when we seed that that thar 'coon wa'n't Haskinses 'coon, arter all, an' that we couldn't git him out er that tree as long as the ole man was thar, we jist give up and put across the field for Haskinses house, whar we was agoin' to git breakfus. Some of the boys and the dogs staid aroun' the tree, but ole Haskins he ordered 'em off an' wouldn't let nobody stay thar, though they had a mighty stretchin' time gittin the dogs away."

"It seems to me," said I, "that there wasn't much profit in that hunt."

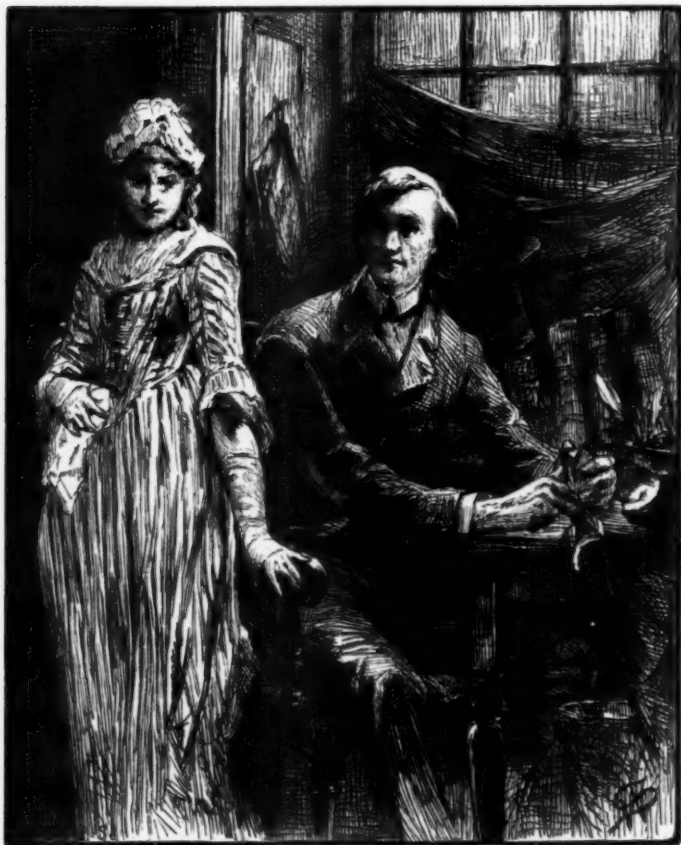
"Well," said Martin, putting his pipe in his pocket, and feeling under his chair for his string of fish, which must have been pretty dry and stiff by this time, "the fun in a 'coon-hunt aint so much in gittin the 'coon, as goin' arter him—which is purty much the same in a good many other things, as I tell ye."

And he took up his fish and departed.



ROXY.*

BY EDWARD EGGLESTON.



IMPROPER FRACTIONS.

CHAPTER XXXV.

BACKSLIDINGS.

AS THE days grew shorter and the night frosts began to give tone to the atmosphere, Colonel Bonamy gradually improved in strength under the care of Roxy. He was very lame and walked with difficulty, leaning on the arm of his daughter-in-law. They would go down between the Lombardy poplars, through the front gate, across the open commons to the river-bank, where he would stare awhile in vacant fashion on

the broad water and then petulantly demand to be taken back to the house. His faculties were evidently weakened; when he wanted his hat he would demand his boots, and he called his watch his knife. Nouns, proper and common, were hopelessly mixed in his mind; he almost never called anything or any person by the right name, though he seemed generally to keep some sort of hold of the initial sounds. By some kind of quick sympathy Roxy was able to guess at his meaning and he always preferred to have her with him.

Amanda held toward her sister-in-law an air of patronizing toleration. Colonel Bonamy liked Roxy, in a selfish way, as the best nurse of all; but he could not endure that she should give Bobo a part of her kindness. So for the most part she taught the lad in another room for a short half-hour each day, getting scolded by her father-in-law on her return.

"Now, Roly, I know what you've been doing," he would say, with a querulous paralytic lisp. "You've been trying to teach little Bubble Ham. But you can't teach him. He won't learn a shingle liver. No blubbers in his head. Give me a goggle of fresh wash; I'm thirsty. Don't go away again."

But Roxy's chief trouble was not Amanda nor the colonel, but Mark. For, sisters-in-law and fathers-in-law and mothers-in-law, despite all stale jokes about them, chiefly trouble a body as the ailments of somebody else do—through the sympathies. Real troubles are nearer of kin. More and more Roxy saw Mark drifting utterly away from all the missionary enthusiasms that gave significance to life in her eyes. At first this showed itself only in a total absorption in the large law business which had suddenly fallen into his hands. He knew that the eyes of court, clients and lawyers were on him, questioning whether he would or could take his father's place, should the senior remain disabled. He knew that the public was wondering whether he or the energetic and able Dan Barlow, who had lately come down from the eastern end of the county, would lead the bar. The pursuits in which he now engaged were more congenial to his nature than preaching, and he took them up again with eagerness. Law business gave a delightful play to his active mental faculties; the conflict of the courtroom stirred his combativeness, and victory pleased his ambitious vanity.

He threw himself with fiery impetuosity into the half-prepared cases of his father, and carried them through to success; he more than held his own against young Barlow, and new business began to come to him freely. He was not a man to be insensible to this sudden opening of a prospect of wealth and reputation.

Luther might not have been an iconoclast if he had not begun by being a monk; and Mark might have reached an average piety, if he had not striven for more. He had been held by external influences at a pitch of self-sacrifice foreign to his temper, and the reaction was rapid and dangerous. In

three weeks after the Texas mission was given up, Roxy could see that all thinking and talking about religious matters grew irksome to him. He declined all requests to preach on the ground that he was overworked, and it was evident that even his license to preach would soon become hateful.

Those who had before admired his zeal lamented his backsliding. The severe ordeal of the Methodist confessional he shrunk from. He might have talked platitudes in class-meeting; but hypocrisy of that sort he did not like, and so he stayed away, consulting his own comfort in this, as he did in everything. When he went to church he did not sit any more among the great lights in the amen corner, but drifted gradually back until he found a seat ast of the box-stove, which held a central place in the church, and was a sort of landmark dividing the sheep from the goats. On many Sundays he was so tired that he did not go to church at all; he wanted to rest and keep his father company in the absence of Roxy. But, for the most part on such occasions, he walked up and down in the warmish winter sunshine, and in colder weather watched the grinding cakes of floating ice in the river, while he planned his business. When Roxy was well out of sight, he even wrote a little now and then on unfinished pleadings. The thoughtful Amanda generally contrived to let Roxy know that Mark had been writing,—such interest do we take in another's happiness.

Roxy was surprised at finding that marriage had not increased, but lessened her influence over Mark. A wife is something so different from a sweetheart! There is no poetic halo about a wife; she is one of the commonest of commonplaces, like one of those every-day forces of nature to which one submits when one pleases or when one must, but which one never scruples to evade when one wishes to and can! The interest of a sweetheart in your welfare is something flattering; your wife's interest is a matter of course,—an interest *ex officio*. It is an act of the highest grace to yield to the entreaty, of a sweetheart; the beseeching of a wife seems more like a behest; it is to be resisted, according to the maxim that vigilance is the lowest market price of liberty.

Mark respected Roxy's enthusiasm. But he was tired of the strain on his easy disposition. He could not live at a moral concert-pitch, and every attempt to bring him back to the old way of feeling and thinking only irritated him, and deepened his resolu-

tion to brook no further restraint. He was not sure that he did not owe himself certain compensations for what he had suffered in the past.

The prospect of his soon inheriting his father's property had increased his importance in the town, and the state of being important is not disagreeable to the self-love of any man. Mark's old visions of political ascendancy again dominated over him, and he bent all his energies to satisfy his ambition. He was young, and full of vigorous life, rich, as the country went,—popular, and with a great capacity for enjoyment. It is easy for such a man not to be religious, it is hard for such a man to be religious, after the fashion of thirty years ago.

To add to the embarrassment of Roxy's situation, her sensitive father would not cross the Bonamy threshold, and it was rarely that she could get away to see him, and then it was only to take a scolding for her folly in "wearing herself out" with taking care of Colonel Bonamy, and teaching Bobo. "An imbecile and an idiot!" Adams thundered.

Mark was often absent, while attending to business on other parts of the judicial circuit, and Roxy felt, with terror, when he returned, how far away, the one from the other, they were drifting. Mark's pleasure-loving disposition had revived with increased power since his long self-restraint. He was the leader of every party in wit and buoyant spirits, and to be leader was to be happy. He was happier away from home, where he was petted and admired, than he was at home, where he was under condemnation.

Roxy's temper did not stand the strain very well. Hers was a character noble in the direction of action, and self-sacrifice for an object. But the higher nobility of patient endurance of suffering, inevitable and apparently useless, she had not yet learned. Against Mark's neglect of her advice, his carelessness for her society, and the general disappointment and inactivity of her life, she rebelled bitterly. Only a high-spirited woman can undertake such a life as Roxy proposed, and no high-mettled woman can brook neglect. She had too much elevation to enjoy the only life that offered itself to her. She had not yet, at least, elevation enough to accept with peace and patience what she could not avoid. A young person full of energy is apt to beat against the impenetrable and insurmountable walls of fate. After awhile, one learns that this beating wounds the one who beats and flutters,

but affects not a jot the wall. Then the imprisoned yields, it may be with a cheerful make-the-best-of-it, it may be with a sullen and sulky despair, it may be with querulous and hopeless longing. Roxy had yet to find out that she could not beat down the wall.

The opportunities for Mark's ambition came to him rapidly. The death of the member for Luzerne County left a vacancy in the legislature; a new election was ordered, and the Whigs, seeing a chance to seize once more a representation which they had not held since Mark's previous election, nominated him again for the place. The canvass was short and vigorous, and Mark won the election. He was just two weeks in the legislature,—a leader in all the boisterous fun that members of the legislature find so necessary for recreation. Until this time, Mark had so far preserved his Methodism that he did not drink spirits or gamble; but when he came back, Roxy felt sure that this line also had been passed.

A collision of some kind with the severe discipline of the old-fashioned Methodism was not to be avoided by any one taking Mark's road. His prominence would only serve to insure his not being overlooked. Roxy awaited this inevitable collision with hope and fear. It might startle Mark into some kind of recoil from the downward tendency of his present course of greedy ambition and lazy self-indulgence; but it might break all the restraints that held him. For the moral restraints of habit are but so many lines at which one stops—with every line obliterated there are the fewer checks in the way of the impetuous man. Unhappily, the first collision was on one of those restrictions so often insisted upon by religionists, with a stress in inverse ratio to their importance. Mark went to a circus. A man in that time might be a miser, he might be dishonest in a mild way, he might be censorious and a backbiter from a pious stand-point, he might put the biggest apples on the top of the barrel or the little potatoes in the bottom of the bag, and the church could not reach him. But let him once see a man ride on two bare-back horses, and jump through a hoop! That was a tangible apostasy, sure to bring ecclesiastical penalties.

Brave old ironside forefathers! Blessings on you for chopping Charles Stuart's head off, and planting Plymouth Rock! You freed us from the Middle Ages; for which thanks. But you straightway bound upon us your own severe prejudices, and they

have come down to us by all hands. The most dominant influence in this English-speaking world of ours to-day, is not that of Shakspeare, but of the men who hated him and his play-house. The Puritan preachers, the brave cobblers and tinkers, whom the seventeenth century stuck in the stocks and prison-houses, and the fervent Wesleyan village blacksmiths and Yorkshire farmers of the eighteenth century are yet masters of the nineteenth. To this day we take our most innocent amusements in a guilty and apologetic fashion, bowing to the venerable prejudice, and saying: "By your leave, sir."

Mark was called before the church, with other like offenders. His pride was wounded, and he would fain have thrown up his membership, but that he could not quite resist the entreaties of Roxy. As it was, he surrendered his license to preach, and expressed his sorrow that he had offended, and solemnly promised not to go to a circus again; not a hard promise, surely.

But though Mark had apologized, he was now entirely estranged from the influences of the church. For discipline may save the credit of the church, at the expense of destroying the offender. It seems never to have occurred to people that it is sometimes the business of a church to suffer, the just for the unjust.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

AN IMPROPER FRACTION.

It was in October that Whittaker took his resolution to start a school. He got consent of Mr. Highbury and the other trustees to use the church. With a true Yankee ingenuity, he hinged a writing shelf to the back of each pew, so that it could be dropped down out of the way in church time. He introduced the improved methods of teaching of that day, to the great surprise of those who had never seen anything but the barbarous school discipline of the beech-switch pedagogues. He could teach Latin and algebra, and a schoolmaster who knew these wonderful things was indeed a Solomon. All the country had heard that Whittaker knew nearly all the languages of the earth except the red Indian. This last Mother Tartrum assured people he did not know. She had met him on the street, and asked him point-blank. And he had to confess that he couldn't read and write Indian. So that exception was admitted.

In a country town, no young woman not married, and no man not settled in business for himself, is too great to go to school. Nearly all the grown-up young people availed themselves of the setting up of this school to "finish" their education, hitherto much broken by the intermittent nature of the old district schools, which taught the three R's only so long as there was school-money to be had. Twonnet was enrolled among Whittaker's scholars, and Janet Bonamy, who had heretofore been sent to Kentucky to school, now concluded to get a little more knowledge.

Twonnet Lefaire was a sort of leader of the school in good-natured mischief. She was vivacious and witty, in talk and laughter like Tennyson's brook, going on forever, but she could not get her lessons. Whittaker was surprised to find that the Swiss, who in business were the abler and generally the richer people of the town, who, as far as affairs went, were quick and penetrating, were yet slow in taking knowledge from teacher and text-books. It was in school hours that the Americans were superior.

Twonnet tried to study. She even cried over her "sums" in vulgar fractions, but crying did no good. Common denominators and common multiples, multiplications and divisions of compound and complex fractions, swam in her head in a general confusion, and Kirkham's rules about nominative cases governing verbs, and prepositions governing objective cases were quite unintelligible.

"How do you reduce an improper fraction?" the teacher asked her one afternoon in the arithmetic recitation.

She drew her mouth down, wrinkled her forehead, concentrated her wandering thoughts, and replied, with a hit-or-miss desperateness: "Multiply the greatest common denominator of the integer by the least common divisor—no multiple—of the whole number, and write the remainder for the numerator of the mixed number."

"Twonnet!" said the master, and he looked at her sternly, while the class laughed. He could hardly bear to rebuke her. There was something so inexpressibly refreshing in her mobile face and quick bright eyes. But there must be no partiality. "Twonnet! You are not wanting in intelligence. You can learn if you will. If you had spent the time in studying that you spent in spelling on your fingers across the room, you would have been able to answer my question. Go to your seat

now, and say this rule after school. I shall expect you to understand it."

Poor Twonnet, of all things, could not help wishing to stand well with Whittaker. She pouted, and went to her seat. She read over and over a page of Ray's arithmetic about improper fractions, without understanding its abstractions. Janet Bonamy, who sat next to her, surreptitiously gave her all kinds of hints, but Janet's comments did not help the matter at all. When at last the gloaming of the snowy winter's eve began to mellow the light on the white walls of the church, and Whittaker had sent away the school, he found himself alone with Twonnet. He was not prepared for this. He had expected to have other culprits, in whose presence he could scold Twonnet. But there she sat, drawn near to a window for light, looking poutingly at the incomprehensible words about improper fractions and mixed numbers.

Whittaker sat still a moment at his desk after all had gone and the door was closed. He could not quite summon courage to speak to her as justice demanded. In awkward embarrassment he arose from his place, walked to the stove, poked the fire a little, then turned back again to his desk, all the time watching furtively the pouting face of his pupil.

"Twonnet," he said presently, with great gentleness, "you'd better bring your book here. I think I can make you understand."

"I don't understand it, and I can't!" she said, vehemently, as she threw the book down on his desk.

"I'm sorry," said Whittaker, with kindness, and the tones of his voice made Twonnet cry, in spite of herself. "Sit here by the window."

Whittaker, in an abstract way, had a contempt for people who could not learn easily, but he could not feel so toward this girl. She had shown herself his superior in other things. And besides, he found her presence here in the snowy evening light like a benediction. He went over the explanation two or three times. Somehow he was not in a hurry.

"It's of no use," lamented Twonnet, "I can't understand anything. I haven't any head," and she shook her brown curls about her face and looked out the window.

It was not considered proper for a teacher to praise a pupil in those days. But her evident distress touched the man. His voice trembled a little when he said:

"You have a superior mind and a very superior heart——"

But this set Twonnet a-crying again.

Not knowing what to do Whittaker at last hit upon a plan very much in advance of the methods of that time. He took out of his desk two apples captured from unlucky boys in school hours. Trimming the one that was bitten down to a half, he put it with the whole one, and Twonnet, amused now at the curious action and quick enough at perception of the concrete, understood at once what a mixed number was. Then he divided the whole apple and the half into quarters and made an improper fraction, causing her to write it on the slate. Then he made her reduce it again to a mixed number, and then he cut it into eighths and made other fractions. But it was getting dark and Whittaker hurriedly closed the church and walked home with Twonnet, whose spirits were entirely restored. He enjoyed her society as one does that of a child.

At the supper-table Twonnet surprised everybody by taking two biscuits at once. She cut off half of one and laid it off her plate. Then addressing the younger children who sat near her, she began:

"This is a mixed number, one and a half, you see." The imitation of Whittaker's hesitant tones and New England accent were so perfect that Isabelle and Adolphe were set laughing at once.

"Toinette, que fais-tu?" said her father, not quite understanding what mischief she was at.

Mr. Whittaker smiled and reddened.

"Je donne une leçon d'arithmétique à mon frère," she answered with simplicity. "Now you see, Adolphe, I cut this into quarters—six quarters are made. That is an improper fraction because it is more than a whole number."

At this the children and Whittaker all laughed, even Petite Julie joined with them and the father saw plainly that Twonnet was mimicking Whittaker's manner.

"Tais-toi, Toinette!" he said.

"Yes, sir," said the incorrigible girl, speaking now to her father but holding fast to the minister's tone and manner, "but if these children would only think of something besides play I wouldn't have to cut up my biscuits to get knowledge into their shallow minds."

She closed this with an angular gesture and an inflection peculiar to Whittaker, and so set the table in a roar, while she looked

round inquiringly as one who would say, "Why this merriment?"

"Tais-toi, je vous dis!" cried her father, all the more angry that she had provoked even him to laughter.

Whittaker did not like being laughed at,—who does? But in his life of dry application and stern propriety the girl's daring animal spirits were as refreshing as a well in a desert. Nevertheless, he reflected, when alone in his room, that she was of inferior mental ability, for she could not master her lessons easily, and then her laughter about it seemed flippant and frivolous. So unlike Roxy, over whom even yet he could not quite help sighing! But this theory of the flippancy of Twonnet's character was disturbed by what he knew of her at other times, and he fell back upon his old conclusion that there was something about the strange girl that he could not make out.

He did not know that she had her cry in the garret the next morning when she told the old doll that nobody would ever, ever love her because she did not know anything and had no head at all.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

DIVISIONS.

It does seem that matrimony might be improved "in this progressive age." How is it that there is no method by which a husband can be guaranteed? When one considers how often a woman who has married a saint of twenty-five finds in ten years that by some transformation she is wedded to a middle-aged sinner, it really seems that there ought to be bondsmen who should stand surety that the piety, industry and supple courtesy of the bridegroom shall be perpetually maintained at the standard of the days of courtship. A husband warranted to keep in any climate and to stand the test of extraordinary temptations without molding or deteriorating in any respect would be most desirable. In how few cases do women find the goods "as represented." Indeed, it seems that the durability of a husband's good qualities does not enter into the thought of a bride. All men are unchangeable in the eyes of their sweethearts. Does it never occur to a young woman who inquires anxiously whether a certain sort of dry goods "will wash," to ask also whether a fair-seeming young man has fast colors in his character, or whether after the first scrubbing that adverse circumstances

shall give him, he will come out a faded rag?

Here was Roxy, who had loved and married a heroic missionary, impatient to brave malaria, alligators, and persecution in the republic of Texas, for the kingdom of heaven's sake. In three-quarters of a year she finds that she is married to a popular young lawyer, eager for small political honors, and caring nothing for missions and precious little for the kingdom of heaven. By some enchantment the man she had married is changed to another; one restraint after another is slipping away. To what kind of a man will she be wedded in another year?

But it is not the husband alone that needs to be warranted. If Mark had ceased to be the blazing comet of the religious firmament of Luzerne, Roxy's steadier light also paled. The differences of thought and feeling between the two were so great that Roxy had now a constant sense of being half deserted, though Mark would have resented a charge of neglecting her. Mark, indeed, found to his surprise that he had not married the meek and inoffensive saint he thought. The shoe-maker's daughter developed the shoe-maker's temper. She put Amanda's innuendoes and Mark's heedlessness together. Whether she spoke her reprehension of Mark's ways, or whether she kept silence, he knew that she was offended with him. Roxy began to backslide—so it seemed to the church-members. For, from her constant perturbation of mind and her constant irritation of temper, she was ever in a state of self-reproach. She went to all the meetings, but she no longer took a leading part. She sat off, as one apart from the rest; she spoke with reserve; she treated her old friends shyly, and they said that her position and the temptations of this world had led her away from the cross and made her too proud to meet her friends cordially. For often a reserve that hides a bitter humiliation seems to be haughtiness.

Is it any wonder that Mark felt his marriage a disappointment? He had given Roxy social position, every comfort, liberty to be as pious as she pleased, a house with a row of aristocratic Lombardy poplars, the Bonamy name. He had asked nothing on the other hand but liberty to do as he pleased. And now because she could not domineer over him and keep him from the career that his gifts fitted him for, she was unhappy and ill-tempered. Was there a

more inoffensive, easy-going and kind-hearted husband in the world than he? He gave Roxy everything. Do you wonder that he was angry and stubborn when he thought of her dissatisfaction?—that he determined not to be controlled by a woman?—that he showed his defiance by doing what he knew she most disliked him to do? Mark Bonamy's friends should know that he was a man with a mind of his own. Many a man sacrifices possible happiness to his vanity.

Amanda, by indirect means, encouraged this state of mind in Mark. Not that she had any definite purpose in making mischief. Mischief-makers hardly ever do; they make mischief from an appetite—in a sort of devilish enjoyment of the upsetting they produce. Besides it was not pleasant to Amanda to have Roxy the chosen nurse of her father. She only believed that Roxy had interested motives. And Mother Tartrum had evolved a similar theory from the shallows of her own consciousness. Roxy was looking out for the will.

But Roxy found her former self only in what she did for Colonel Bonamy and Bobo. She read to the old man. Sometimes she tried to awaken a religious sense in him, but he only smiled or spoke petulantly. It was hard to trace the action of his mind. To the controversy about Texas and the mission he never alluded. He did not seem much interested in Mark's success. A state of general apathy or petulant indifference seemed to have supervened on his life of restless and energetic action. He was relieved when the spring came again. With the aid of his cane he promenaded, on clear days, up and down the front porch, hobbling and holding by the balusters at times. What he thought or felt, or whether he thought of anything or felt aught beyond his physical ailments, Roxy could not guess. His mind seemed a little stronger than at first and his hold on the nouns came to be firmer in proportion.

Roxy used to wish that some of his old combativeness might return; then she might come to know without humbling herself to ask, just what there was in his allusion to Nancy Kirtley.

As for Nancy, when she had found that Mark was to remain within reach she had given up all thought of berating him or his wife. There might be a chance for revenge more to her taste. She had no very definite idea of what this possible revenge was, or what it might lead to. She was im-

pelled by blind forces within her to seek conquest, to gratify vanity and resentment, to use craft. She had no more forethought of the ultimate result of a course of action, and hardly any more freedom of will, than an animal. She had all the qualities of her race. Her ancestors delighted only in the craft, the pursuit, the victory and the destructiveness of the chase. Nancy had the same elements in her character; her weapons and her game were different. That was all. She was still, like them, a beast of prey. Even her resentments were as unreasonable as blind impulse could make them. It was not Mark whom she hated, it was Roxy. Now that the "old man Bonamy," as she styled him, "had the palsy bad," and Roxy was likely soon to be mistress of the Lombardy poplars and the brick house, she found another reason for malice. In her primitive state of savagery, the sense of right and wrong had only reached a point according to which everything she desired ought to have been hers. She wanted Mark and what pertained to him, therefore she had been robbed by her who possessed him. And she meant "to be even some day." Such was her notion of equity and retributive justice. In moral culture she had not got beyond the age of stone hatchets. The purpose of revenge grew to be part of her very nature, it mixed itself with and intensified her passion for Bonamy; it became the most desirable object in the world to her pride. She exulted at the thought of a victory she meant to win, when everybody would see that she, Nancy Kirtley, knew how to get even with that hateful Adams girl, and "pay her back."

Nancy did not find much opportunity to try her blandishments on Mark. She and her sister-in-law, the drayman's wife, did not get on harmoniously together, and it was not possible for her to remain in her brother's house more than a day or two at a time. By the end of two days spent together, the incompatibility of the two women generally reached a climax, and separation became inevitable. Whereupon Nancy would return to Rocky Fork, and while away her time in dazzling the rustic beaus, according to her wont, keeping half the young men and all the young women of the neighborhood in a state of distraction.

In her occasional trips to town, she had only chance conversations with Mark on the street. In these interviews Mark treated her with off-hand cordiality, partly because he was afraid of her, but partly also because

he could not but feel the fascination of her physical perfectness.

Nancy saw with delight that McGowan, the most devoted of her lovers, was waxing desperate under her treatment. She alternately fascinated and froze him. She was "like the second-day ager," Jim said. "She was now this away, now that away. Some days she was all shiney-like and sweet; and then the very next day she looked at him so as to make the cold chills run down his back."

Nancy took so much pleasure in the catlike sense of power she had in playing with the hopes and fears of the poor fellow, who was thus beyond escape the prey of her fascinations, that she was delighted to see him in these days often intoxicated. She knew that everybody would say that she had "played the devil with Jim," and that was a tribute to her power. Her pleasure at having thus enmeshed the poor fellow tended to abate her resentment toward Roxy; but that resentment was suddenly fanned into a new flame.

As McGowan went past the cabin of the Kirtleys one evening early in June, just enough intoxicated to be defiant, he reined up his horses and began to call Nancy. The girl was wonderfully amused at his inebriate condition, and she came out prepared to enjoy it.

"Nance," said Jim, looking at her with suppressed glee, "ole Bonamy's dead. Had another fit to-day, and cleared out. Guess the money's gone to Mark. Git up!"

And Jim comforted himself for the next mile by chuckling in his inebriety, "I made her mad that time. Wont ole sis hop around now? Hoop!"

And could he have heard the denunciations of Roxy to which Nancy gave vent when he was gone, his drunken malice would have been content. Nancy's one consolation was that she would "get even," and "pay her back yet." She began her revenge by quarreling with her mother, and making the house so hot that even the thick-skinned old Gid left the old woman and her youngest child to "have it out," while he went over to Canaan and got his twisted bottle filled.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

GOING WRONG.

COLONEL BONAMY died sitting in his chair on the porch while Roxy was reading to him. That is all there is to say about it,

except that there was a very large concourse at the funeral. It is quite worth while to be a leading man in one's town, if one wants to be followed to the grave by a great procession of indifferent people, and discussed adversely by all the gossips of the county. Of what use was Colonel Bonamy's money now? The unanswerableness of this question gave great satisfaction to those who had envied him all his life. "He couldn't take the money with him." "Wonder if his property will do him any good where he's gone?" "Guess he's found out to his satisfaction by this time whether there's any hereafter." It is a great comfort to us all that death brings everybody to a level at last.

All the world, as the French say, had talked about Mark's backsliding, and now all the world wondered whether this solemn warning would do him any good. Mark was not without feeling, though he had never loved his father, except with what might be called a conventional affection. He shed conventional tears, and felt a conventional sorrow. He really thought himself bereaved, and, in a conventional way, he was bereaved. He did feel touched to have so active a force as his father had been, wholly gone out of his life. He went softly for awhile. He attended church for two consecutive Sundays, and once even staid to class-meeting with Roxy.

But the habits of life he had been forming were too congenial to his ambitious and self-indulgent nature to be easily broken. When the will was read, it was found that fully one-half of the property was his. Stepping at once into the position of a rich man—rich, as the times and the town went—was not a means of grace to a young man prone to regard himself as the most important person within the horizon, and to deduce from that importance an inference of self-indulgence. It surely is not needful that I weary the reader with the story of his moral decline during the year following his father's death. Look into the face of your next neighbor, and perhaps you can read this same trite story of vanity and egotism, ambition and self-indulgence, pampered by the flattery of friends. It is one of the oldest stories in the world. Nevertheless, this world of ours, which is always learning and ever forgetting, never fails to be filled with surprise when a man of ability travels in this way—the "easy descent to perdition." Hasn't a smart man sense enough not to walk straight into the fire?

But it is the smartness that helps to drive a man sometimes,—the smartness and the power of intense enjoyment and of intense suffering that a man of active faculties possesses,—the intoxication that comes of flattery and success,—the provocations to pleasure that beset a man of vivid imagination above all his fellows. The dull man is only tried by those temptations that can reach his senses; the man of imagination is be-deviled by a thousand sirens that others never see, and he has the power of putting garments of light on Diabolus, for his own delectation. If you will add to all this the self-confidence that is fed by a sense of power, you will have some of the elements that make men of quick intelligence walk face forward into moral perdition. Genius is, indeed, "the worst horse in the stable," as says the clown. A little helm for a little ship, but a greater vessel needs a larger rudder, and woe to him who has imagination and mental activity and passion, disproportioned to his moral sense.

It matters not to this story that I shall tell you how Amanda Bonamy was married. It was not a marriage you would care to hear about. A matter of active, pushing, self-seeking young Benjamin Barlow, attorney and counselor-at-law, on the one side, and Miss Amanda Bonamy and ten thousand dollars on the other. Roxy's life was all the less unhappy after Amanda had moved to the other end of the village, though she could not help hearing repeated the words by which Mrs. Barlow suggested to her friends that it was hardly fair that Roxy Adams should have crowded her out of the house her father built. And all the town imagined that the luckiest woman of all the town was the shoe-maker's daughter, whose principal occupation in life it was to entertain the local politicians in the brick house behind the two rows of Lombardies, which stood like stiff grenadiers guarding an entrance. Her distaste for her occupations and her sharp discipline in living under the surveillance of Amanda, had given her an air that passed among superficial observers for hauteur. The politicians, when they were her guests at dinner, thought her proud. Her old neighbors deemed that she "put on airs," and consoled themselves by remembering how poor she had been.

So came the summer of 1843. Mark's father had been dead a year. Mark's habits in the matter of occasional drinking and frequent gambling for small amounts had

come to be so well known that he preferred to withdraw from the church rather than to fall under discipline again. His ambition was now his consuming passion. The Whig victory of 1840 had been barren enough. It had brought the party nothing but chagrin and John Tyler. Despite the all-prevailing Millerite excitement about the end of the world, the Whigs were now preparing to win victory, if possible, once more in 1844. And Mark was so absorbed with desire to be the candidate for Congress in that next year's campaign that more than ever he became uncongenial to his home and his home distasteful to him.

For the more he wandered the more did Roxy, like many another wife, seek to make atonement for his sins by redoubled faithfulness and severity in her own Christian life. Not that she would have confessed any belief in the transferable value of works of supererogation. But we all believe in our secret superstitious selves many things that would horrify us if written out in creeds. And had she not been taught by ministers of every name, that the incessant prayer of a faithful wife would surely be answered? Her growing austerity was partly for Mark's sake, and this growing austerity repelled the husband she sought to reclaim.

What a reconciler of uncongenialities may a child become! Given a child and there is at least one strong common interest, for when man and wife are partners in a new life there are a thousand things to draw them together. But there was no heir to the Bonamy home and the Bonamy ascendancy. So that Amanda being married, and Janet having found the discord between Mark and his wife uncomfortable and having betaken herself to a residence with a widowed aunt in Louisville, Roxy's life was lonely, inactive and unhappy. Disappointments that would have made some women viragoes, made Roxy austere. She was afraid that in the temptations about her she should somehow "compromise her religion" as the phrase went. Much of her attitude of censure and rebuke toward Mark came from this resolution not to compromise her integrity in any way.

There was only one person who profited by Roxy's unhappiness. All the wealth of her love and benevolence were poured out upon Bobo, whose intelligence slowly increased under her teaching. He could read a little now, and he learned to recite a great deal of poetry, but his understanding was very one-sided and lame. Mark dis-

liked him with a sort of jealousy, and he in turn shrank away from Mark, and so he added to the division of feeling in the house.

As Roxy's loneliness increased the old intimacy with Twonnet came back by degrees. But there was always a little sacred fiction kept up between them. Both pretended that Roxy's married life was happy, both knew that the pretense was a hollow one, and both knew that its hollowness deceived neither of them. But there are some hypocrisies that are purely provisional,—meant to impose on no one, but only to furnish a basis for possible intercourse. Any confession of her unhappiness on Roxy's part would have put an end to the intimacy at once.

As for Twonnet, life went on with her much as ever. She still attended in the winter Mr. Whittaker's school. She still cried over her lessons. She still tormented the good man with her mischief. And though he had a sense of being perpetually ridiculous in her eyes she was the one piquant element in his life full of dry and dusty application to duty. He had come by degrees to tolerate her slowness in getting her lessons, though he could not understand how so stupid a student could be so bright a woman. For woman he knew she was,—a woman hiding yet under the mask of a merry and thoughtless girl. He understood enough of her to guess at her purpose in seeing so much of Roxy. And when one evening in the latter part of the September of 1843, Twonnet came back from Roxy's with a sobered face, Whittaker guessed that the uncongeniality in the house behind the poplars had brought on some kind of a climax.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

THE EASY ROAD DOWNWARD.

WHEN a man abides in a mine and sees no sunlight he cannot know when there come over him crookedness and purblindness, but crookedness and purblindness come. When a man digs in the caverns of conceit, of self-indulgence, of sensuality, he may not see the change that comes over him, but sooner or later he is transformed, and when at last he tries to shake off the goblin shape he wonders perhaps when it was that his erect soul became so distorted by darkness and burdens. No man falls like Lucifer from heaven—the progress of

evil is slow and not easily perceived. If thou hast defeated Circe, and escaped all swinish transformations then mayest thou proceed in safety and resist the sirens.

Perhaps it was because Roxy felt by intuition the steady decline of Mark's tone, that she took so strong a course of opposition to things that, by themselves, were hardly worthy the serious treatment she gave them. And it was no doubt because Mark was prone to take lightly his own peccadilloes because they were his own, that he counted Roxy unreasonably severe and domineering. An act that seemed grave to her because it was symptomatic was utterly trivial to him, accustomed as he was to see himself always in the light of his own unclouded complacency. And because he judged Roxy to be harsh and unreasonable he threw off her influence wholly.

In order to bring about his own nomination to Congress in 1844 it was necessary to secure the election of his brother-in-law Barlow to the legislature in the previous year, that Bonamy's supporters might have the prestige of success in their own county. It was Mark's great recommendation that he had popularity enough to carry a Democratic county. And now Barlow was to help Mark to conquer if Bonamy would help him to the legislature. It was in fulfillment of his part of this compact that Mark prepared to ride to the Republican meeting-house just before the election. Barlow was strong in the eastern end of the county but he needed help in the northwest where Mark had some friends.

"You will remember," said Bonamy, "that I shall expect the same kind of service from you next year. We must hold together and win, whatever we do."

"Yes," said Barlow. "But if you want to succeed you'd better stop asking people home to dinner. Your wife is peculiar and people think——"

"Now Barlow," said Mark, "that'll do. My wife is not to be discussed even by my brother-in-law."

But Mark went home angry. His wife not only vexed him with foolish scruples, but she stood between him and success. She was a clog. She weighed him down. He felt sorry for himself. Poor fellow! What a pity that he had married a cobbler's girl, who never would rise to her station. That she was unfit for her position he had now conclusive evidence. The township magistrates were not conciliated by her. And Mark, who hoped by dint of his smartness

and family position to win Congress at the very start of his life, found himself balked by an unlucky marriage to a woman who was smart enough, but with no largeness of aspiration.

I doubt not many another woman not wanting in quality would have been a dead weight to Mark in such circumstances. Imagine Jacqueline Pascal entertaining at dinner the most influential blacksmith in Posey township and the capacious hotel-keeper of Braytown, in the interest of a husband's election to the American Congress. It is just possible that good Hannah More, or enthusiastic Eugénie de Guérin, for instance, would neither of them, in Roxy's situation, have laughed heartily enough at the funny stories of the landlord, which he himself emphasized with uproarious mirth. Even Maria Hare or Madame de Meulan-Guizot would probably have failed to show sufficient interest in the blacksmith's account of his wife's achievements in making "blue-dye" by a method her grandmother learned in Tennessee. There are limitations of excellences as well as of defects.

But the more Mark thought about it, the more grievous it seemed to him that all the bright prospects of his life should be blighted by Roxy's unwillingness to help him. Of course it is not the business of a husband to consider whether a wife's hopes are clouded. The rib came from Adam's side, and the woman was made for man. Barlow's words about Roxy rankled. The next morning, as Mark put a few needful things into his saddle-bags before starting away, he nerved himself to deliver a serious protest to Roxy. It is a little hard to declaim to a clairvoyant woman, who gives one the uncomfortable feeling that she is looking through all small hypocrisies. But it must be done sometimes.

Mark began in a tone of appeal, as of one who has suffered many things.

"Roxy, I do wish you could be a little more—obliging—and—polite, you know, to the people I ask here to dinner. They are common, country people; but you oughtn't to look down on them."

"I look down on them!" And Roxy turned full upon him her wide-open, wondering, guileless eyes. "I hope I don't look down on anybody."

"But then you—you might say pleasant things to them about their wives and children and their—their affairs. Make them feel happy. Amanda flatters everybody that comes to her house, and she will make Ben's

fortune if she keeps on. People go away from here and say you are proud."

Roxy's eyes fell.

"I can't say such things as Amanda does. She pretends to like people that she doesn't like. The people you bring here are rough, tricky, and drinking men. I can't bear them."

Mark winced under this. There was a latent consciousness that in the particulars she named he was growing more like these men, and he suspected a thrust at himself. He slowly rolled up his leggins and stuffed them into his saddle-bags.

"I think you might take some interest in my affairs." Mark's strong refuge was a constant sympathy with his own sorrows.

"But I can't tell lies, Mark, and you oughtn't to ask *that*. I haven't any heart for this whole business. It ruins my husband. He comes home to me smelling of spirits; he brings home men whom he ought to despise; he thinks of nothing but of winning an office, and he goes with men that do him harm, I'm sure. Oh, Mark! —"

But Roxy broke down here and left her appeal unuttered. It is a woman's way, and very exasperating to a man, to break into unanswerable silence or eloquent tears in the middle of a controversy. But Mark had now thoroughly lost his temper, and his voice assumed a rasping harshness quite unusual with him.

"This is the honor you show your husband. I've given you every comfort, and a high social position; but you care more for that idiot Bobo than for me. You take no interest in my affairs because I won't turn preacher and go moping around like Whittaker."

The mention of Whittaker at this point stung Roxy far more than Mark intended. Quick as a flash there sprang into view in her mind a most disloyal and unwifely comparison, which may have been latent there for a long while. The superiority of Whittaker, in all his pursuits and aims, to Mark, stood forth in her thoughts, and for the first time there was forced upon her, with a dreadful pang, a confession to her own soul that her choice had been a mistake. How long had she fended off this feeling! Once recognized, her thoughts about her husband could never more be the same. Mark had meant to say a rude thing; he little dreamed how his own image in Roxy's heart had been dragged into the dirt and forever degraded by the train of thought his words had started. It was because of the great agony she suf-

ferred from the sharp contrast so unfavorable to the man she had chosen, that she sat silent. Mark was sure that his words were having an effect. Now was the time to achieve that mastery in his own house so necessary to re-establish his standing with his friends—with Barlow and Amanda and the rest. So he proceeded:

"You ought to know what people will say. They think that, because you were poor and then married a man well off, that you are stuck-up. I don't like people to say that. And really, Roxy, you ought to be pretty well satisfied with your position." Mark hardly intended this last sentence to have the condescending tone that he gave it. He did not mean to insult his wife, but to defend his own dignity. He would fain have recalled the words when he saw the first flash of quick and fiery indignation in Roxy's flushed face and eyes that shone like live coals.

"Mark Bonamy, do you think I thank you for giving me this house and making me the wife of a rich man? I took you because you were poor and a missionary, going to endure everything for a good cause. Your father meant to leave you poor." Here Roxy stopped to take breath. "I wish to goodness you were poor again, and the Mark you used to be, or the Mark I thought you. Isn't it bad enough that you have changed? Is there any reason why you should insult your wife with such words? I thank you for nothing! I thank you for nothing from this time forth!"

"Well," said Mark bitterly, "the truth is the truth. If you let your notions interfere, you show that you are not fitted for your station. It is time you learned that you are not a poor shoe-maker's girl any longer."

"I wish I was. From the bottom of my heart, Mark, I wish I was. If I could only go back to the dear old home, and be what I was! You have made me wish it this day, by the words you have said. You drive the love out of my heart entirely. If you say much more, you'll make me despise you!"

Roxy ran away to her room. She could not control her temper now; but she knew how severely she must do penance for it after awhile. For even in her passion she knew, in a blind way, that all this could do no good, and might do a great deal of harm. But her sensitive pride, so long wounded by the tacit assumption that she was under obligation for the dignity of her social position, now uttered one vehement protest against all the torture it had endured since her marriage.

Mark rode away angry, and, as usual, with a very genuine sorrow for himself. For in the long-unused upper chambers of his soul there was still a sort of love for Roxy. Now he felt all the bitterness of sorely wounded vanity. He drank more deeply than usual before leaving the town, and he stopped at Sterling for another drink. He drove his horse on and on, over the rough limestone of the hollows, that he might give vent to his impatience. The deliciousness of the early autumn in these deep, shady glens, the muffled murmur of the brooks, already choked with the accumulated leaves and other débris of the summer, only irritated him, by making more evident to him the turbulency of anger and something akin to despair in his own heart.

He did not see the oncoming of a great storm until the thunder burst overhead. Then he would not so much as tie on his leggins. He relished the pelting of the dashing rain. It was a counter-irritant to the storm within. He rode past many farm-houses, but he would not stop.

It was characteristic of the impetuosity of the man that he should feel so keenly this terrible blow to his self-esteem. He was sure the fault must be Roxy's. All his friends admired and flattered him. She alone took it on her to rebuke him; and, as hers was a voice solitary and unsupported, and above all disagreeable to his feelings, she was clearly wrong. And what a gross and wicked shame it was, that a well-natured and indulgent husband—such as he—should be stung by such insulting taunts, all because he did not want his prospects blighted by a perverse wife!

It had rained an hour and he was wet through when he came to Kirtley's cabin, standing low-browed and dripping in the rain like a brute that sullenly endures a storm from which it has no shelter. When he saw it a new train of thought seized him. In that cabin was a woman who loved him and who would go to the ends of the earth for him. There were plenty of women who would give the world for what Roxy spurned. The thought flattered and solaced him. He slackened pace a little, looked through the window at the blazing fire on the great hearth, asked himself whether he should not go in and dry himself by the fire. But a sudden vision of the possible results of such a course made him whip up his horse in desperation.

Ulysses stopped with wax, you will remember, the ears of his sailors while they

were in hearing of the sirens, and caused himself to be fast bound to the mast, taking the same precaution against the seduction of temptation that our Farragut took against bombshells. But he who loosens in any degree the moral restraints of his life, unstops his ears and unbinds his limbs that he may fall easy prey to the "sirens sitting in the meads." And now as Mark plunged on through the deepening mud and the pouring rain he hearkened to the voice of the siren. The Homeric Greeks in their simplicity dreaded only sirens within ear-shot. But the modern man of more complex nature and gifted with a brooding imagination cannot run away so easily from the "mellifluous song" of seducing tempta-

tion. Half a mile beyond the Kirtley cabin was the ford. Rocky Fork had risen bank-full. There was no crossing except by swimming his horse. A daring fellow like Mark would not mind a spice of danger; he knew that he ought to go on at all hazards; but the siren's voice was in his ear. Self-pity had unbound all his resolution. The flood in the creek afforded him a pretext. He rode back and took refuge for the next twenty-four hours in the house of Kirtley, while he waited for the creek to subside.

Now there was a certain foolish man that builded his house upon the sand. The rains descended, and the floods came, and the winds blew and beat upon that house.

(To be continued.)

MAY.

I saw a child, once, that had lost its way
In a great city: ah, dear Heaven, such eyes!—
A far-off look in them, as if the skies
Her birthplace were. So looks to me the May.
April is winsome; June is glad and gay;
May glides betwixt them in such wondering wise,—
Lovely as dropped from some far Paradise,
And knowing, all the while, herself astray.
Or, is the fault with us? Nay, call it not
A fault, but a sweet trouble. Is it we,—
Catching some glimpse of our own destiny
In May's renewing touch, some yearning thought
Of Heaven, beneath her resurrecting hand,—
We who are aliens, lost in a strange land?

JUNE.

FAIR month of roses! Who would sing her praise,
One says, should come direct from banqueting
On honey from Hymettus, that he bring
Fit flavor to the strain his lip essays.
As if, around these exquisite, rare days,
Of richest June, for him who fain would sing
Her loveliness, did not such sweetness cling
As Hybla or Hymettus scarce could raise
For all their storied bees!

And yet, in vain,
Poet, your verse: extol her as you will,
One perfect rose her praises shall distill
More than all song, though Sappho lead the strain.
Forbear, then; since, for any tribute fit,
Her own rare lips alone can utter it.

THE ENGRAVER :

HIS FUNCTION AND STATUS.

"WOOD-ENGRAVERS, properly speaking, are not artists, nor do artists, as a rule, recognize them as such."—New York "Evening Post."

REFERRING to the text above, and resuming a recent controversy, I ask—Is an engraver an Artist? And I have to answer—Not necessarily so. Which, as an excellent painter and critic observes, is true of painters and of sculptors likewise.

First, on the supposition that the material in which an engraver works may be worth consideration, I may begin at the lowest form, engraving on wood. An engraver on wood must be of lower grade than a cutter of copper. Steel should rank a trifle above the inferior metal, and silver may have yet higher estimation. So the whole question is easily settled by the ancient appreciation of Phidias. Who knows not how he only reached the perfection of his art when, passing from the outer stones of the Parthenon, he completed in the inner sanctuary that wonder of ivory and gold, which, but for the tempting preciousness of the materials, might have stood till now, the unquestionable standard of Highest Art—big work in the costliest of substance! Eheu! only the stones remain. Yet our high-wrought imaginings may dwell awhile in admiration of that image of the great Athene. There was Art. Blind as a post were he who could not recognize so much as that. Can it possibly be Art too—the same Art, differing only in degree—which produced these miserable wood-cuts—cuts so rough, not even upon rather expensive box-wood, but upon cheapest pear—in which the world is glad to perceive the handiwork of Albert Durer and Hans Holbein? Be not too quick in answering, for the designs of the "Great" and the "Little Passion," and those of the "Dance of Death" also, so cut upon mere pear-tree planks, were cut as any boy may whittle his monogram on a tree or on his desk at school with a jack-knife or such like instrument in the finer parts, and in the broader with a common carpenter's gouge. Is that Art? The designs were Durer's and Holbein's, but the cutting was done by mechanics. There is no Art in the cutting.

However, the material need not concern us. Had Durer drawn upon ivory or on a plank from Paradise, it had made no difference. He drew—with pen and ink, or brush,

or pencil—hard, unmistakable black lines on the white surface. And to cut away the wood between the lines, after sufficiently deep outlining with the jack-knife to prevent splitting off the surface of the plank (left to receive the ink), was but the work of a mechanic. No Artist was required, nor artistic skill, or taste, or judgment. The poorest Chinaman could not mistake the firm-drawn lines. Care to leave them standing unbruised and patient mechanism did all. The blocks of the "Little Passion" may yet be seen at the British Museum. One is cut more carefully than another, one deeper than another. In some the lines are left more nearly perpendicular, some are cleaner, some more broken; but of artistic difference there is none whatever. There is no Art here, but good mechanism.

Very good mechanism, painfully exact and conscientious. These wood-engravers of the first days of printing (wood-cutters or engravers—is not all trench-cutting engraving, and the plow only a larger graver?)—especially the engravers of Holbein's "Dance of Death"—are to be credited with a fineness and nicety of touch which the most accomplished engraver of later time will hardly excel. Something of the same kind was in vogue but a few years ago, and perhaps is now, in Germany,—knife-work so delicate that even an expert, without examination of the block, could with difficulty distinguish it from graver-work. Else, outside of Japan, such dexterous mechanism as was employed in cutting Holbein's drawings, is lost to the world. Such painstaking under progressive commercial arrangements can no longer be afforded. Who can know how much of taste and real artistic feeling helped toward that wonderful execution? Even Mr. Inness can allow that a carpenter may be in some degree an Artist, though it were misuse of the word to call such work as we have been speaking of, or the carpenter's, however tasteful, by the name of Art. There is some distinction implied by the word Artist.

Neither does the particular tool affect the question of Artist or mechanic. The sort of work that carries the names of the brothers Dalziel is, I believe, done mainly

with the graver; but is as mechanical, and very far from as mechanically perfect, as the Durer and Holbein knife-work of between three and four centuries ago. The graver-work of the London "Graphic" (not always, but the exceptions expose the rule, —and I name the "Graphic," not as notably bad, but as easy for reference) is for the most part merely mechanical. That in "Punch" is the same, though the practiced hand of Tenniel has led to a pleasant delicacy in his cutters. All these works, and much other work likewise, may be set down as mechanism,—but seldom of Japanese ability. The poor mechanic—Chinese-like, not Japanese—carves out laboriously the white spots left for his dull, monotonous hand-practice, and has no pretension to be called an Artist.

It is only with the exercise of something like independent judgment, and with the opportunity consequently for taste (to say nothing yet about originality), that the method of the Artist begins.

Copper-engraving always had this. No master here draws the lines and contents himself with bidding the cutter to clear out the whites between and not disturb the black. The engraver on metal must himself draw his lines, tracing with a hard point a furrow in the ground, into which to pour the acid that shall bite to a sufficient depth to take the ink, or with his graver cutting (*i. e.*, drawing) a firm line or series of regulated lines, such as few mere painters are capable of drawing. In truth, the first copper-engravers might well claim rank beside the early painters through whom they were inspired,—their work more difficult than the painter's own. His, some vague outlines, say of features; light and shadow helped by local color; false strokes easily effaced and corrected: all easy in comparison with what was left to the engraver,—to represent form by clear and ineffaceable lines, and by gradation and momentarily invented variety of line to give both form and *chiaro-scuro*. The copper-engraver's work is precisely that of the draughtsman on wood or paper. Is the Artist's hand less traceable in Durer's engravings than in his paintings? And his drawings on wood were only less finished because he left them to mechanics, on account of the material and the purpose for which they were required. Of Hogarth we may say the same. Painter or engraver, he is never less than Artist.

Or to compare "only engravers" with

the painters. How many portrait-painters may take rank as Artists if we deny the rank to Houbraken or to William Sharpe? The heads of greatest Titian, of the Rembrandt and the Velasquez, surpass them; and yet the engravers' work is in the greater painters' vein—artistic also. I can recollect an etching of a lion by Thomas Landseer (by him etched, I believe, from life, not drawn for him by any painter), which etching, for life-likeness and vigor of action, for artistic power of the highest kind, I would prefer to any painting of his renowned brother; ay! even to that great accomplishment of the united genius of Edwin Landseer and the Baron Marochetti (painter and sculptor working together), the four stone beasts under the mast-headed Nelson on Trafalgar Square. That Thomas, the engraver, was but an Associate by condescension, sat only at a side-table at state dinners of the Royal Academy, not cheek by jowl with Artists (painters) like his brothers, Edwin and already-forgotten Charles,—this did not deprive him of his faculty as an Artist or his right to be recognized as one. The two great Landseers were James Landseer, the father,—only a "line-engraver,"—and Thomas Landseer, the son—a mere engraver also.

To descend again to the poor wood-engraver. The first, in time and talent, was Thomas Bewick. Not known as a painter: a mere wood-engraver, and but an experimenter at that. Nevertheless, if there is room at the table (not in any Royal Academy, of course) where Blake has so lately taken his seat beside Hogarth, set a third plate, or only a wooden platter, for the Engraver of the British Birds! Of drawing, as it is called, even on the wood for his own cutting, I think there was not much, and of his painting I have heard no talk; but with the bird before him, he drew with his graver such portraits (were they only birds) as made his name immortal and entitled him, at least as much as Morland, to the rank of Artist. He did more than bird-portraiture: but that alone had earned his title.

"Only engravers!" do I call these? The expression is not mine. An engraver worthy of the name cannot be "only an engraver." He may be "a plodder." So was Durer, so was Buonarrotti, so were some others of good artistic repute. Not "only a copier." But for the moment let that limitation hold! What else is the painter? Is he always a "designer?" Bewick drew with his graver from the bird before him. I have known

an engraver at least to finish a portrait from the sitter before him. In what does such work, as artistry, differ from that of the portrait-painter? Or is it easier, when the engraver unfortunately has not natural objects before him, to copy from the vague, loosely drawn, lifeless canvas, than from the life? The painter copies his model. First places him—so does the photographer; arranges the light—so does the photographer; hangs up his draperies or what not for background—so does the photographer. But the painter's is an original composition, in virtue of which he may write himself down designer and creator: his only claim, perhaps, to the designations being that his designed improvements on the copy before him are false to Nature and to Art,—his creations monstrous. Or allow his imitative work to be never so fairly done, true, faithful, and to the life, is it his undesigning fidelity, or the mere use of brush and pigment instead of graver or etching-point, which constitutes his eligibility to an R. A. or an N. A.-ship, with power to exclude the as faithful copier or translator (which you will) in another mode? The best composer of landscape, except Turner, among our English painters—William Leighton Leitch—told me that he did but choose what to copy. He might leave out something standing in his way, some accidental, unessential hinderance or impertinence; but he never found anything to improve,—he had nothing to create or to design. Thorwaldsen's one work of real genius, his "Mercury," was, I have heard, a direct copy of an Italian lad, whose grace of form and attitude caught by accident his attention. Not one of all his many mythological creations, nor all of them together, could so enforce his claim to the rank of Artist. Am I seeking to lower the status of the painter or the sculptor? Not so: none stands higher for putting down another. But, having to show what constitutes an Artist, I must reach some exacter definition of that word design, which now bars the door against one "only an engraver,"—in other words, "a copyist."

What has this "copyist" to do? Does his master, Raffaele, do all the designing for him? He gives a "Madonna," or his "Planets," to be copied, only copied, by a Marc-Antonio or a Dorigny. This mere copying clerk has to draw an outline which (be pleased to observe this, though the remark be new) is not in the picture; he has to invent, to design, the lines, the regulated strength and order of which shall

not only most faithfully, but also most beautifully round the forms and place at proper distance, and in perspective, the hollows of face and figure. There is not a fold of drapery that can take its right position and proper value in the engraving without his most careful judgment and some degree of designing taste. If a poet is needed to translate the written verse from one tongue into another, is not he an Artist who can translate a painting into the different and less felicitous language of mere black and white? Though Chapman had never uttered a line of original poetry, his English Iliads had stamped him as Homeric—as a poet. So is it with the engraver who knows how also to express his original in the new (no matter how inferior) language, to express it in that language as the painter himself could not. It is not every painter who knows or can understand the equivalent of color in simple black and white. Your one trial, Mr. Inness! may prove the truth of that. That equivalent has to be designed by the engraver, without help or hint from the master painter; and his capacity in this respect alone will vindicate his faculty as an Artist, however rude, ungainly, or unsatisfactory else, may be his work.

He who works in Art, artfully, artistically, is an Artist, whatever his subject, whatever his material, whatever his tools. The relative grandeur and importance of this or that branch of Art is altogether beside the question. Great as was Blake for his power as a designer, unrivaled as he is as a colorist, he had been not less than an Artist had he been only an engraver. How many landscape-painters are the equals, as Artists, of Pye and Lupton, who were only able to understand and translate Turner? How many portrait-painters are equals of the engraver Calamatta? Who, with any appreciation of Art, would hesitate between a picture by Jaques and one of his finest etchings, whether original or not? or between an ordinary painting and an etching by Seymour Haden or by Forbes? Some small wood-cuts too by Clennel are of more artistic value than many paintings.

Further, as to the scope and qualifications of the engraver. The painter may choose his walk, and limit his studies and his labor accordingly. A landscape-painter need not trouble himself about his figures. Any untaught old cow, from mere instinct of propriety, will place herself in his picture, sometimes better without his interposition,

sure at least to be on the right plane when not imported from his sketch-book. "Only a face-painter" knows nothing below the neck-tie, and of anatomical study perhaps not even suspects the need. He paints masks, for which there is no occasion to refer to Bell. And the high historical, mythological, classical and poetical figure-painter may be no more satisfactorily informed. I heard Haydon say that in his own time—and there were giants in that day—not more than three or four men in England could draw the human figure. Of lower grades,—here is an artist in dogs, excellent when they sit to him. Another paints choice marketable fruit or a few picked flowers; designs and composes his pictures too—four peaches on a plate. One affects interiors, and so may possibly have meditated on some theory of perspective. Another—no matter what! All these for all their narrowness and short-comings are Artists, forsooth! and may point their maulsticks at the engraver. Claiming for myself, I do not deny their claim; and however faulty, and for all their short-comings, I would say, they may yet indeed be Artists, so long as their true and earnest worship brings them even into the outermost courts of the Temple. The veriest menials there yet are of the tribe of Levi—a priesthood consecrated and set apart.

The engraver—the wood-engraver especially—can rarely confine himself to one kind of subject. One day he is employed upon a sea-piece; the next it is a portrait; on another a draped or nude figure; on another a basket of fruit, a butterfly, or a shell. He should know something of every department of Art. Will the painting, or the painter's drawing before him, be sufficient for his guidance? There is a blob of color. "I meant to suggest a flower," says the Apelles. Nothing of a flower is there; and the "copyist" must design it. "I intended that to be vague." Well, it is easy enough to be vague without intention; but to render the vague (what even the creator could not understand) in positive lines is not so easy. For my own part, I would rather copy from the life than have to imitate the meaningless uncertainties of certain painters. For the engraver there is no scumbling in order to improvise accidentally some tolerable semblance of he knows not what; no smear of paint or charcoal may assist his ingenious obscurities.

I have already spoken of the engraver as of necessity a designer of lines. Mere lines!

Giotto is famous for only one. "By the simple device," writes my friend, the painter-Artist, "the simple device of fineness or openness of lines he can indicate aerial perspective." And probably expression and texture also. Very simple, my friend! But when you write such nonsense, you are either in too much haste, or you know but little of what an engraving is. Try, before you would again impress us with your simplicity, to draw the simplest flower and to indicate so much perspective as is necessary for that only by the device you find so simple! Is it so simple to choose the lines which may distinguish marble from plaster, metal from glass, hair from tapestry, silk from wool, which shall give roundness, angularity, and distance, or which may express with more or less of truth-semblance the roll of a cloud, the sweep of a wave, the rushing of the wind through the boughs, the character of foliage; when also it may be that the painter has not known how to render them distinctly? The engraver—and most certainly the wood-engraver, whose lines cannot be hidden under a multiplicity of cross-hatchings—ought to know how to do all this. These things are left for his designing; and the power to do this constitutes him an Artist. The very perception of beauty in line is proof of his Artist feeling; and the power of expressing that feeling is his diploma as Artist. Thurston's aptitude for this alone gave added value to the best works of one of the foremost line-engravers, James Heath (Thurston laying the direction of his lines); and helped the hand of the very best of engravers on wood (as engraver), John Thompson, whose best engravings are from Thurston's drawings.

What should we think of a landscape-painter knowing nothing of the seasons, ignorant of the laws of storm and cloud and water force, of the geological formation of hill and dale, of the mountain curve (which never a landscape-painter among them all could perceive till it was pointed out to them by Ruskin), of the nature and variety of tree and grass, of the habitats of plants, of the articulation of tree-joints? He were a great artist who could only copy these things, half understanding them, or but seeing them with his eyes, and give some transcript to the world with but an approach to faithful imitation. He who designedly departs from the exactest rendering may escape being called a "copyist," but is only the less an Artist.

What shall we say to the figure-painter or sculptor, pretending to follow in the steps of Phidias or Angelo, who yet cannot tell what, under such or such impulse or excitement, would be the action of an outer muscle? We do not absolutely deny him the name of Artist, albeit, putting his model into the attitude of action, he copies only the already flaccid sinew, lamely fixes his running or flying lay-man on the canvas, never to move again, and calls that design, composition, creation and originality. Lucky for him that he is not threatened by Mohammed's ordinance, that his figures shall rise to life, to meet him at the Day of Judgment. God be merciful to the multitude of the Christian halt!

Here I note only the absence of preliminary study, the want of knowledge of drawing sufficient for a simple outline, which every engraver—on copper at least—is required to possess, as it is the very beginning of his work. How many painters can do as much as that? I say nothing of color. If that alone, or chiefly, is to distinguish the painter as an Artist—color-blindness is the prevalent malady of painters.

Art is the truthful representation of the Beautiful. The question of the Grotesque seems to contradict this; but, I believe, only seems. The Tragic and the Comic, "High Art" and Caricature, all are under the same law. But this goes beyond the purpose of my present argument. Art, I repeat, is the truthful representation of the Beautiful. He who can see beauty and truthfully render it is an Artist,—whatever tools he may use, and in whatever material he may work. It is altogether a most false and invidious distinction which would shut out the engraver (a Toschi or a Bewick), the worker in metal (some Cellini), or the wood-carver (like Grinling Gibbons) from the Guild of Art. For me, I would admit the photographer also, whenever his work gave evidence of an artistic spirit. The boundaries of Art are well enough defined; but within them should be no division into castes. My friend Alfred Stevens was architect, sculptor, painter, wood-carver,—working in the spirit of the old masters; designing as readily a fender or an ornament for one of Minton's plates, as he would have etched or engraved on wood, had either come into his course of work. Surely he was not less an Artist when carving for his own book-case, or copying closely the "Planets" in that little Chapel of the Virgin of the People, outside of Rome, than when

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at work upon the noblest (though unhappily unfinished) English work of the present age, the "Wellington Monument" in St. Paul's. Not only an Artist by calling, he was the Artist in all his life, whose constant study was the production and presentation of the Beautiful; and his greatness never felt it to be condescension to admire or to produce the "lesser" beauty. Enough for the true Artist that it was beauty, so worthy to be translated truly, in however unregarded way.

I am not forgetting the differences of worth. I do not say that a fender is so grand a work as the sarcophagus of a hero. Yet Flaxman and the potter who gave only shape to that Wedgwood-ware might both be Artists; and it was good for them to work together. I do not say that the man who can paint nothing but a tree is the equal of him who can paint the forest. But he who can see and render all there is in a tree—in one branch—in a single leaf—is more truly an Artist than the painter of colossal landscapes, improvements upon Nature; untrue and therefore inartistic, however dignified with the name of compositions; compositions of chaotic lawless skies, and ungeological mountains of impossible strata (I care not if Claude have done so too), of immovable waves, and unreal growths of tree and herb and grass,—all designed to suit the picture. One of LaFarge's choicest flowers is of more value—so far as I can judge of values—than twenty feet length of painted canvas by—no need to point at names! I will call them Legion. Even Turner's magnificent dreams are false to Art, unworthy of his wakeful hours. His "Frosty Morning," a faithful rendering on canvas (why not a copy?) of one of the happiest phases of Nature, will outlast all his curiosities of color. The exceeding beauty of Titian's portraits is their truth. We know the men: their souls are on the canvas. I care not how finely they might be painted else. Before all things Truth! And Beauty? Yes. Only there is no beauty in a painted lie.

And imagination? Not part of the present argument, though the word had more of meaning than is sometimes attached to it. I guess that Chaucer never thought much of his imagination: yet his "Pilgrims" move before us. I doubt if Buonarrotti troubled himself about it either, wide as was his range. When imagination becomes more common, it will be time enough to eliminate the unimaginative, and narrow yet more the chosen company of Artists.

"But the ordinary engraver? For we

all allow of exceptions, and your argument has dwelt so entirely among them." Surely, as when we started on our discussion, the ordinary engraver may join hands with the ordinary painter. As the painter who cannot see and consequently cannot paint color, may be fairly denied the very name of painter, so far as that means Artist, so I would deny the name of Artist to the engraver who cannot rise to the proper status of his profession. Of course there are degrees of merit in all things. All cannot

excel. Honor to him—and let not his superior grudge it—who only earnestly attempts! Not less than warrior is he who is defeated in a fair fight. We do not call him other than a soldier. But for him who is content to be only an artisan or a tradesman, let him take to honest carpentering, which has its dignity of usefulness, and retire as quickly as may be convenient from his present fraudulent practice! Some cheap publishers may miss him; but the world will be better for his abolition.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

SERGIVUS AZOFF was a lucky fellow. It was little more than a year since he had landed, friendless and penniless, in New York, with a barbarous name utterly unfamiliar to American artists and critics; yet already he had taken his place as undisputed master in the instruction of his art, and as the most brilliantly gifted young painter in the town. His was the good fortune, not only to have his genius recognized by dilettanti and by his brother craftsmen, but to become, by a happy chance, the favorite of the blind goddess of fashion. Never before had so many of the wealthiest merchants' and bankers' daughters been inspired with a zealous devotion to Art; and, whatever stage of advancement their culture had attained, all seemed now to have but one ambition,—to become the pupils of Azoff, either to enter upon their auspicious career under the direction of so efficient a guide, or to receive from him the finishing touches of style, the final ideas as to color and tone, the vigorous boldness of brush which he best knew how to impart.

At this hour of high noon, his studio is invariably filled with his fair young feminine disciples,—for young and fair without exception are the six or eight American ladies diligently at work around the artist's easel. From so-called New York "society," it were difficult to select any group of women under thirty years of age, of whom a majority do not possess graceful figures and pleasing faces. But Azoff's pupils are the fine flower of the best, and as the bright February sunshine streams down upon them from the high window-top, it illuminates an unbroken array of genuine American beauties.

Here are the large, expressive eyes; the fair, delicate complexions, neither sallow nor too highly colored, but of an aristocratic paleness; the clean-cut profiles; the coquettish, laughing mouths; the abundant hair, ranging through every variety of shade, from the blue-black of yonder tall girl, in whose veins flows a mixture of Austro-Spanish blood and who holds herself with the haughty grace of a huntress-Diana, to the crisp golden curls of the blonde who bends her dainty head and short-sighted blue eyes close over her sketch.

But Azoff evidently does not regard his charming class with any eyes but those of an artist and a teacher. He moves from one to another with counsel, help, encouragement, or, most rarely, words of praise; to him the face of the most beautiful suggests nothing but the indolent, petulant nature, the flippant mind, and the bungling hand which accompany it. What he prizes incalculably beyond the attractions of his lady-pupils, is the severe art-conscience, the religious devotion to the ideal, which he finds in the poor crippled boy who steals an occasional evening hour to develop a divine gift, and whom Azoff counts as his only worthy disciple. His morning visitors, on the contrary, are simply cultivating an "elegant accomplishment;" they are neither desirous nor capable of producing anything of real value or beauty. Yet, no; this perhaps is overstating or understating the truth. One, at least, among them has, if not the innate talent, yet the sincere ambition of the artist. Whatever Ellen Bayard does, she does with her whole heart; and though her original gift is probably the most meager of her class,

and her bright hazel eyes are the least accurate in their report of nature, yet Azoff finds in guiding and instructing her the nearest approach to sympathy and pleasure which his irksome hours of tuition afford.

Watch her as she sits utterly absorbed in her work. One would say that she was the youngest of the group, so slight and supple is her frame, so child-like and pure the expression of her face, and so youthful is the effect conveyed by the simple arrangement of her braided chestnut hair. Yet is she already a wife and a mother, to whom, in her social circle, her girlish name of Ellen perpetually clings with a sort of aroma of maidenhood, but who is only known to Azoff as Mrs. Richard Bayard.

Sergius Azoff himself is not the least picturesque figure in the studio, as he bends his tall, dark head over his pupils' work. He is apparently between twenty-five and thirty years of age, and he possesses that rarest and most desirable of physical gifts—a presence. He is one of the few men who seem to fill and animate with a majestic grace even a large, bare apartment, and whose stately carriage and harmonious proportions render them conspicuous in a crowded assemblage. He had the pose of head, the commanding stature, and the dignified elegance of movement which one looks for in a prince, but which one is more apt to find in a great actor. So marked was this combination of strength and virile beauty in his frame that, as in a fine statue, the face became of secondary importance. It was pale and swarthy, surrounded by a full, dark beard; the nose was thin and aquiline; from the broad white brow the short hair waved upward in crisp brown ripples, and the round, dark-gray eyes were unusually large and luminous. If any feature inclined to the expression of weakness, it was the full, somewhat sensuous mouth; but this was the least likely to be remarked, for in repose it was almost hidden behind the thick, silky mustache and heavy beard, and when animated by laughter or speech, the brilliant teeth alone attracted attention. A grave, melancholy air, however, habitually overclouded Azoff's face, and, as may be supposed, did not detract from the sympathy which his romantic personality inspired. Whether by nature, or because he happened to live now among strangers, he was the reverse of communicative in regard to himself and his belongings, and none of his American friends had any positive knowledge of his real inner life. Any one who had felt sufficiently interested,

however, during the past six weeks, to observe him closely, could not have failed to notice that this overhanging veil of melancholy had almost daily perceptibly deepened and darkened, and his original expression of serious thought had been succeeded by one of harassed fatigue and despondency.

The slender stock of actual information which the town possessed in regard to Azoff's history was more than counterbalanced by the variety and extravagance of the versions supplied by the "pipe of rumor, blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures." He was a noble Polish refugee; a Russian prince in disguise; a dangerous adventurer; he was the disinherited son of a high Russian dignitary, degraded from his native rank in his own aristocratic country by his artist proclivities and Bohemian associates; he was a Hungarian nobleman, whose stormy youth had already exhausted a magnificent fortune, and for whom the cultivation of his talent was not an end, but only a means of redeeming his debts. All these suppositions, however contradictory in details, agreed in general coloring and in two essential features,—that Mr. Azoff had noble blood in his veins and a bar sinister in his escutcheon. Those who knew him best, knew that he was neither a Pole, a Hungarian, nor a Russian, but born in Roumania, of mixed parentage; and, among all his friends, the Bayards alone knew, further than this, that his father was dead, and his mother, a Russian lady, still lived in St. Petersburg with her widowed daughter.

The clock strikes the half-hour, and there is a general rustle of gowns and movement of departure among the students. Portfolios are taken out, sketches laid aside, and hats, jackets, and gloves are donned for the street. All the ladies, in bidding good-morning, exchange a few gracious, unprofessional words with Mr. Azoff, whom they condescend to treat as an equal and a friend. Mrs. Bayard, however, who slowly arranges her hat and furs, and is the last to leave, has a quite peculiar note of cordial kindness in her vibrant, sympathetic voice as she lingers to speak with her master. That just perceptible tone of condescension, which Azoff feels rather than hears in the voices of his other pupils, is altogether missing in hers. She treats him, not as her equal, but her superior.

"I could not go away to-day, Mr. Azoff, without asking if you had better news from St. Petersburg yet?"

"You are very kind to remember my

troubles," answered he, gravely. "I heard only yesterday that my mother is out of danger. She writes herself a few lines in my sister's letter to tell me that she is convalescent."

"I am so very glad," said Mrs. Bayard, in her simple, earnest way. "Then you are quite free from all anxiety?"

"I am quite free from all anxiety," he replied, with a deep sigh, not of relief, but of heavy oppression. Mrs. Bayard looked at him wonderingly, as if seeking the key to the contradiction between his words and his manner. He seemed discomfited by her kindly glance, and went on hurriedly, "I am doubly glad that I shall not be obliged to go home again. If the news had not been better by this mail, I should certainly have left New York, where I am just beginning to feel that I have friends."

"It is something to hear you say that, at least," replied Mrs. Bayard, smiling. "I began to believe you did not value the friendship of Americans."

He started, his pale face flushed, and his eyes beamed with a singular emotion. With an impulsive movement, he took both her hands in his own.

"Dear Mrs. Bayard, if that be a reproach, forgive me! Believe me, I am neither indifferent nor ungrateful to the generous kindness I have received from your warm-hearted Americans, and, above all, from yourself. Forgive me if I seem unappreciative; I have been very much harassed."

"I did not intend it as a reproach," said Mrs. Bayard, quietly withdrawing her gloved hands and taking up her muff; "I must altogether disclaim your gratitude before it is due, but I should like to feel that your American friends will some day deserve it. *Apropos*, or rather, *mal apropos*, Mr. Bayard has been buying some pictures lately. He has picked up, as he thinks, a genuine Titian, besides some modern trifles. He told me to ask if you would care to come see them. Will you dine with us informally to-day?"

"With all the pleasure in the world."

"Till seven o'clock, then," said Mrs. Bayard, moving toward the door.

"Are you walking, or may I have the honor of seeing you to your carriage?" asked Mr. Azoff.

"Thanks,—no. I should prefer not. I know my way through these corridors now," she replied, with a charming smile.

Mrs. Bayard, with all her simplicity, rarely lost sight of conventionalities, and did not

care to be singled out among Mr. Azoff's pupils for his too frequent attentions, in this crowded art building where every studio had eyes and tongues. He opened the door and held it wide, saluting her with that haughty yet deferential grace peculiar to Slavonic races, and developed by their characteristic dances. She passed out, leaving behind her a sort of wave of warm violet perfume, glided down the dusty staircase, and stepped into the coach that stood awaiting her, while an expression of puzzled thought came over her child-like face as she leaned back on the cushions and was rolled away.

A few moments later, Sergius Azoff locked his studio door behind him, and went out to deliver his weekly lecture to the pupils of the "Turner Institute," and then, again lessons, lessons and lessons, till within half an hour of the time when he had promised to present himself at Mrs. Bayard's.

II.

MRS. BAYARD was an arch-woman, simple and cunning, vain and disinterested, noble and petty, capable of entering with ardent enthusiasm into the thoughts and feelings of others, yet always retaining in the fervor of her generous emotion an undefined pleasant consciousness of her own sympathetic qualities. She resembled ten thousand other women already ten thousand times described, and yet fundamentally indescribable. A little more agreeable, perhaps, a little gentler, fairer to see, and more *naïve* than many of her sisterhood, but intrinsically the same creature of undisciplined imagination, of impossible logic and magnetic intuition.

To-day, from the moment she left the studio till now, when she presides at her little circular dinner-table, around which are seated her husband and Mr. Azoff, she has not been able to forget the latter's singular agitation after the drawing-lesson; she could have sworn that his eyes had grown moist and his colorless face had flushed. She fancies she can discern in the artist's whole manner and attitude in her presence the germ of that which, if he be a man of honor, he must stifle in embryo to prevent its development into a bitter, poisonous fruit. And yet she, one of the gentlest and sweetest of her sex, who would not willingly crush the life out of an insect, and who entertains a genuine sympathy and friendship for the isolated, gifted young stranger,

has, nevertheless, felt all through the day a complacent sort of pleasure, a subdued, triumphant sense of power, in imagining his unhappiness. She has not put her thought into words even in her own mind; it has all floated vaguely, yet persistently, within her idle little brain, and has not in the least diminished—nay, it has even added zest to—her interest in the performance of her household duties and to the affectionate greeting with which she met her husband upon his return home. Poor Mr. Azoff! he is so alone, so unlike the people around him, and consequently so susceptible to kindness, so sensitive to all impressions. And she is so securely sheltered in her happy haven, so safe under the protecting shield of her love for Dick, from even the threat of danger. None the less has she selected this evening her most coquettish gown, whose soft, clinging folds of sky-blue crape and Elizabethan ruff and trimmings of broad, yellowish lace, admirably set off the whiteness of her throat and the fresh, delicate tint, as of early spring flowers, of her round, wistful face, with its fawn-like eyes and glossy dark hair.

Mr. Bayard was a rather slight young man of medium size, but his well-knit figure gave the impression of elastic, sinewy strength. The intense blackness of his straight, Indian-like hair (whose stray locks were perpetually falling over his forehead) and of his thick, bold, perfectly horizontal eyebrows, heightened the pallor of a skin as fair as an infant's. His smooth-shaven face, bare of mustache or beard, gave him at a little distance the air of a school-boy, though he had already passed his thirtieth year, but a nearer examination revealed certain inexorable lines about the brow and mouth which can only be stamped by years of mature thought. It is rare to see such eyes as Dick Bayard possessed. They were neither those of an Apollo nor of a man of genius, but they were emphatically those of an honest man,—so limpid, so keen, and so fearless, they looked out from under the frank, square brow as if they had nothing to conceal, and as if nothing could be concealed from them. Decidedly he was not a handsome man, but his expression was one of winning loyalty and sincerity, and the weird, almost uncanny effect produced by his pale skin and elfin hair, together with a certain gnome-like uncouthness about his presence, irresistibly attracted the glance again and again. He had but little acquaintance with that infinitesimal division of our globe which arro-

gates to itself the title of "the world," and his natural timidity, already a morbid one, was increased by the consciousness of his inexperience. He was consequently seldom understood by the people he met, more especially when these happened to be Europeans. An intelligent American is apt to feel a peculiar interest in any deviation from the high road of convention, and there was something about Dick Bayard which continually piqued the curiosity, and thus appealed to one of the strongest instincts of his compatriots. But to the cultivated, polished foreigners whom Mrs. Bayard's exquisite grace attracted to the house, the young man's sylvan, untamed *naturalness* (we know of no other term for it) seemed only the boorishness of the uncivilized American, and his odd, abrupt ways led them to the general belief, which they did not hesitate to express, that he was "*un peu toqué*."

Azoff, however, was not among the holders of such an opinion. He had not waited till to-day (when Dick, in a discussion on art, had given evidence of critical judgment, broad culture and acute insight) to know that Mr. Bayard was a man of real significance. He had begun by covertly studying the young American as a faun, a kobold, a subject for a fantastic sketch of moonshine madness, the leader of a dance of gnomes. How effectively the light of torches could be made to bring out the contrast between his eerie white face and wild, black, floating locks! What a weird grace his features would acquire if surrounded by the proper accessories of haunted forest and fallow marsh-land! But every day of nearer acquaintance led Azoff farther from this first superficial view, and deepened his astonished admiration and respect for the young man's intellectual and moral force. This change, however, may have been partly owing to other causes than that of a more intimate acquaintance; for, as the artist's despondency and dissatisfaction with himself and his own work daily increased, he may have been disposed to think less of the mere æsthetic and picturesque, and attach a higher value to straightforward, indomitable integrity.

"Richard, I am almost inclined to quarrel with Mr. Azoff," said Mrs. Bayard, "over his severity to me. Do you know what he obliged me to do with the pretty little river-sketch I showed you, and that I was so proud of having made? I had to rub out every line, and begin it all over

again. He was gracious enough to say that the composition was tolerable, but then, the drawing! And yet, I looked over Nina Morton's landscape and saw faults just as glaring as my own, and he allowed her to carry it home in triumph!"

"Perhaps that is because Mr. Azoff feels that you are capable of better things, Ellen, and that Miss Nina Morton is not," said Mr. Bayard, turning with an inquiring glance from his wife to Azoff.

"I should not have dared put it in just those words," replied Azoff, smiling; "but that is the true explanation. If Mrs. Bayard knew of my exacting rigor in regard to my own work, she would feel that my severity is the highest compliment I can pay a pupil. To prove this, I will make you a humiliating confession. I wiped out of existence, yesterday, Mr. Bayard, the sixth attempt at a beginning of the picture you were good enough to order from me three months ago."

"What a shameful pity!" cried Mrs. Bayard. "How can you be so cruel to yourself? Dick, I saw this 'attempt,' as Mr. Azoff calls it, and it promised to be a perfect gem. It was a Russian interior, but genuinely Russian,—it looked like a leaf out of Tourguéneff,—and painted in a style of which we have seen no specimens yet in this country. Why did you destroy it, Mr. Azoff?"

"It is scarcely a case in point, after all," replied Azoff, thoughtfully. "I destroyed it for precisely the opposite reason from that which made me ask you to work over yours, because I have lost faith in myself."

He spoke so seriously that Mrs. Bayard felt a conventional compliment would be out of place. She looked at him in surprise, and was silent.

Richard fastened his penetrating eyes on the artist and asked in his direct way:

"Do you think it is your occupations here and the commercial American atmosphere that have materialized your life and undermined your confidence in yourself?"

Sergius Azoff raised his eyes to Mr. Bayard, but they quailed before that candid, searching glance; his heart glowed with a grateful warmth, for he felt that he had spoken and had been understood, but he shrank at the same time from so close a scrutiny, as if Mr. Bayard's eyes had really the power to see behind the veil.

"I cannot tell," he replied, slowly, after a short pause, "if the fault be in myself or in

my circumstances. I feel as if my brain were being gradually ground into a dry powder by this tread-mill routine. A man whose eyes, and nerves, and patience have been continuously overstrained six days out of seven is scarcely able to bring a fresh set of organs to bear upon an original production on the seventh. My ideal has certainly not risen any higher since my arrival here, and yet my work gives me less and less satisfaction. Ten years of this life might make me financially independent;—they would certainly be my ruin as an artist."

Dick Bayard had a curious way, when deeply interested, of losing himself in his own thoughts and allowing them to leap over such broad generalizations that when he spoke again his words seemed wide of the original mark. The oracular, half-intelligible phrases which he uttered on such occasions had strengthened the prevailing belief that he was a trifle unsound; but upon any one who had had faith in him these very speeches made a profound impression, and if such a one would try to follow out the course of reasoning which must necessarily have preceded them, he would often find a positively startling, almost demonic intuition at their root. So it was in this case. Mr. Bayard's head was almost buried in his breast, his eyes had a singular, dreamy look, and he spoke, with the voice of a man only half awake, not *to* but *at* Azoff.

"He has not properly assimilated himself yet. America is not a bad *milieu* for the true artist. And then, half truths are no truths. We know his secret."

Azoff was like a wounded man who feels the surgeon's probe reach the very bottom of his hurt. What did this strange American know of his, Sergius Azoff's, life-secrets, that he should speak of them with the voice of a prophet!

But Mrs. Bayard interposed:

"Why, Dick, what are you muttering about?"

"Oh, I was thinking, Ellen dear," replied Dick, with a start, passing his hand over his forehead, tossing back his hair, and smiling like a sphinx at his guest. "Tell us, Mr. Azoff, how you happened to come to America."

"There is scarcely anything to tell," said Azoff; "it was partly accident. In the east of Europe, where the nineteenth century ideas are fermenting no less actively than in the west, yet where the spirit of feudalism is still the breath and soul of social institutions, you can have no conception of the

imaginary glories with which we invest America. When I was a boy of fourteen at the Gymnasium, I knew by heart the Declaration of Independence, and I designed, with a set of lads as enthusiastic as myself, a little socialistic community, based upon American principles, with which we were later to overturn thrones, principalities, and powers. That, of course, was broken up before I left the Academy, but the enthusiasm itself did not die out. In Bucharest, in Petersburg, in Paris, my dream of America, my ardor for republican ideas grew with my growth, and everywhere I found ambitious youth,—Roumanians, Bulgarians, Frenchmen, Russians, Bohemians from all parts of the world,—artists, students, poets,—whoever had felt the cramping influence of ignorant legislation, whoever had conceived freedom, or desired progress, or loved beauty,—to stimulate me and participate in my illusion. Perhaps the peculiar circumstances of my life have made me suffer more from Old World prejudices, and have given me a more bitter aversion to the vicious distinctions of rank and caste, than my more fortunate college companions. At any rate, I am the only one who has had the courage or energy to endeavor to realize our common dream. Who knows? Perhaps——"

Azoff stopped abruptly.

"Perhaps they were wiser than you," said Mr. Bayard, finishing his phrase. "With them the illusion will slowly die a natural death under the ordinary influences of time and change, while you have crushed it at a blow by coming to see with your own eyes the practical working of the principles you cherished so long. Confess that that was what you wanted to say."

"I have found so many kind and noble hearts among the Americans," replied Azoff evasively, "that I feel like an ingrate if I attempt to express the peculiar disappointment I have experienced."

"But you cannot keep it a secret from your friends," said Mrs. Bayard. "Mr. Bayard and I have no intention of quarreling with you for the honor of our political institutions, but if you do not wish us to know that you sought something in America which you have not found, you must not speak so eloquently about the anticipation and let your face fall and your voice fade away so significantly when you talk of the reality."

"If you were to leave us now," said Richard, "no doubt you would paint a dismal picture to your old comrades of the modern

Utopia. But patience, I say, patience, Mr. Azoff! Wait five years, three years, one year longer, till you have adapted yourself to the groove, and see if you cannot carry home a representation of the country and the people that shall correspond better with your youthful dreams."

"I cannot imagine myself fitting into any groove," said Azoff with a smile. "But you know I have not the habit of talking about myself," he went on, "and indeed, since I have been in America, I have seemed to be surrounded by a wall of ice. Why is it that when I am with you, dear friends, the ice seems to melt? I experience an irresistible desire to talk of my life, my disappointments, my ambitions, even my *ennuis*. Bah!" he exclaimed, with a laugh and an entire change of tone; "it is because you are too good to me, and I abuse your goodness by becoming *ennuyeux* to you as well as to myself."

Dick was not pleased with Azoff's suddenly assumed carelessness, but Mrs. Bayard felt that the ice having been broken, nothing would be easier, if only it were not insisted upon at the moment, than to draw the artist back to the theme on which her curiosity had been so strongly excited. She answered therefore with a re-assuring smile:

"*Ennui* is a thing that neither Mr. Bayard nor I believes in, Mr. Azoff. Nothing can be *ennuyeux* as long as one is young and well and sane. Shall we go in now and see the Titian? Our coffee can be brought to us in the library." She rose and the two young men followed her into the adjoining room.

It was a gorgeous, warm, golden-toned picture, representing the full-length dazzling figure of the sleeping Venus voluptuously reclining beneath a wide-open window, beyond which spread a sunset sky illuminated by dusky golden clouds overhanging a somber landscape. Mr. Azoff in his enraptured admiration was as excited as a child; while Richard, with his solemn American air stood by with no other demonstration of pleasure than a gnome-like half-smile on his face. Mrs. Bayard watched them both for a little while, looking on in silence or responding sympathetically to the artist's delight, and then excusing herself to make sure that her baby was sleeping, she left her husband and Azoff alone. When she returned to the room a half-hour later, she found them quietly seated some distance from the Titian, and her quick eye noted

that Mr. Azoff's face had become as calm and solemn as Richard's. He brightened up as she took her seat near them, however, and the ready tact and grace with which she entered into the conversation soon gave it a lively animation and flow.

For all three it was a memorable evening. Within Dick Bayard's heart a disinterested friendship was then first awakened toward this brilliant young stranger endowed with such remarkable physical and intellectual gifts, and yet whom he, the plodding American, instinctively desired to guard and protect as he might a weaker younger brother. Certain suspicions were aroused in his breast almost amounting to pangs of fear and misgiving. His peculiar mind dealt frequently with symbols and tropes, and his thoughts had a habit of painting themselves in pictures; to-night he could not exorcise the haunting vision of a flawless, superb vessel without a compass, dangerously drifting on a dark open sea.

Never before had Mrs. Bayard been so interested and charmed by the young foreigner who was at the same time her master and her protégé. He talked with the fire of genius on every subject that was broached, and his manner to her was so grateful, so earnest, so devoted, that her excitable mind and nerves were wrought to a pitch of almost painful exaltation. Then, too, she succeeded at last in gratifying, on at least one item, her feminine curiosity. Azoff chanced, in the most natural way, to divulge a romantic fact concerning his mother, of whom he had only spoken hitherto in vague terms of affection. They were talking of music, and Mrs. Bayard went to the piano to exemplify her idea of a certain song of Schumann's. When she rose, Azoff, to her surprise, took the seat, and, respectfully differing from her conception, struck a few chords to illustrate his own.

"That is far better than my idea of the theme," she said. "But I never knew you were a musician."

"Nor am I," he replied, rising from the piano. "But it is only a chance that I am not. A taste for music was the first aptitude that developed itself in me, and I was destined to be an artist. It is a legitimate inheritance—my mother was a musician."

"An artist?" asked Mrs. Bayard.

"Yes, a pupil of Liszt, in the days when Liszt still gave lessons to his pupils. Her name was ———." And Azoff mentioned the name of one of the most

widely renowned pianists of twenty-five years ago.

Mrs. Bayard knew how to express exactly the requisite amount of surprise and friendly curiosity, in order not to startle the habitually reserved stranger out of his unwonted confidential mood, and to draw from him a hundred interesting details of his mother's life and artistic career before she had adopted her present retired existence. It was easy to see that for this enthusiastic son the very air was sanctified which his mother breathed.

But most of all by Sergius Azoff was this evening never to be forgotten. The recollections of his home thus vividly awakened; the thrill of enjoyment aroused in him by the sight of such a work of art as his eyes had not rested upon since he left Europe; the whole atmosphere of luxury, of rest, and of sympathy which surrounded him in the Bayards' house, together with a myriad vague, beautiful dreams and ambitions mingling confusedly in his brain, caused his sensitive temperament a singular, powerful emotion. When he pressed his friends' hands at parting, and went out into the mild, spring-like February midnight, he looked up at the familiar stars and felt that he was no longer an exile.

III.

A MONTH had elapsed since Sergius Azoff had gone to see the Titian, and his visits to the Bayards had rapidly increased in frequency and length, and yet a quiet, trustful friendship was not established. He appeared more than ever subject to fits of depression, which he was either no longer able or no longer desirous to conceal, and, since the evening when he had talked so frankly about his feelings and his home, he had more than ever avoided all confidences concerning either himself or his family. He saw Mrs. Bayard often alone, and she would have been more or less than woman could she have failed to notice that her influence exercised a powerful sway over him. However moody, weary, or caustic he might feel, he was always tranquilized or cheered by her presence. He could not himself have told what it was that he found so exquisitely suave in her voice and manner,—why the delicate refinement of her slim white hands made such a pleasing impression upon him. As for Dick, Azoff grew less and less at ease in his presence. At times, he actually shunned that searching, loyal glance,—then again he would

evinced a feverish, almost childish desire to be with Dick, to win his friendship, to court and please him. But Dick was not a man to be courted. There was a great deal about Azoff which he neither liked nor approved, and, notwithstanding an underlying sentiment of mingled friendliness, admiration, and compassion, he did not hesitate to manifest his disapprobation in a repellent coldness and a reserve still greater than Azoff's own. For Azoff, however uncommunicative in regard to his personal affairs, being a man of the world and a man of talent, was generally a brilliant, animated talker; but Bayard, a thinker and a man of firm will, was silent to moroseness when those around him did not inspire his confidence or affection.

"Dick," said Mrs. Bayard to her husband one day after her return from the studio, "I am so sorry for Mr. Azoff. I am sure he must have some great trouble. He is simply ruining himself. He is gradually losing all his pupils. I told you the other day about two of the girls leaving him, and to-day three more of the class whose quarterly term was over, said they would not return."

"The man is throwing himself away," replied Dick between his teeth, "but that is no affair of mine."

"It is hard enough to see a man of his talent throwing himself away," said Mrs. Bayard, without heeding her husband's last phrase. "But it is not his fault that he is losing his pupils. He works as conscientiously with them as ever, but you know what New York fashion is. Nina Morton left him in a pet, and whatever example Nina Morton sets, half a dozen toad-eaters will follow. They will probably all go over to Mr. Brillonnin, who is giving Mary Hunt lessons, and who will be the next favorite."

"It might not be the worst thing for Azoff if they did," answered Mr. Bayard. "To be 'the fashion' in New York is not the most desirable fate for a man with real grit in him. These mincing young ladies, with their feminine compliments and *frou-frou* of silk gowns around his studio all day, are enough to polish all the manhood off him. I don't know but that it would be advisable for you, too, Ellen, to drop him,—for his ultimate good, you know," and Mr. Bayard looked at his wife with his customary enigmatical smile.

"Richard, how queer you are!" cried she, half vexed. "If I didn't know you better, I should think you were as savage as the Indian you look like just now. Why are

you so hard upon Mr. Azoff? If we all give him up he will starve."

"Perhaps, even that might be better than the life he is leading now," muttered Dick.

Mrs. Bayard's wide eyes opened wider.

"What do you know of his life, Dick? Isn't he a gentleman?"

"What do I know?" said Richard, thoughtfully; "I know nothing. But I don't trust him,—there is something wrong, and wicked, and weak in him. And why does he force himself upon me? I am tired of seeing him around, tired of hearing his name; we are not related to each other in the most remote degree. He is utterly uninteresting; let us say no more about him, Ellen."

And Ellen said no more about him. She had never seen her husband jealous, and a not altogether easy conscience whispered to her that perhaps this suspicious petulance and unusual deafness to an appeal to his charity, resulted from her own overwarm partisanship of the young man's cause.

That evening, Azoff was again at the Bayards', but he was not the only visitor. Ellen shuddered as she saw him enter the room. She had been ill at ease ever since her conversation with her husband; she was frightened at the possible consequences of her own rash vanity. Sergius Azoff was not to be trifled with, and she saw him with new eyes this evening; powerful of frame, with those fine, severe features, that transparent swarthy skin, and those fiery Eastern eyes—how could she ever have dreamed that it would not be playing a dangerous game to arouse the passions of such a man? To-night he was so pale as to look positively ill, and her anxious scrutiny revealed to her the full extent of the change that had taken place in his appearance during the past month; his face was thin and sunken, making conspicuous the high Wallachian cheekbones, and the strained, dissipated expression of the eyes seemed underscored as it were, by deep, almost violet-colored lines. It required an effort to receive him naturally, but he, on his part, appeared in a far more cheerful mood than usual. With a liveliness suggestive at moments of undue excitement, he talked to Mrs. Bayard and her guests; brilliant, witty, and eloquent, he left on the latter the impression of dazzling genius.

What Ellen Bayard had not dreaded least that evening, was the unfriendly attitude Richard would in all probability assume toward Azoff, and the latter's possible resentment of it in his present singular ex-

citement and unnatural tension of nerve. She had not guessed her husband amiss; his manner to the artist was cold, sullen, almost gruff. But she had been mistaken in regard to Mr. Azoff. So far from being irritated by this *brusquerie*, he evinced a more than ordinary deference to every word and movement of his host, and late in the evening, when he found himself for a moment separated from the others and alone with Mrs. Bayard, he whispered to her impulsively:

"Mrs. Bayard, your husband is my guardian angel."

She raised her face suddenly and inquiringly to his.

"Trust him and he will help you," she said quickly, and returned to her guests.

"Trust him and he will help you." The words rang in Sergius Azoff's ears; they haunted his brain for days, together with the gentle earnest glance that had accompanied them. And yet he lacked the moral courage to intrust to Richard Bayard, of all men, that which was preying upon his life. There was something so clean, so lofty, so chaste as it were, about the young American, that Sergius Azoff felt as if it would be almost like laying bare his soul to a woman, to confess himself to Dick. And then, if Dick had not been rich! But would it not be beggarly in him to reveal to this fortunate young man the humiliating straits to which his own evil luck and evil habits had reduced him?

But, if he would not confide in Richard, yet twice did accident reveal somewhat of that which he had fain so carefully suppressed. One night toward the middle of April, the Bayards' baby had fallen ill, and Dick, in consideration of his wife's anxiety, rather than lose time by calling one of the men-servants from the stable, had gone himself at two o'clock in the morning to summon the physician. He had but a few squares to walk, the streets were silent and deserted, and until he reached within a door or two of the doctor's dwelling, he met no living creature. It was doubtless the previous solitude which made more conspicuous the first human figure he encountered now. A tall, powerful man was approaching; at a distance of several feet he recognized Sergius Azoff. The two men stood face to face under a flaring street-lamp. Mr. Azoff was haggard and white; he was walking in a dogged, aimless way, with both hands in the pockets of a shabby, light-gray overcoat; his eyes were heavy and half closed, and he had the air of a somnambulist. He

looked Richard full in the face without a gleam of recognition, and passed on. They were so close that his unfastened, flying overcoat brushed against Bayard, who was conscious at the same moment of a faint, sultry, peculiar odor. He looked back after Sergius Azoff, and saw that he staggered as he walked. A mingled expression of pain and astonishment crossed his features,— "The man is an opium-eater," he muttered, half articulately, and with bent head he hastened on his errand.

Richard never told his wife of this meeting with Azoff, but in his own mind he resolved to have all friendly, unprofessional intercourse between Ellen and the artist gradually cease. But he had no opportunity to take any active measures to this effect, for Azoff did not again appear at the house, and Mrs. Bayard, who still went regularly to the studio for her lessons, said that his whole manner toward her had changed and had become that of a social inferior, humble, respectful, almost deprecatory. He no longer spoke of anything but the work in hand, he seemed to feel that he had something to atone for, and only a remnant of his former pride appeared to prevent him from begging her forgiveness. Her quick eye noticed in glancing around the studio the gradual disappearance and finally the total absence of all the little superfluities and knickknacks which had formerly adorned it; it grew shabby, bare and poor. Knowing the haughty sensitiveness of the artist's temperament, she was firmly convinced that his rapidly increasing poverty was the sole barrier which had arisen between them. When she looked into his altered face, and observed the listless, tired movements of his stately frame, her whole heart seemed to melt in sympathy, and she longed to say something that would break through this unnatural formality, and make him give utterance to the trouble that oppressed him. Yet, day after day passed by, and she dared not say a word; she grew almost afraid of those strange, large, hungry eyes, that stern, set, impassive face. And what was the use of offering her sympathy and prevailing upon him to speak, when she was powerless unaided to help him? For she felt that Richard was no longer her ally; during the past two or three weeks, he had discouraged all allusion to Mr. Azoff; never before had Ellen known him so uncharitable and ungenerous. She saw clearly that very little would be required to make him forbid her continuing her lessons at the studio.

There was no need, however, for his interference in this case. One morning Mrs. Bayard received a card from Mr. Azoff begging her to excuse him from that day's lesson, as he was obliged to be from home at the appointed hour. She said nothing of it to her husband, but the next time she went to the studio Mr. Azoff was not in. She returned home provoked, not only at the artist, but at herself, for the awkward position in which she was placed toward her husband, to whom she would now be forced to confess her former concealment, as well as her present annoyance. When she reached the house, however, she found a brief note awaiting her from Mr. Azoff, in which he thanked her for her great kindness to him and begged permission to discontinue the lessons altogether for the present, as he was about to leave town. She was perplexed, pained, disappointed; the man was evidently determined to ruin himself, since he repelled his last friend. She showed the note to Richard, who read it in silence, and Azoff's name was not again mentioned between them.

The spring of 1877 was a beautiful season in New York. After a warm, rainy April succeeded a few days of midsummer heat, which brought out, as if by magic, the foliage and flowers in the streets, the gardens and the parks. A day or two of cooling showers restored the natural temperature, and in the beginning of May came that exhilarating, brilliant weather when every hour even in the heart of the city, made sweet with the chirp of birds and the fragrance of flowers, seems a renewal of some covenant of joy. With Richard Bayard the enjoyment of Nature was a passion; he seemed nearer than most men to her heart; he knew the secrets of her weeds and herbs; he loved almost equally her heats and colds, her days and nights, her sunshine and storms. During the spring and early summer, he was in the habit of rising at five or six o'clock, to walk for an hour or two in Central Park before the business of the day began. It was there on a bright Saturday morning, in the latter part of May, that occurred his second unexpected encounter with Sergius Azoff, still more singular than the last.

He had been walking some time, and was in haste to leave the Park, when he found himself at its extreme end, near the western boundary. If his time allowed, he would gladly continue to walk homeward, but he feared he should be obliged to cross

the road at once and take the nearest street-car that would carry him down town. He drew his watch from his pocket and found that it had stopped at six o'clock. He looked around for some one of whom he could inquire the precise hour. There was not even a policeman in sight, but a few yards away, on a lower grade, some workmen were repairing the road.

"My friend," he called down to one of them from a little distance, "can you give me the hour?"

The overseer consulted his goodly sized chronometer and informed Mr. Bayard that it was "exactly eight o'clock, barring five minutes."

By the side of the overseer, with his back to Richard, stood a tall, muscular man, pounding the stones with a paving-beetle. Under the shadow of his broad-brimmed straw hat, Richard could discern against the clear blue of the morning sky, a familiar, bearded half-profile.

"Good God!" he exclaimed, "it is Sergius Azoff!"

But the laborer had averted his head, and the brawny back, in its coarse flannel shirt, no longer suggested the elegant figure of the artist. Mr. Bayard rubbed his eyes like a man awaking from a dream. He walked thoughtfully across the road, hailed the first car that passed, and within an hour was in his office.

IV.

THERE was no light burning in Mr. Azoff's studio, though night had long since fallen. Behind the high screen which divided that part of the room where the artist slept from the studio proper, was a tall window opening on a series of leads and roofs. Through the uncurtained glass the bright rays of the moon rendered visible a low iron cot, upon which slumbered heavily a man dressed in the red shirt and soiled, worn trousers of a laborer. Sergius Azoff, overcome by the unwonted physical fatigue of a day of manual toil, had thrown himself upon his bed as he entered the studio, and had not stirred from the position in which he had fallen. That was three hours ago; it was now ten o'clock. Suddenly he awoke,—not partially and gradually, but thoroughly, all at once. His sleep had been so deep that he felt as if it had lasted all night. The clear radiance of the moon on the white coverlet seemed to startle him, and he rose hastily to a sitting posture and looked about him with the air

of a man who has overslept the hour of an important event. No, it was not too late; another day had not yet dawned. He stretched himself wearily and went to the dressing-table, dipping his face and hands again and again in the cold, fresh water, until he felt all the heaviness and fumes of sleep washed from him; then he struck a light, sat down by a very disordered secretary, and began to write. His hands burned as if blistered; they felt hard, sore, benumbed; but that was of no consequence, his letter would not be very long. He wrote it as fast as his pen could move, and it ran as follows:

"MY DEAR MR. BAYARD: I do not feel as if I need explain in any wise to you why I should burden you rather than another with the responsibility of fulfilling the last wishes of an unhappy man. In this hour, when every word represents to me its full significance, I wish to tell you that ever since I have known you, you have unconsciously exercised a powerful influence upon my actions; your chance words have often struck the very core of my malady; your severe silence and keen glance have made me pause and resist the proffered temptation. I cherished a superstitious feeling that from you, in some mysterious way, help was sure to come to me. I had never been a believer in Spiritualism, in supernatural agencies, in presentiments, in elective affinities, in any of the fantastic delusions with which wretched men have built up for themselves the dream of an independent soul-life. And yet to you, a man of such different habit, complexion, and race from myself, I felt at first sight drawn as to a brother. At one moment during the course of our acquaintance, I half fancied that I also, on my part, had inspired you with a certain degree of friendship, of sympathy—who knows?—of confidence, perhaps. But the moment passed, and I saw clearly that you turned from me with aversion and mistrust. The folly of my strange delusion has been conclusively proved by the result. I have been in grievous straits and you have not divined my necessity; I have despaired, and you have not heard my cry. But you need have been more than human were it otherwise, for my lips have remained sealed. You have been neither supernatural nor demonic, but my faith in you as a man of immaculate probity and adamant will still subsists; myself I feel unstable as water, and therefore it is a natural polarity that attracts me to you.

"I die by my own hand. I take my life with an absolutely clear and deliberate mind. In this act I cannot see any sin or any injury to a single human being, though I have carefully weighed every conceivable argument. I am tired of the burden, and I lay it aside. My earnest request to you is that as far as lies in your power you will use every means to prevent the fact of my suicide from reaching the ears of my mother. I inclose her address in Petersburg. You are the only man in America who knows her true name, and I beg of you, as an act of charity, to impart to her the news of my death as having occurred in a natural manner, and to tell her that my last thought, my last prayer was for her.

"One more word: When I met you on the night of the 16th of April, in Waverley place, I was intoxicated with opium. Was it your glance that

sobered me? I do not know. I had no control over myself at the time. I passed on, and knew that you despised me. I felt you look back at me,—your eyes seemed to burn into my flesh. I staggered and nearly fell. Since that night I have not tasted opium.

"To Mrs. Bayard I send thanks, and thanks, and thanks. The voice, the pitying glance, the gentle presence of such women, are the only compensations with which Fate lightens the miseries of men.

"I desire that the few artistic effects left in my studio shall go to Joseph Bradford, the crippled boy, to whom I have given lessons since my arrival in America.

"SERGIUS AZOFF."

As he finished in a firm, though rapid, hand the signing of his name, he drew a deep breath, threw aside the pen and raised his eyes. Richard Bayard stood before him.

His arms were crossed over his breast, his head downcast, his eyes intently fixed upon Sergius Azoff; his straight, black locks had fallen as usual over his forehead. Azoff looked at him for a few seconds in silence; it was so natural and yet so strange to see him there, that perhaps at that moment he doubted the evidence of his senses.

"I have startled you," said Richard, in a gentle voice and with an indescribable smile. "I beg your pardon most sincerely," and he held out his hand and clasped that of Sergius. "I have been here twice to-day to find you, but the janitor told me you had gone out early this morning, and had not yet returned. I came the second time at eight o'clock, and I have been walking up and down the street to make sure of seeing you as you entered. A few minutes ago, I caught the glimmer of your light through a rent in your front window-curtain, and I knew you must be here. Either the janitor deceived me or was deceived himself. I came upstairs without asking any more questions. You did not hear my knock at the door. I don't know why, but I had a suspicion of something wrong, and I came in without invitation. I have been waiting till you finished your letter, to speak."

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Bayard," replied Sergius, with visible constraint.

"You are very glad to see me," repeated Dick, seating himself on the cot beside Azoff, "and yet you do not even ask a fellow, who tells you he has been walking up and down for two hours for the pleasure of seeing you, to take a seat."

Was it embarrassment, also, on Bayard's part, or the effort to conceal unwonted emotion, that made him talk so little like himself? The effort, if it were one, was not

successful, and he began again rapidly in an altered, low, moved voice.

"Sergius Azoff, I came to beg your pardon. In my thoughts, for many a day past, I have wronged you cruelly, but, thank God! not irretrievably, since I find you still here to receive my atonement. Do you know what it is that makes my heart go out to you to-night? It is that coarse, soiled, hideous garb which seems to me at the same time to desecrate and to sanctify the bravest and noblest man I have ever met. I came first to ask you to forgive me, and then to tell you that I should consider it the most singular good fortune of my life to be allowed the luxury of helping such a man."

And once again he extended his hand to Azoff, who clasped it long and warmly.

"I have never been mistaken in you, Richard Bayard," said the artist, after a pause. "But you are certainly in error about me. Why should I not speak frankly and freely to-night, if never again? Your suspicions were neither unfounded nor unjust. But your generosity now is based upon an altogether false idea of my qualities. This honest apparel is nothing but a masquerade costume. I have worn it for a day to cast it off forever. I am no more fit to wear it than I have been all my life to wear the garments of a prince. If it be this which commands your respect, take it back; I do not deserve it; I am a weakling and a fool."

He spoke in great excitement, and there was an unnatural gleam in his eye.

"You are neither one nor the other," said Richard; "you are an unhappy man. Life is so hard at times upon the strongest of us that we are apt to accuse ourselves of weakness because we faint and succumb. And yet I believe there is a remedy for all ills—but one."

"Which is, therefore, no ill," said Azoff, in a scarcely audible voice.

A sudden light flashed over Richard's face, but he made no answer.

"It is strange that you entered as you did," continued Mr. Azoff, hurriedly changing the conversation lest he should betray his purpose. "I was writing you a letter, which there is now no need to send," and in order to avert suspicion, he tore the note before him to scraps. "I wished to tell you about the night I met you in Waverley place. I was drunk,—besotted,—as I had been for many a night before with the same degrading poison."

"And as you have not been since, nor will be again, I think," said Bayard, calmly.

"How do you know that?" asked Sergius. "I make no pledges."

"The man who wielded the paving-ram on the high-road, this morning, was not an opium-eater," replied Dick.

"No, the opium-eater had fallen one degree lower," said Sergius, with a bitter laugh. "It was the merest accident that you saw me as you did this morning. I am neither a Saint-Simonist nor a common laborer. I have simply tried one more experiment in a life of experiments, and failed. I am used to that result now. Listen, Mr. Bayard. You are a man, I take it, of indomitable will,—of unassailable integrity. You are rich; you lead an honored, sheltered life. I should like to tell you the follies and miseries of a man who is adrift and isolated among his fellows; who, from no fault of his own, inherits a stigma which prevents him from meeting the eyes of his social peers; who is weak, who despises himself, and who is hungry. Hold! not now," he added, with almost a smile, detaining by the arm Bayard, who half rose from his seat with a pained expression at the last words. "To-day I have earned my dinner. You saw me. I speak of the past month,—the previous six months. You are magnanimous, but it is not for that reason I consent to humiliate myself before you; it is because I feel the need to talk of myself freely and openly,—I am suffocating,—and because I am now past the reach of help or harm. I will begin at the beginning."

He paused, but only for an instant, and then went on slowly, thoughtfully, in that monotonous narrative tone with which men revive the emotions they have outlived:

"I have already told you that my mother was a famous artist. She was not married to my father. He was a Roumanian nobleman, one of the highest dignitaries of the state. I was a boy of thirteen when he deserted my mother. A short time after, we heard of his marriage with a lady of the court. I had been carefully brought up at home, away from boys of my own age, and had been kept in absolute ignorance of the stain upon my birth and the irregularity of my parents' life; now everything was revealed to me at once by a hundred voices, and I leave you to imagine the swelling torrent of indignation, grief and shame which overflowed my heart. I idolized my mother—no particle of blame then attached

itself to her in my eyes,—nor ever has. Her love for my father was a passionate and a loyal one; it was the act of a coward to break the bond because no legal force had confirmed it; the burning desire of my heart for years was to avenge her wrong. As I grew older, I did not forgive him, but I recognized the fact that his sin was not one that could be punished by man, least of all by his own son. I hated, I scorned, I cursed him, but I met him face to face for years in the streets of Bucharest without even the desire to take the revenge I had vowed. When I was twenty years old he died.

"My mother has suffered cruelly from the wrong resulting from her own rashness; but I think I have suffered no less. Fancy a creature into whose veins has been transfused the blood of the poet and the aristocrat, sensitive at every pore, proud, passionate, ambitious, with a blight upon his birth, a jeer and a reproach connected with that which he holds most sacred,—his mother's fame,—a perpetual sneer as his greeting upon every face he meets. You have in this an explanation of my excessive ardor for republican principles, my extravagant idea of republican virtues.

"I have read somewhere that at the Devil's *Sabbat*, among all the elegant courtiers in their magnificent costumes, no matter how stately their bearing or how graceful their forms, there is always something about them, either too much or too little, which shocks the sense. They are a little too thin or a little too stout; a shade too pale or a shade too red; or suddenly a bird's claws or the inevitable cloven foot will appear inopportunistly. I never could rid myself of the idea that I resembled one of these infernal gentlemen in my relations with the society to which my mother's genius and my father's rank should have admitted me. To all appearance I was one of that world, but the irremediable flaw was there, the cloven foot could not be concealed. In a word, in Europe there was no place for me, or, rather, I was wrongfully excluded from my proper place, and I resolved to come to America and, if possible, make my home here. Not that I desired any other companions than the artists who received me fraternally everywhere; but the constant sight and presence around me of the invidious distinctions of rank and caste and all the misery and meanness which they entail, continually stirred up the inexhaustible gall in my heart and made me unable to forget for a moment that I was a pariah.

"I came to America with brilliant, impossible dreams. Here I would work, here I would produce masterpieces, stimulated by the seething activity, the unhampered liberty, the splendid promise around me! You know what I found,—a place where a man who would live with beauty and art as his ultimate aim must feed on air and feast on moonshine,—who must be overwhelmed as a dreamer and a lunatic beneath the streaming tide of practical activities. There was no market for my pictures, and if I would gain a livelihood, I must fall into the ordinary business groove of the people who surrounded me.

"Nor was my only disappointment a purely personal one. The republican government which at a favorable distance seemed to me the simple reduction to practice of large and ennobling principles, I found on a nearer view, to be impeded by a hundred brawling political parties, corrupted by unscrupulous office-holders and attacked by still more unscrupulous office-seekers; the daily journals were filled with misgovernment in the cities, maladministration at the capital, abuse and obloquy heaped upon the central figure, I had pictured to myself as the most majestic and unimpeachable dignitary of all ages,—the President of the United States! And where were the republican equality and simplicity of manners I had dreamed? The standard of values was a little different, it had become one of fortune rather than of birth, necessarily in a country that had not yet seen its hundredth birthday. But that was all,—the same meanness, the same cringing, fawning snob-bishness, a travesty of Old-World society,—the same ridiculous distinctions that even to a European seem ludicrous when conducted on so lilliputian a scale. The few intelligent elderly Americans with whom I had an opportunity of talking, scattered to the winds my darling political delusions. They who had lived longest under the existing institutions denounced universal suffrage as a failure, liberty of the press as an unbridled nuisance, invading the sanctity of men's most private affairs. Some went even so far as to advocate the abolition of the office of president and the substitution of a limited monarchy, or an electoral life protectorate. Richard Bayard, I would have cut off my hand rather than write home to my college comrades what I found in America!

"Nevertheless, I went bravely enough to work. I began to give lessons and lectures, with the hope of being able to earn

enough to devote myself in time exclusively to producing, whether I sold my pictures or not. Alas! I found that the asphyxiated art-atmosphere, the tedious routine of monotonous grinding work were gradually paralyzing my productive faculties. Even when I had the leisure, I could not paint—my mind seemed stultified. I was constantly haunted by visions of young men of brilliant promise whose talent had prematurely exhausted itself. I grew morbidly distressed, and finally the idea of my incapacity became a monomania. I was in a fever from the moment I touched the brush. My hand trembled, and refused to obey my will. So this was the end of my lofty ambition—I had settled down into the fashionable drawing-master of New York! I grew impatient and indifferent toward my pupils, and gradually all—but one—fell from me. I deserved this, and accepted it doggedly. I had evidently miscalculated my stars when I fancied I was to remain a fashionable teacher. I was to be a beggarly artist starving in the streets. I actually suffered from hunger; I should have suffered from cold if the season had not been in my favor. When Mrs.—when my only remaining pupil paid me the amount of my last quarterly term, do you know what I did with it? I took it into a faro-house, laid it all desperately on a single stake,—and won! In one evening I gained double, treble, fourfold the amount of what I had worked away my soul for during the previous year. From that time I kept myself in a constant state of excitement with gambling and opium to forget my degradation and misery. The opium-eating ceased on the 16th of April,—it would have choked me after that. The gambling continued until my luck changed, and I lost everything I possessed but the clothes on my back. I passed two days sauntering through the streets—I think it was raining. In the afternoon of the second day,—that was yesterday,—I chanced to meet an artist friend, who asked me to dine with him. It was my breakfast, my dinner, my supper, for the previous forty-eight hours. Sandford had seen too much of Bohemian life, I fancy, to be surprised at my ravenous appetite. As we left the café, two burly Irishmen passed us by, and I heard one of them say, 'Damme! I had rather pound stones in the street than be dragged as low as that!' I almost felt as if he were talking to me.

"After my meal with Sandford I felt stronger and better than I had done for

weeks. When I came home, I looked at myself with new eyes. In what respect was I different from that man who need never starve, nor beg, nor stoop to a vile act, while he had health and hands to wrest from the earth a livelihood? Anything would be better than the life I was leading now—a term of manual toil would only be carrying out the communistic ideas to which I had strongly leaned in my early youth. Well, I borrowed these clothes this morning, and I pounded stones on the road. Great God! With all my imagination, I never before realized the abject slavery in which millions of human beings are bound, to keep body and soul together. Yet even they cling to life, and wish to see the sun a little longer, as the saying goes. And as for me, I must wake up to the fact that even that brute, mechanical servitude was better than the use I had been putting my enlightened brain to for the past six months,—and, moreover, that even in this sphere there is no place for me, for Nature refuses to the effeminate bastard the power to dig and delve in her earth."

Azoff ceased. His whole figure and attitude suggested a hopeless dejection, with his elbows resting on his knees, his face supported by both hands, and his eyes blankly fixed in an ominous stare. Dick Bayard did not know how he could speak and at the same time suppress the painful emotion which swelled his heart to bursting. He felt that it was of far less importance at this moment to give vent to his sympathy (which was indeed sufficiently established by the fact of his presence and by his breathless attention to the artist's narration) than to maintain the firm yet gentle tone of authority which would enable him to preserve his beneficial ascendancy over this noble, unbalanced nature.

"There is but one use, Sergius," he said at last, with tolerable composure, "to which I never can believe in putting a human being, as long as he has a brain and limbs that need not be perverted to ignoble ends, and that is to shuffle him into a hole in the ground and shift the responsibility of his foibles on those who brought him forth, or those who come after and who must necessarily suffer for his loss. My ideas concerning life have been greatly influenced, no doubt, by the business community in which I have always dwelt. I do not consider it either a boon to be eternally grateful for, or a burden to be laid aside at pleasure. I consider it a difficult duty which has been imposed

upon us without consulting our desire. The world seems to me an immense working-place,—a factory, if you will,—where each one of us has his special task assigned, which he cannot honorably shirk. A certain amount of labor has to be accomplished, for some universal end which we cannot conceive. The law is Progress; in generations we scarcely see a step of advance. *Eppure si muove!* The only cowardice I recognize is that of the man who doubles the work of his neighbor by deserting his post."

Sergius Azoff did not move.

"I have been listening to you," continued Dick, "with deep interest; but I must beg you in return to listen to me, even if I do not talk with quite so much eloquence. To begin as a patriotic American, I must tell you that there is one grain of wheat for twenty bushels of chaff in all you have rattled forth about America. The truth about this country lies just midway between the Utopian fancies you brought here, and the gloomy conclusions to which you have arrived now. You have made the common mistake of most Europeans of bringing the miniature standard of Europe with which to measure and judge a colossal experiment. In the first place, New York is not America, as Paris is France. Travel over the whole country from New York to San Francisco, from St. Paul to New Orleans, and tell me then that you have been disturbed by the Old-World prejudices of rank and caste. In the second place, you must learn to discriminate between the vulgar noise of a venomous world of ignorant politicians, and the grand, solemn, seldom-heard voice of the American people. It was the former that infested the presidency of General Grant with an infamous clamor of abuse; it was the latter which awarded to him, a second time, the highest honor in its power to bestow—the presidential chair. America is a country where art and beauty must and will thrive, though in the present transition-period of upheaval and reconstruction, it is

impossible to discern what forms they will assume. Wait until you have become better acquainted with the immense forces at work, with the gigantic scale on which the building of cities, the prosperity of a continent, the execution of divinely simple laws is conducted, before you write to your college-friends what is to be found in America. You were right," he went on with visibly increasing emotion, "in saying that Nature refuses a place to you among her delvers and diggers of the soil. Nature makes no mistakes; she does not create a sensitive, receptive brain, an accurate eye, an unerring touch, a poet's imagination, an ardent heart of universal sympathies, for the purpose of securing one more beast of burden. I thank God that you have failed to-day, Sergius Azoff, even though the failure has brought you to the brink of despair. I thank Nature that she has set her irrevocable fiat against degrading to servile uses the hand of the man I love."

Sergius Azoff did not speak, but he dropped his head and hid his burning face within his palms. Dick rose from his seat and moving toward him, laid his own hand gently on the artist's shoulder.

"Sergius," said he, "I came to ask of you a favor which you have not yet granted. Will you sacrifice your pride and condescend to accept help from me until you are better able to help yourself? Look at me,—we have talked out the night,—a new day is dawning."

Sergius started; a violent shudder passed through his frame. He rose and looked Richard full in the face; his eyes were moist, his cheeks were glowing, but his expression was firm and composed.

"You have saved my life," said he: "I lay it at your feet."

And in the gray light of the morning which broke in like a promise and an encouragement, the stately artist in his mean attire and the loyal-eyed American stood and clasped each other's hands.

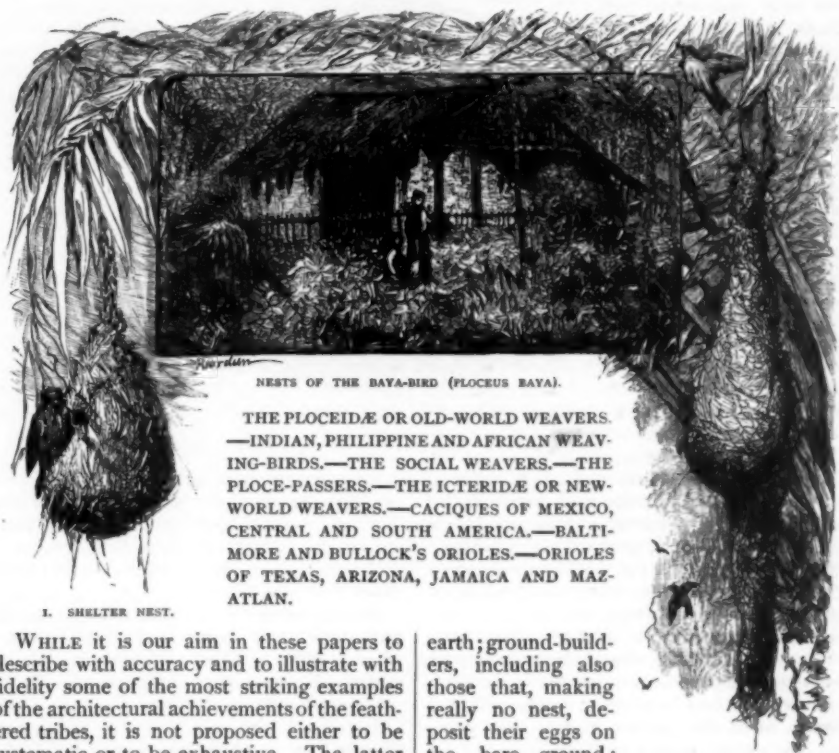
HUGH LATIMER.

His lips amid the flame out-sent
A music strong and sweet,
Like some unearthly instrument
That's played upon by heat.

As spice-wood tough, laid on the coal,
Sets all its perfume free,
The incense of his hardy soul
Rose up exceedingly.

To open that great flower, too cold
Were sun and vernal rain;
But fire has forced it to unfold,
Nor will it shut again.

BIRD ARCHITECTURE.—II.



NESTS OF THE BAYA-BIRD (FLOCEUS BAYA).

THE PLOCEIDÆ OR OLD-WORLD WEAVERS.—INDIAN, PHILIPPINE AND AFRICAN WEAVING-BIRDS.—THE SOCIAL WEAVERS.—THE PLOCE-PASSERS.—THE ICTERIDÆ OR NEW-WORLD WEAVERS.—CACIQUES OF MEXICO, CENTRAL AND SOUTH AMERICA.—BALTIMORE AND BULLOCK'S ORIOLES.—ORIOLES OF TEXAS, ARIZONA, JAMAICA AND MAZATLAN.

1. SHELTER NEST.

WHILE it is our aim in these papers to describe with accuracy and to illustrate with fidelity some of the most striking examples of the architectural achievements of the feathered tribes, it is not proposed either to be systematic or to be exhaustive. The latter would require vastly more space than can be here allotted to so comprehensive a subject, and the former is not practicable. Although nearly half a century ago, Professor Rennie published a very interesting volume, in which he sought to classify the various architectural forms and styles displayed in the construction of nests and substitutes for them, his attempted system was illusory, and contained radical defects. Its chief fault was that it did not admit of general application. The same species of birds often exhibit, at different times, under varying circumstances, such great deviations in habit as to bring them within two, and even three, of the proposed divisions, and any attempt to apply such a classification universally would lead to no end of confusion and inconsistencies.

In these proposed groupings were recognized twelve distinct classes. These are: miners, or birds that make burrows in the

earth; ground-builders, including also those that, making really no nest, deposit their eggs on the bare ground; masons, or birds that

work with plastic materials; carpenters, or those that bore through wood; builders of platforms, basket-makers, weavers, tailors, felt-makers, cementers, builders of domed nests, and parasitic birds.

This arrangement fails to recognize distinctly several very remarkable groups, among them the mound-builders of the Australian hemisphere, which, though at once miners and ground-builders, exhibit other wonderful peculiarities, equally well worthy of separate attention. Probably the greater proportion of the feathered tribes are ground-builders, and among them are members of nearly every family. These differ greatly in their several ways of using this position; some merely hide a frail nest in low and secluded valleys; others resort to open, but high and inaccessible crags. Eagles and vultures are platform-builders when they construct their massive nests in the lofty forest-

2. COMPLETE NEST.

trees. But the same species become ground-builders when the lofty cliff serves them with a more solid platform. Weavers, tailors, and basket-makers so blend their peculiarities together that no line of separation can be drawn between them. Many, owing to varying circumstances, build indifferently—that is, on the ground, on low bushes, or in high trees. Why they so vary in their modes of nesting is not always apparent. At other times, however, the occasion is more evident. In the summer of 1875, so far as was then noticed, all the wild geese in the vicinity of Camp Harney, Oregon, built their nests on the ground, as is the usual practice with this species. But in the following spring their nests were all, or very nearly all, built in trees, high up from the ground. So unusual a procedure at first caused no little surprise; but this remarkable change of habit was seen to be an instinctive foreboding when, soon afterward, unprecedented floods filled the valleys wherein the geese had previously nested in safety.

The herring-gull in Europe nests on the



SHELTER NEST OF MALE GOLD-FRONTED WEAVER-BIRD (*ORIOLINUS ICTEROCEPHALUS*).

ground, in exposed and open situations; while in America the same bird, in large numbers, nests in high trees, or on inaccessible crags; in the one case it is protected and unmolested, but in the other is persecuted and plundered.

Mr. Rennie's classification fails to recognize distinctly a large number of families, which, without being, properly speaking, miners, always occupy similar places of concealment, without having created them. Other birds are not actually carpenters, though they nest in hollow trunks and limbs of trees, since they never excavate their own sites. Of this nature are our own blue-birds.

Such instances as these show the fatal incongruity of this inharmonious, though plausible and ingenious attempt to classify, by its manner of nesting, the entire bird family. While not confining ourselves to any such bed of Procrustes, we may find frequent occasion to accept certain of the more striking and well marked of these styles of architecture, such as may best exemplify the indisputable peculiarities of several well-defined groups.

The present paper illustrates two large families or groups, whose wonderful powers of construction well entitle them to be designated as, *par excellence*, the weavers.

WEAVING-BIRDS.

THE true weavers belong to two very distinct groups, the *ploceidae* of the Old World and the *icteridae* of the Western Hemisphere.



NEST OF PHILIPPINE WEAVER (*PLOCEUS PHILIPPINUS*).

These two families are well marked, are sufficiently divided by natural separations, the one from the other, and, at the same time, have many peculiarities in common. Both families abound in species of brilliant plumage, with bright and glittering colors. But the most remarkable of their common peculiarities, and one which distinguishes them from all other families, is the curiously movable articulation of the upper jaw. In

nearly every other family this is fixed and immovable, but in the weavers of Africa and Asia, and in the so-called orioles of North and South America, is so far movable as to enable them to interweave the material with which they construct their nests, with a celerity and facility that is often truly marvelous.

The Old World weavers are divided into five well-distinguished genera, and by systematists again subdivided into innumerable subdivisions, to which it is no part of our plan to refer. In these are included upward of a hundred different species, of which fully four-fifths are African, and only

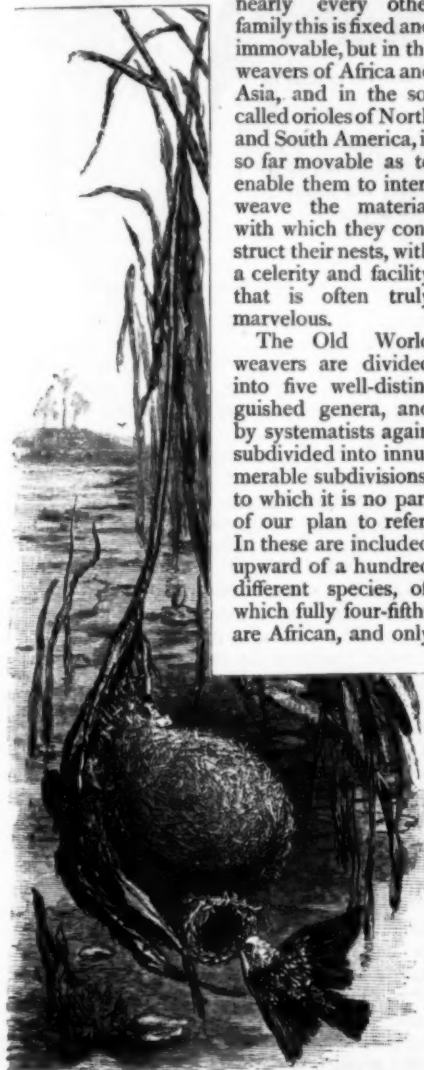
a comparatively small proportion either Indian, or natives of islands south of Asia.

THE BAYA-BIRD.

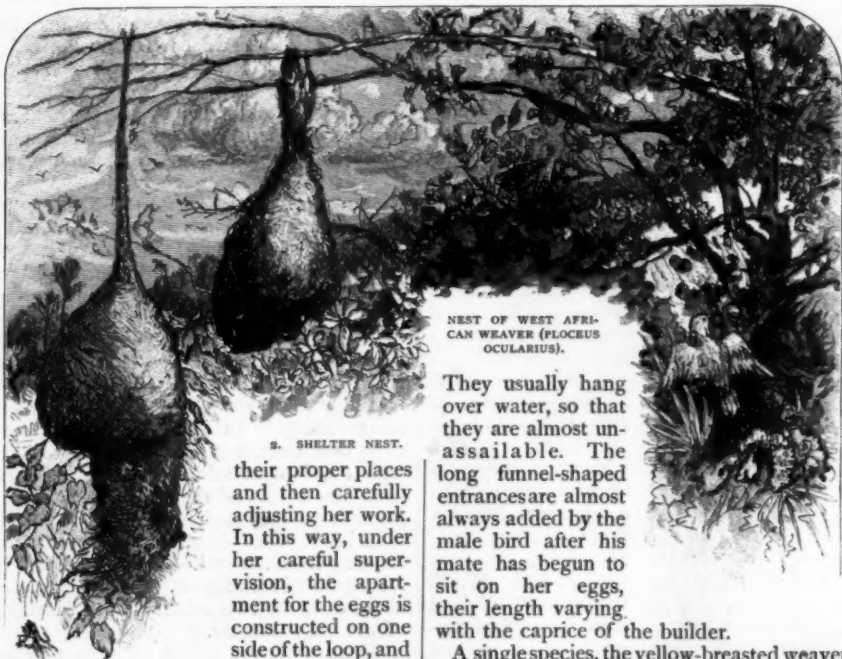
THE nests of the baya of India (*Ploceus baya* of Linnaeus) are probably the most familiar and common in our museums, and its habits the most generally known, of the exotic species of weaving-birds. This, one of the most common birds of Calcutta, builds a long retort-shaped nest, that is a marvel of skill,—elegant and graceful in form, substantial in structure, and weather-proof, even against the down-pouring of an East Indian monsoon. It is usually suspended from the blended stems and leaves of a lofty tree, such as the palm or the babool, for the most part one with spreading branches and a scanty foliage. In India it is rarely seen except on trees, but in some parts of Burmah the bird is said to suspend its nest from the thatch of the pent-roofed houses peculiar to that region. Dr. Jerdon mentions having seen some thirty of these nests hanging from the end of a thatched roof of a bungalow in Rangoon. In one instance above a hundred were observed thus attached all around the house.

These nests are woven of grass plucked when green, and of strips of plantain-leaf, or date-palm, or cocoa-nut; nests made of the last-named material are always smaller, as if these intelligent little architects were well aware that with such strong fiber less material was required. The upper part of this structure is a strong and solid support, varying in length and strength. When woven down to a certain point, where the compartment for the reception of the eggs and for rearing the young and the entrance from below diverge, a strong transverse loop is formed. At this point the structure resembles a basket with a handle, in a reversed position. Nests are often found finished only to this point, and are regarded by some as the shelter-nests of the male birds, but this support exists primarily in all these structures, whether finished or not.

Thus far in building their edifice both sexes have worked together indiscriminately. As soon as the loop is completed, the female assumes the direction of the work. She takes her place on this convenient roosting place, directs her mate, who remains on the outside, what materials to supply. He works only from without, while she diligently weaves on the inside, drawing through, with the aid of her mate, the fibers brought and pushed through by the latter, re-inserting them in



NEST OF STRIATED WEAVER (*PLEOCUS MANYAR*).



1. COMPLETED NEST.

2. SHELTER NEST.

NEST OF WEST AFRICAN WEAVER (PLOCEUS OCULARIUS).

their proper places and then carefully adjusting her work. In this way, under her careful supervision, the apartment for the eggs is constructed on one side of the loop, and the long tubular entrance on the other.

For some unexplained reason, when the nest is partially finished lumps of clay, sometimes as much as three ounces, are stuck on the nest. The natives have the fanciful idea that its purpose is to stick fire-flies on, to light up the apartment. The most probable conjecture is that it is to balance the nest, lest it be blown about by the wind. So powerful a stimulant is the constructive faculty of this little bird that it keeps on adding to the tubular entrance long after his mate has begun to sit on her eggs. At other times he occupies himself in constructing the upper portion of a superfluous nest. The baya always breeds in society; never less than ten nests are found together, and often more than a hundred.

OTHER INDIAN WEAVERS.

In India there are at least four species of weavers, all of them having similar distinctive peculiarities with the baya. They all weave similar nests, closed over at the top with an elaborate covering woven of various materials, and all entered from below through a tubular entrance. Generally these are not pensile, like those of the baya, but attached at the side and top to reeds and bushes.

They usually hang over water, so that they are almost unassailable. The long funnel-shaped entrances are almost always added by the male bird after his mate has begun to sit on her eggs, their length varying with the caprice of the builder.

A single species, the yellow-breasted weaver (*Ploceus hypoxanthus*), unlike the rest, is unsocial in its habits, and, though very abundant, the nest is always solitary, and, though similarly constructed, is supported at the bottom instead of at the top.

PHILIPPINE GROSBECK.

ANOTHER not unfamiliar and one of the most interesting forms of these remarkable structures, is the nest of the Philippine grosbeck of the Indian Archipelago. This differs but little in its general style of construction from the baya, is larger, longer in proportion, and woven of long and flexible fibers of grasses. These are cut out from the edges of a long and fibrous blade of grass by the birds in a most ingenious manner. The bird first marks out the intended length of the selected fiber by biting into the outer edges at two places at a proper distance apart, and then, taking hold of it at the lower end, tears out a long and slender strip. These strips are green and flexible when woven, but become stiff and hard, and protect the inner nest from sun, or storm, or the assaults of enemies. These nests also are found both in the completed form, and in that of an inverted basket with a handle, which is its incomplete form, in which it is used by the male as a place of retreat.

AFRICAN WEAVERS.

MORE than three-fourths of the true weavers are natives of Africa. The best known of these is the golden-crowned weaver (*Oriolus icterocephalus*). These are social in their habits, and nest in companies of ten or fifteen pairs, on trees that overhang water, or

opens downward. Individuals of this species are not unfrequently kept in confinement, become very tame, readily answer to their names when called, and, if supplied with cotton, or thread, or any similar materials, weave it most industriously through the bars of the cage until they form a dense web, which

SOCIAL WEAVER (*PHILESTERUS SOCIUS*.)

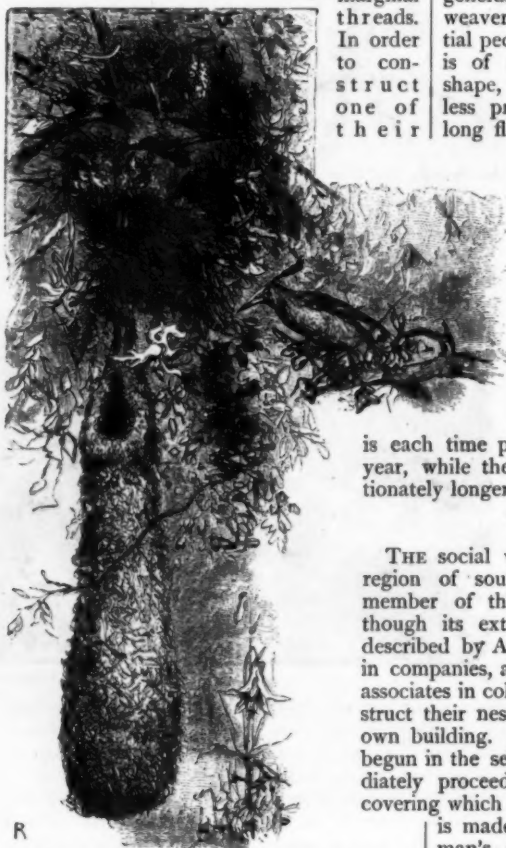
in marshes liable to be overflowed, and also construct both the completed and the unfinished forms of nests, weaving with long coarse grasses. Mr. Layard and Doctor Smith describe these nests as kidney-shaped. Their entrance is on the under side, and

it is not possible to unravel. This work they perform entirely with their bills, as they cling to the sides of their cage with their powerful claws. They are very mischievous and cunning, and will often manage to unfasten the bolts of the cage door and get out. But so

great is their attachment for each other, that one will not attempt to escape through the open window if the companion is still a prisoner.

Another South African species, the black-headed weaver (*Hyphantornis capitis*), builds a nest hardly distinguishable in shape from that of the preceding species, but instead of employing grass, makes use of the outer fibers of a dwarf, thick-leaved, and stemless aloe, with red edges to its leaves. The whole leaf of this plant is full of strong fibers, but from its tough nature the birds are only able to strip off the

marginal threads. In order to construct one of their



NEST OF WAGLER'S CACIQUE (*OCYALUS WAGLERI*).

These industrious birds must deprive many thousands of the aloe leaves of their red edges. In the neighborhood of one of these nests, it is impossible to find a perfect leaf on one of these plants.

We are fortunately able to represent the curious retort-shaped nest of the *Ocularius*, a species of weaver found sparingly on the south-west coast of Africa. It is not a bird of social habit. Its elegant nest is constructed of delicate fibers of bark, closely interwoven with and suspended from the branches of trees. The male and female sit alternately upon the eggs, and are so devoted to their duty that neither will leave their post, even when the nest is removed, but permit themselves to be taken alive.

The nest of the pensile grosbeak (*Ploceus oryx*) of Central Africa resembles in its general characteristics the structures of the weaver family, but differs in several essential peculiarities. It is longer in proportion, is of a more nearly uniform cylindrical shape, and the receptacle for the eggs is less prominent. It is woven of reeds or long flexible grasses, and is suspended in company with many others of its kind, from long drooping branches that overhang water. In shape it is an oblong sack, its entrance is from below, and the receptacle for the eggs is near the top, and the passage to it is through a long funnel-like tube from fifteen to eighteen inches in length. These structures are made use of several years in succession, but are carefully reconstructed each season, and the inner pocket for the eggs

is each time placed below that of the preceding year, while the tubular entrance is made proportionately longer.

THE SOCIAL WEAVER.

The social weaving-bird of the Orange River region of southern Africa is too remarkable a member of this family to be passed unnoticed, though its extraordinary structure has often been described by African travelers. It not only builds in companies, as do most of the family, but always associates in colonies of many individuals, who construct their nests under a common roof of their own building. When one of these structures is first begun in the selected place, the community immediately proceed to construct together the general covering which is to shelter them all. This thatch is made of a coarse strong fiber of Bushman's grass. This being completed, each pair begin to form their own separate nest, of the same material as the roof. The nests are placed close together, side by side against the under surface of the general covering, and when all are completed, the lower surface exhibits an even horizontal

ceiling, perforated with small circular openings. With each breeding season, fresh nests are formed upon the lower surface of those of the preceding year. In this manner, year after year they add to the mass, until at last its excessive weight causes the destruction of the whole, and a new site has to be chosen. The roof is usually firmly interwoven with the branches of a large tree, and often the principal limbs are included within its substance. The illustration of this very remarkable and unique piece of ornithological architecture, which we give on page 261, is taken from the "Magazin Pittoresque."

THE PLOCE-PASSERS.

WE will briefly refer to one more interesting example of ingenious contrivance in another South African species, to which the generic name of *Ploce-passer* has been given, because the bird combines in itself, to a singular degree, the prominent peculiarities of the weaver (*plocei*) and the sparrow (*passer*). It also combines, even more strikingly in its nesting, the typical habits of the two forms. This double relationship is best shown in their funnel-shaped, retort-like nests, which in their form, texture, and entrance from below have the characteristics of the nests of the true weaver, while in the manner in which they are armed they resemble those of the South African sparrows. According to Dr. Smith's descriptions, the entire nest is composed of stalks of grass, the thick extremities of which are so placed as to protrude externally for several inches beyond the more compact structure destined to contain the eggs. Each nest is thus made to bear considerable resemblance to the body of a porcupine when its quills are partially erected, being armed in every direction with numerous projecting spines. Several of the sparrows thus arm their nests, the object being evidently to protect the eggs and the young from the too near approach of snakes. These *Ploce-passers* are remarkably gregarious breeding in large

communities, so that a tree is often completely studded with their curious nests.

NEW-WORLD WEAVERS.

THE true weavers of the New World are not, so far as is now known, either so numer-



NEST OF TORDO DE FIERRO, OR IRON THRUSH (*CASSICULUS MELANICTERUS*).

ous in different species or so abounding in the numbers of the individuals composing them, as are those of the tropical regions of Africa, India and Java, nor have they any really distinctive original English names by which we may designate them. The few species belonging to the American group of weavers, found within the United States, are known as "orioles." This appellation is inappropriate, because it is preoccupied and belongs to birds of the Old World of a very different family. The Baltimore oriole of the central and north-eastern states, Bullock's



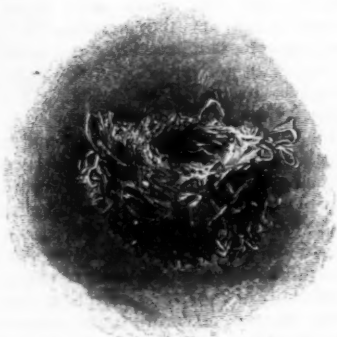
NORMAL AND DOUBLE NESTS OF BULLOCK'S ORIOLE
(*ICTERUS BULLOCKII*).

oriole of the Pacific region, and the orchard oriole, of the area east of the Mississippi, are the best known and most familiar members of this large family. In the entire group there are about eighty species, of which fully two-thirds are South American. The remainder are distributed over Central America, Mexico, the West Indies and the United States. These very naturally separate into two very distinct groups, the larger form being known as caciques (*cassicus* and *ocyalus*), and the smaller and more numerous "orioles" (*icterus*). About one-third belong to the caciques, and although very little is known in regard to their habits generally, enough has been ascertained to show that they are hardly at all behind the weavers of the eastern hemisphere in the skill, ingenuity or industry which they display in their wonderful architectural achievements. Like their relatives of the Old

World, the American weavers are nearly all conspicuous for the brilliant contrasts of their plumage.

CACIQUES.

Of the larger group of caciques we shall present three well-marked examples, whose architectural accomplishments are quite as



NEST OF ORCHARD ORIOLE (*ICTERUS SPURIUS*).

striking and peculiar as those of their eastern relatives, though much simpler and

NORMAL NEST OF HOODED ORIOLE (*ICTERUS CUCULLATUS*).

quite different in their style. The American weavers, so far as is known, all make their entrance to their cylindrical nests at the top, and the chamber for the eggs is placed at the bottom. These three typical examples are Wagler's cacique or *Ocyalus Wagleri* of Central America, the iron thrush or *Cassiculus melanicterus* of Western Mexico, and the crested cacique or *Cacicus citreus* of Brazil.

The nest of the Central American cacique resembles a large pendent bag or pouch, the whole external length of which, inclusive of the upper portions above the entrance, constituting the attachments, is about three and a half feet. The pouch itself is thirty inches in length, in shape a rounded segment of a cylinder, with a diameter of about thirteen inches. Above the entrance of this nest is an ingenious and curiously contrived arching roof, which is at once a complete shelter to the nest from the weather and a very strong support. It is very thoroughly and firmly interwoven with and bound around the tough pendent branches of some large overhanging tree. The entire structure is homogeneous in the character of the material of which it is composed, being a very elaborate interweaving of the long and flexible tendrils and branches of climbing and running vines. These are made use of while yet fresh, in their green condition, and a large proportion still retain the withered leaves that were attached to them when alive. The inner nest is also lined and the interstices of the fabric partially filled with

the same leaves. Evidently this structure is begun by the building of the overarching roof, firmly bound to and interwoven with the leaves and twigs of a drooping branch. One side is left open for the entrance. The opposite side is closed or left partly open, when resting against a large limb or the trunk. From the two ends of this arch, using the same materials, the birds work downward, and weave a somewhat coarse-appearing but very strong and unassailable nest. The walls are firm and thick, but perfectly pervious to light and air except at the base, where it is lined and floored with leaves and fine tendrils. These nests must require a long period of very industrious application in their construction, and when once completed undoubtedly are resorted to for several successive seasons. The general habits of this species are little known, and it is a matter well worthy of inquiry to ascertain whether the males of this species ever, like their African co-weavers, build for themselves a sheltering roof without the appended sack, or true nest.

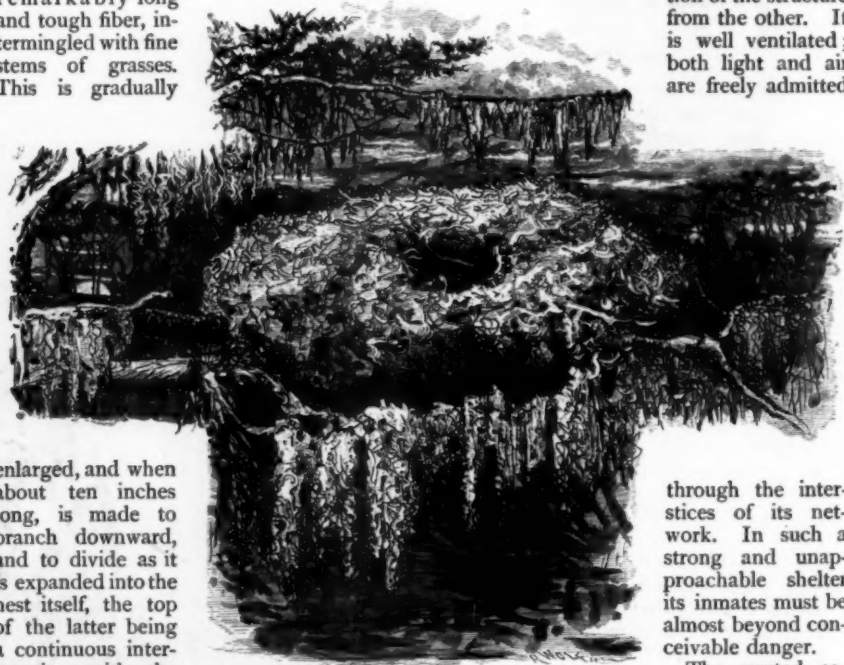
The Mexican cacique — *Cassiculus*

NEST OF CRESTED CACIQUE (*CACICUS CITREUS*).

melanicterus of authors—builds a very long hanging-nest from the drooping branches of a lofty tree, and in some respects its structure is very peculiar. At first the birds build firmly together several strong flexible twigs at the end of a branch. They then weave therefrom a strong pendent cable, using the long branches of a local species of *tillandsia*, or Spanish-moss, of a remarkably long and tough fiber, intermingled with fine stems of grasses. This is gradually

thirty-six inches. This structure is also entirely homogeneous as to its materials, being chiefly composed of long fibers of *tillandsia*, interwoven with which are long stems of grasses and stouter pieces of fibrous plants. Its walls are thick and strong, and the interweaving is made so thoroughly, from top to bottom, that human strength alone cannot

easily tear one portion of the structure from the other. It is well ventilated; both light and air are freely admitted



UNUSUAL NEST OF ICTERUS CUCULLATUS OR HOODED ORIOLE.

enlarged, and when about ten inches long, is made to branch downward, and to divide as it is expanded into the nest itself, the top of the latter being a continuous interweaving with the pendent cable, where it divides into two short arms above the opening into the nest itself, which orifice is at its upper part. The length of these singular cable-like attachments is about eighteen inches. Below its entrance the nest extends downward, in the shape of a long and narrow bag, to a length varying in different examples from three and a half to four feet. The total length from top to bottom of some of these structures is over five feet—a size very remarkable, and quite disproportionate to that of the bird, which is not larger than our blue-jay.

At the top and down to about one-third of its upper portion, the diameter is only about six inches. It then gradually enlarges and near the base has a circumference of

through the interstices of its network. In such a strong and unapproachable shelter its inmates must be almost beyond conceivable danger.

The crested cacique of Brazil (*Cacicus citreus*) weaves

a nest somewhat similar to that of the *melanicterus*; but not so long and of a much larger diameter. It is purse-like in shape; has an opening on one side, near its top; hangs down from the ends of long, spreading branches, and is almost unapproachable. Though it sways with every breeze, the thickness and softness of the walls protect the contents from all possible accidents. The nest is very strongly woven of coarse material, but very firmly plaited and interlaced, and, owing to its great size, is very conspicuous as it is swayed back and forth in the wind, with the boughs from which it is suspended.

The crested cacique is the largest and one of the most beautiful of the oriole family.

The rich chocolate of its body sets off to great advantage its dark-green wings and its conspicuous brilliant yellow tail. It seems to be fond of human society, and weaves its curious pensile structure close to the habitations of man. It is also a very abundant species, and its brilliant plumage is said to produce a very striking effect, as its variegated colors appear at frequent intervals among the tropical foliage of its native forests.

ORIOLES.

HARDLY inferior in the simple beauty of their architectural design, though less imposing in their dimensions, are the swinging nests of our more northern orioles,—the Baltimore, of the Atlantic states, and Bullock's oriole, found from our great central plains to the shores of the Pacific. They construct nests much alike in their general peculiarities, though both vary greatly in the materials of which they are wrought, and also in their size and shape. In certain respects they are uniform. They are pendent pouches of a cylindrical shape, fastened to, and suspended from, the forked twigs usually near the extremity of a branch of a large tree. The usual materials are the hemp-like filaments of certain wild plants, which they are able to interweave with a rapidity, a facility, and a skill that appear incredible. In the wilder portions of the country the nests of both species are more uniformly woven of a few simple materials. But the nests built in the parks of our cities and in large villages often bear witness to the readiness with which these ingenious architects avail themselves of more convenient material, when within their reach. In one instance a pair of Baltimores found a piece of strong twine nearly twelve yards in length. With one end of this desirable implement, the birds first strongly bound together the stiff, upright twigs at the top of an apple-tree; then, making a series of circular loops to form the opening, they next proceeded to interweave the remainder into the outer framework of their pouch-like nest, and afterward filled up the whole with the usual finer webbing, and warmly lined it within by the use of softer materials. This nest is now in the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, Cambridge.

Bullock's oriole also exhibits considerable variation in the materials used in the weaving of its nest, fibrous grasses being the more common. These also differ in their mode of construction, owing to circumstances and their situation. In

one built in a pine-tree, the pair very ingeniously employed the long, straight, needle-like leaves of the terminal branchlets, making them serve as the upper portion of the nest, interweaving with them the material of which the rest was made. Another, suspended from the forked twigs of an oak, was draped with its leaves almost to concealment, and by their use was arched over and roofed in at the top.

AN ORIOLE WITH TWO WIVES.

THE usual typical appearances of these interesting nests are well represented in our illustrations. But we present another wholly abnormal and unique in character. Bullock's oriole, and indeed the whole family of *Icteride*, are presumed to be strictly monogamous. The members of this brilliant and showy race are supposed to be models of conjugal devotion, fidelity, and purity of domestic life. A remarkable instance of exceptional departure from this usual exemplary propriety is here brought to the notice of our readers. Our illustration presents a faithful representation of a nest of this species, found among the mount-



NEST OF JAMAICA ORIOLE (ICTERUS LEUCOPTERYX).

ains of Colorado by Mr. Edwin Carter, a skillful taxidermist and scientific gentleman of Breckenridge. When this nest was taken from its position, early in July, it was found to be constructed in two distinct apartments, but forming one structure, and presided over by one male with two female

mates. The upper nest was occupied by a female sitting upon four eggs, on the point of hatching. Another occupied the lower compartment, but her single egg had but just been deposited, and was quite fresh. These facts show that the upper portion of this structure had been built in the usual manner by the pair. After it had been completed, and the bird-wife had begun her parental duties, her lord and master took to himself another partner, and enlarged their structure in a fashion quite irregular, by the lower apartment. The bird-wife number two was just beginning her conjugal responsibilities when the spoiler came, and their two-storied home, with all its unexampled suggestions of the untoward influences of a too near exposure to the immoral atmosphere of Salt Lake City, became a striking feature of Mr. Carter's museum, and affords our readers an unlooked-for glimpse into the irregularities from which, as it appears, not even bird life is exempt.

As this is a wholly unprecedented instance of a plurality of wives on the part of any member of the oriole family, we add the abridged account of its history, as given in the letter of Mr. Carter. The nest was discovered on the 13th of June, in a cotton-wood grove on an island in Grand River, Colorado, a female being at work constructing the nest. It was attached to the branchlets of one of the central and uppermost forks of a cotton-wood tree, and was about seventy feet from the ground. Examined through a glass, it was seen to be nearly completed. At this time there was but the single upper apartment. Nothing more was seen of it until July 3rd, when, on ascending to the nest, three orioles—one male and two females—manifested the usual anxiety of this bird when its home is invaded. The presence of two females led to the supposition of there being two nests, until the reality was ascertained. From the original nest four eggs were taken, and these were found to contain large embryos, while in the appended apartment only a single fresh egg had been deposited,—showing conclusively that the supplementary nest was commenced some time after the completion of the original structure.

A large number of species belonging to this family, most of them a little smaller than the Baltimore, and resident in the United States, in Mexico, Central and South America, and in the West India Islands, construct nests quite as remarkable for the



NEST OF THE SPOTTED ORIOLE.

curiously intricate and ingenious manner in which they are woven, as any of their relatives. They are, for the most part, smaller, and are essentially different in their style of architecture.

Among these, we will only mention the orchard oriole of the United States, the hooded oriole, and Scott's oriole of Texas and Mexico, the *leucopteryx* of Jamaica, and the *pustulatus* of western Mexico. All, except the last-named, build hemispherical nests, open at the top, comparatively shallow, suspended by elaborate fastening from small twigs at the extremities of branches, and all are curiously and intricately interwoven with various suitable materials. The orchard oriole, the best known of these, makes a smoothly and elaborately woven nest of long, tough, and flexible grasses, reticulated, with all the exactness and neatness of net-work. One of the long fibers of grass taken from a nest of this bird, was found to be thirteen inches in length, and to have been passed through and returned no less than thirty-four times.

The hooded oriole of Texas usually builds a hemispherical nest similar to that of the orchard, but at times makes use of a

tangled mass of Spanish moss, omits to avail itself of its skill as a weaver, and places within this shelter a much simpler structure. Scott's oriole of Arizona weaves a hemispherical and similar nest, but rests it on a firm base, and does not suspend it from its upper edges. The oriole of Jamaica (*leucopteryx*), often uses no other materials than the long hair of the horse and other animals, and with this material weaves a remarkably neat structure of hair-cloth, as smoothly and uniformly woven as if made by human hands.

The nests of the oriole of Mazatlan (*Icterus pustulatus*) differ in very many important respects from the structures of any of this genus of which there is any account. They are very large for the bird, measuring about thirty inches in length; are arched over at the top, the entrance being about six inches below the upper portion. In some respects it is a miniature of the nests of the caciques, but is smaller in proportion, and is less strongly woven, especially the outer portion. The upper portion is somewhat like that of the *Ocyalus Wagleri*, as described above. The slender and drooping branches of an overarching tree are firmly bound together and interwoven with fine strips of the inner bark of deciduous trees and flax-like fibers of vegetables, forming a strong,

rope-like appendage that widens out into separate folds, which descend in oblong semicircles to meet and re-unite below, and thus form the rounded, oval-shaped entrance to the nest. The lower portion of this circular rim is much stouter and stronger than the upper part. Opposite to this entrance the walls of the nest descend with a continuous soft interweaving of long strips of bark and vegetable fibers. The same materials, interwoven with the rope-like ring that makes the entrance, are made use of to form the large and capacious pouch that constitutes the nest. This is about two feet in length below the opening. Its diameter is about six inches near the top, and becomes nearly twelve at the base. This enlarged portion, where the bottom has been strengthened by a thick lining of soft leaves and finer vegetable fiber, is the receptacle for the eggs and the abode of the callow young. Coarse strips of bark and soft reeds, loosely interwoven, hang down on the outside, and give the entire structure the appearance of being a mere mass of loose materials. These are but a cover, and conceal the inner weaving, which is really more fine and compact than it seems. The Mazatlan species is about the size of the common orchard oriole; but the nests of the two birds, as our illustrations show, are very unlike.

NIGHT AND MORNING.

I HELD my hand out in the night,
A falling spark of dazzling light,
A fiery atom, burning bright
Dropped on my upturned palm.
I stretched my hand out in the morn,
A flake of snow just newly born
Fell on my fingers, weak and worn,—
A drop of cooling balm.

The coal became a lifeless thing,
From which the fire had taken wing,
Leaving behind a cruel sting,—
A branded mark of red.
The snow-flake warmed and melted here
Into a drop of crystal clear,—
A sympathetic, hopeless tear,
Of deep compassion bred.

Two loves! One heart, whose sudden flame
Fired all the pulses of my frame,
Then faded quickly, as it came
Before my saddened face!
The other, cold, but true as fate,
Showing his soul to mine too late
To lift me to his high estate,
Or move me from my place.

MISERY'S PEAR-TREE.

AN ANCIENT LEGEND OF FLANDERS.



ST. WANON'S BLESSING.

ONCE upon a time, there lived in the village of Vicq, on the banks of the Scheldt, a good woman called Misery who went about begging from door to door. In those days the village of Vicq was little better than a hamlet. It lay on the edge of a marsh, and there were only a few miserable farms covered with rushes to be seen. Misery dwelt apart in a lonely hut plastered with clay, where her sole companion was her dog, Faro, and her worldly goods were a staff and a scrip, which too often she brought back almost empty. To tell the truth, however, she had besides in a little inclosure, behind her hovel, a tree—a single one. This tree was a pear-tree so beautiful that its like was never seen since the famous apple-tree of the garden of Eden. The only delight that Misery experienced in this world was to eat the fruit of her garden, that is of her pear-tree.

Unhappily, the little boys of the village came to rob her inclosure. Every day Misery started forth with Faro to beg; but in the autumn Faro remained at home to guard the pears, and it was heart-breaking

to both, for the poor woman and the poor dog loved each other with a great affection.

Now there came a winter in which for two whole months it hailed fit to break the very stones. Then there fell such a snow that the wolves left the woods and came into people's houses. It was a terrible time for the whole country, and Misery and Faro suffered more than the rest. One evening when the wind howled and the snow piled up in great drifts, the two unfortunates were nestling close to keep each other warm before the dying embers on the hearth, when a knock was heard on the door. Always whenever any one came near the cabin, Faro barked with rage, thinking that it was the little marauders. This evening, on the contrary, he began to whimper gently and to wag his tail as a mark of joy.

"For the love of God," cried a pleading voice, "open your door to a poor man who is perishing of cold and hunger!"

"Pull the latch-string," answered Misery. "It shall never be said that in such a time as this I would keep one of the dear Lord's creatures outside."

The stranger entered; he seemed even older and more miserable than Misery, and had no other covering than a blue frock all in tatters.

"Sit you down, my good man," said Misery. "You have come to a very poor place, but I have still something left to warm you up with."

She put her last stick on the fire and gave the old man three morsels of bread and a pear, which was all she had left. Very soon the flame leaped up and the old man ate with a hearty appetite. Now, while he ate, Faro licked his feet.

When her guest had finished, Misery wrapped her old coverlet of fustian around him and forced him to lie down upon her cot, while for herself, she settled herself to sleep with her head resting on her stool.

In the morning, Misery was the first to awake.

"I have nothing left," she said to herself, "and my guest will go hungry. Let us see if there is no way to go and beg something in the village."

She put her head out of the door; the snow had ceased to fall, and the sun shone

as if it were a spring day. She turned back to get her staff and saw the stranger risen and ready to leave.

"What," said she, "are you going already?"

"My mission is fulfilled," replied the unknown, "and I have to go to give account to my master. I am not what I seem; I am Saint Wanon, the patron of the parish of Condé, and I have been sent by the Good Father, to see how my faithful ones practice charity, which is the first of the Christian virtues. I have knocked at the doors of the burgomaster and the burghers of Condé; I have knocked at the doors of the lord and the farmers of Vicq; the burgomaster and the burghers of Condé, the lord and the farmers of Vicq have let me freeze at their thresholds. Thou alone hast had pity upon me, and thou art as wretched as I. God will reward thee; make a wish and it shall come to pass."

Misery crossed herself and fell on her knees.

"Great Saint Wanon," said she, "I no longer marvel that Faro licked your feet, but it is not for reward that I do a charity. Besides, I have need of nothing."

"Thou art too destitute of everything to have no wants; speak, what wilt thou have?"

Misery kept silent.

"Wilt thou have a beautiful farm, with the granary full of wheat, the wood-house full of wood, the cupboard full of bread? Wilt thou have riches? Wilt thou have honors? Wilt thou be a duchess? Wilt thou be a queen?"

Misery shook her head.

"A saint who has any self-respect ought not to be under obligation to a poor woman," returned Saint Wanon, with an air of pique. "Speak, or I shall think thou refusest me from pride."

"Since you insist upon it, great Saint Wanon, I will obey. I have there in my garden a pear-tree which gives me most beautiful pears; unfortunately, the young rogues in the village come to rob me of them, and I am forced to leave poor Faro at home to mount guard. Grant that whoever climbs my pear-tree may not come down without my permission."

"Amen!" replied Saint Wanon, smiling at her simplicity, and after having given her his blessing, he set out upon his journey.

The blessing of Saint Wanon brought good luck to Misery, and from that time forth, she never returned home with an empty sack. Spring followed winter, sum-

mer, spring, and autumn, summer. The little boys, seeing Misery go off with Faro, climbed up the pear-tree and stuffed their pockets; but, when they undertook to come down they found they were caught fast in a trap.

Misery, on her return, beheld them perched up in the tree, left them there a good while, and, when in the kindness of her heart she let them go, set Faro barking at their heels. They did not dare to come again; the villagers themselves avoided passing the enchanted tree, and Misery and Faro lived as happy as one can live here below.

Toward the end of the autumn, Misery was enjoying herself in her garden in the sun, when she heard a voice crying, "Misery! Misery! Misery!" This voice was so mournful that the good woman began to tremble in every limb and Faro howled as though there had been a corpse in the house.

She turned around and saw a man, tall, lean, yellow and old, old as a patriarch. This man carried a scythe as long as a hop-pole.

Misery recognized Death.

"What do you want, man of God?" said she in an altered voice; "and what have you come for with that scythe?"

"I come to do my work. Come, my good Misery, thine hour hath struck; thou must follow me."

"Already!"

"Already? But thou shouldst thank me, thou who art so poor, so old and so crippled."

"Not so poor nor so old as you think for, master. I have bread in the cupboard and wood in the pile; I shall be only ninety-five come Candlemas, and as for being crippled, I am as straight as you on my legs, without offense be it said."

"Go to! Thou wilt be much better off in paradise."

"We know what we lose, what we gain by change we know not," said Misery, philosophically. "Besides, it would grieve Faro so much."

"Faro shall follow thee. Come, make up thy mind."

Misery sighed. "Grant me at least a few moments, till I tidy up a bit, I should not like to make the people in the other world ashamed of me."

Death consented.

Misery put on her best gown of flowered Indian muslin which she had had for more than thirty years, her white bonnet and her old Silesian mantle, all worn but without a

hole or a spot, which she never wore except on the great saints' days.

While dressing herself she cast a last glance upon her cabin and called to mind her pear-tree. A strange thought came into her head, and she could hardly keep back a smile.

"While I am getting ready, will you kindly do me a service, man of God?" said she to Death. "If you will get up into my pear-tree and pluck me the three pears which are left, I can eat them on my journey."

"Be it so," said Death, and he got up into the pear-tree.

He plucked the three pears, and attempted to come down, but, to his great surprise, he was unable to stir from the tree.

"Ho! Misery!" cried he; "help me to get down. I believe this cursed tree is bewitched."

Misery came to the door-way. Death was making superhuman efforts with his long arms and his long legs, but every time that he got himself free from the tree, the tree, as if it were a living creature, took hold of him again and folded him in its long branches.

"My soul!" said she, "I am not at all in a hurry to go to paradise. Thou art very well off. Stay where thou art, my good fellow. The human race will owe me a debt of gratitude."



DEATH'S MISHAP.

And Misery shut her door and left Death perched up in her pear-tree.

At the end of a month, as Death no

longer did his work, everybody was astonished to find that there had not been a single loss of life at Vicq, at Fresnes, and at Condé. The astonishment was redoubled at the end of the next month, especially when it was learned that it was the same at Valenciennes, at Douai, at Lille and throughout all Flanders.

A like thing had never been heard of, and when the new year came in, it was known by the almanac that the same thing had happened in France, in Belgium, in Holland, as well as with the Austrians, the Swedes and the Russians.

The year went by, and it was a settled fact that for fifteen months there had not been throughout the entire world a single case of death. All the sick had got well without the doctors knowing how nor why, which had not at all prevented them from taking to themselves all the credit of the cures.

This year rolled round like the previous one, without any deaths, and when it came to St. Sylvester's day, from one end of the land to the other men embraced one another and congratulated themselves on having become immortal. There were public rejoicings, and they had a fête in Flanders, such as had not been seen since the world was.

The good Flemings no longer having any fear of dying from indigestion, or from gout or apoplexy, ate and drank their fill. It was calculated that in three days each person ate a bushel of grain without counting meat and vegetables, and drank a barrel of beer, to say nothing of Geneva and brandy.

I confess for my part that I find it hard to believe this, but all the same the world was never so happy and nobody suspected Misery of being the cause of this universal felicity; Misery did not boast of it, from modesty.

All went well for ten, twenty, thirty years; but, at the end of thirty years it was not a rare thing to see old men of one hundred and ten and one hundred and twenty years, which ordinarily is the age of the most extreme decrepitude. Now, these last, loaded down with infirmities, with memory gone, blind and deaf, deprived of taste, feeling and smell, insensible of the slightest enjoyment, began to find that immortality is not at all the great blessing which it had been at first thought to be. They were seen dragging themselves along in the sun, bent double over their staffs, with hoary locks, shaking heads, sightless eyes, coughing,

tottering, their flesh gone, out of shape, withered up, like so many enormous snails. The women were even more horrible than the men.

The feeblest of the old men kept their beds and there was not a house where you did not find five or six beds where the ancestors babbled to the great weariness of their great-grandsons and the sons of their great-grandsons.

They were even obliged to get them together in immense hospitals where each new generation was occupied in taking care of the preceding ones who could not be cured of life. More than this, as there were no longer any wills made, nobody inherited anything and the new generations possessed nothing of their own, all the property belonging by law to the great-grandfathers and great-great-grandfathers, who could not enjoy it.

Under invalid kings, governments grew weak, laws relaxed, and soon the immortals, sure of not being punished after death, gave themselves up to every crime; they pillaged, robbed, burned, but alas, they could not kill!

In every kingdom the cry "Long live the king" became a seditious cry, and was forbidden under the severest penalties, with the exception of the penalty of death. This was not all. As the animals did not die, any more than the men, soon the earth was so overrun with inhabitants that it could not nourish them; then came a terrible famine, and men wandering half naked through the fields for want of a roof to cover their heads, suffered cruelly from hunger, without being able to die of it.

If Misery had only known of this frightful state of things she would not have been willing to prolong it, even at the price of life, but, accustomed of old to privations and infirmities, she and Faro suffered less from them than others; and then they had become, as it were, deaf and blind, and Misery did not take much account of what was going on about her.

Then men set themselves to work, with as much ardor to seek their final end as they had hitherto done to avoid it. They had recourse to the most subtle poisons and the most deadly weapons; but weapons and poisons only injured their bodies without destroying them.

Formidable wars were decreed. With common accord, in order to render one another the service of mutual destruction, nations rushed to arms, each against the

other; but they inflicted the most frightful calamities without succeeding in killing a single man. A Congress of Death was assembled; the doctors flocked to it from the four quarters of the globe; there came white, black, yellow and copper-colored; and they all sought together for a remedy against life, without being able to find it. A prize of ten millions was offered to whomsoever it might be that should discover it; all the doctors wrote pamphlets on life, as they used to do on cholera, and they did not cure this disease any more than the other.

It was a more dreadful calamity than the deluge, for it lasted longer and there appeared no sign of its ever coming to an end.

Now, at this time, there was in Condé a most learned physician, who spoke almost altogether in Latin, and whom they called Dr. De Profundis. He was a most worthy man, who, in the good old times, had helped off many a poor body into the other world, and who now was disgusted at being unable to cure any one. One evening when he was coming from dining with the mayor of Vicq, he lost his way in the marsh. Chance brought him near Misery's garden, and he heard a plaintive voice, which said:

"Oh, who will set me free, and who will deliver the land from immortality, a hundred times worse than the pestilence!"

The learned doctor lifted up his eyes, and his delight was only equaled by his surprise; he had recognized Death.

"What, is it you, my old friend," said he, "*quid agis in hac pyro* perched? What are you doing up there in the pear-tree?"

"Nothing at all, Dr. De Profundis, and that is what makes me so unhappy," replied Death; "lend me your hand to get down."

The good doctor gave him his hand, and Death made such an effort to get himself out of the tree, that he lifted the doctor off the ground.

The pear-tree immediately seized hold of him and held him in its branches.

De Profundis struggled in vain; he was obliged to keep company with Death.

There was much astonishment the next day and the day after when he failed to appear. As he gave no sign of life they had him placarded and advertised in the "Gazette," but it was labor lost. De Profundis was the first man that had disappeared from Condé for many a year. Had he then found out the secret of dying, and had he, heretofore so generous, kept it for himself alone?

All the inhabitants of Condé set out upon the search, and they beat up the country so well in every sense of the word that they came upon the garden of Misery. At their approach the doctor waved his handkerchief as a signal of distress.

"This way!" he cried to them. "This way, my friends; here he is, here is Death! I was right in my pamphlet, I said we should find him in the marsh of Vicq, the true nest of the cholera. I have got him at last, but *non possumus descendere*,—we can't get down from this cursed pear-tree."

"Long live Death!" shouted the Condéans in chorus, and they approached without fear.

The first comers held out their hands to Death and the doctor, but, like the doctor, they were taken off the ground and seized by the branches of the tree. Very soon the pear-tree was entirely covered with men. Wonderful to relate, it grew in proportion as it got hold of people. Those who came afterward took the others by the feet, others hung on to these, and all together formed the rings of several chains of men which extended to the distance of a musket-shot. But in vain was it that the last ones pulled with all their might, they could not pull off their friends from the accursed tree. They took it into their hands to cut down the pear-tree; they started off to hunt up axes, and began to chop all at once; alas! they could not even see the marks of their blows.

They looked at one another entirely confounded, and did not know what saint to call on, when Misery was attracted by the noise, and asked the cause of it. They explained to her what had been going on for so long a time, and she comprehended the evil she had unintentionally caused.

"I alone can set Death free, and I consent to do it, but on one condition, that Death does not come for us, Faro and me, until I have called him three times."

"Agreed," said Death.

"Come down, I give you permission!" said Misery, and Death, the doctor, and the rest fell from the tree like so many over-ripe pears.

Death set himself at work without leaving his place, and sent off those who were in the greatest hurry, but every one wanted to be first. The great man saw that he would have too much on his hands. To assist him, he raised an army of doctors and appointed Dr. De Profundis general-in-chief.

A few days sufficed to Death and the doctor to relieve the earth of the excess of the living, and everything got back into order again. Everybody who was more than a hundred years old, had the right to die and did so, with the exception of Misery, who held herself quiet, and who, since then, has not yet called Death three times.

That is the reason, they say, why Misery is always with us in the world.

AFTER THE QUARREL.

HUSH, my pretty one. Not yet.

Wait a little, only wait.

Other blue flowers are as wet

As your eyes, outside the gate

He has shut forever.—But

Is the gate forever shut?

Just a young man in the rain

Saying (the last time?) "good-night!"

Should he never come again

Would the world be ended quite?

Where would all these rose-buds go?—

All these robins? Do you know?

But—he will not come? Why, then,

Is no other within call?

There are men, and men, and men—

And these men are brothers all!

Each sweet fault of his you'll find

Just as sweet in all his kind.

None with eyes like his? Oh—oh!

In diviner ones did I

Look, perhaps, an hour ago.

Whose? Indeed (you must not cry)

Those I thought of—are not free

To laugh down your tears, you see.

Voice like his was never heard?

No,—but better ones, I vow;

Did you ever hear a bird?—

Listen, one is singing now!

And his gloves? His gloves? Ah, well,

There are gloves like his to sell.

At the play to-night you'll see,

In mock-velvet cloaks, mock ears

With mock-jeweled swords—that he

Were a clown by! —Now, those curls

Are the barber's pride, I say;

Do not cry for them, I pray.

If no one should love you? Why,

You can love some other still:

Philip Sidney, Shakspeare, ay,

Good King Arthur, if you will;

Raphael—he was handsome too.

Love them, one and all. I do.

LYING AS A FINE ART:

AND THE CLAIMS OF REV. SAMUEL PETERS AS AN ARTIST.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY, in one of his most brilliant essays—one which fairly boils over with fun, and which can only have been written when he was thrilling all through with the exhilarating effects of his favorite opium—has devoted some fifty pages to a consideration, from a new point of view, of the crime of murder. He treats it æsthetically, as he would a production of the fine arts. Of course it is not to be supposed, for a moment, that Mr. De Quincey differed in his estimate of the reprehensible character of this crime from other moralists. In fact, he has not hesitated to place his opinion on record, in this very essay to which reference has been made, that murder is "an improper line of conduct—highly improper." But while he admits this, he contends that as "a grim phagedenic ulcer may be so superbly defined, and may run so regularly through all its natural stages," that it may be regarded by the benevolent surgeon with admiration, and styled "a beautiful cancer," so murder may have its

ideal or perfect state; and while *per se* it is to be frowned upon, yet relatively it may be regarded as displaying greater or less merit in the murderer; and the very enormity of the crime may be deemed a perfection.

We have been reminded of what Mr. De Quincey has said by the appearance of a new edition of "The History of Connecticut," by the Rev. Samuel Peters, which was first published in England in 1781,—a book which probably contains as great a number of remarkable falsehoods as any ever published.

Now, a professed history, of which the most remarkable thing that can be said is, that it is a tissue of lies from beginning to end, may be thought to be entirely without value, and not entitled to a moment's attention. This would be the case, if it were not that its very exaggerations and falsehoods are of such a character as to remove it entirely above the range of the ordinary canons of criticism, and to demand that it should

be judged æsthetically, by the nearness of its approach to ideal lying.

There is, for instance, the well-known book, in which the Baron Munchausen has given an account of his travels. Who believes a single one of the marvelous stories with which it is embellished? Yet the very extravagance of its falsehoods has raised this book into the field of high art. Diedrich Knickerbocker's "History of New York" is of small value as history, but how little does this fact interfere with its taking a high position among the choicest specimens of our American literature!

So the falsehoods and exaggerated statements with which the Rev. Samuel Peters has embellished his so-called "History of Connecticut," are of such an amusing character, and display such a sublime indifference to truth, that they are not to be judged of as falsehoods, but are to be judged æsthetically; and our task at the present time will be only to hold up the choice passages in the history to the admiration of our readers, and then to estimate the claims of the book to rank as a classic with such works as we have just mentioned.

Before proceeding further, it should perhaps be premised, that the author of this "History of Connecticut," the Rev. Samuel Peters, was a native of that state, having been born in the town of Hebron, in 1735. He was graduated at Yale College, in 1757. In 1760, he went to England for episcopal ordination, and, on his return, took charge of a small Episcopal church in his native town. At the time of the excitement which attended the opening struggle of the Revolutionary war, he made himself especially obnoxious to the patriots of the day by his activity in asserting the royal claims, and, in consequence, received some indignities from a mob of perhaps three hundred persons who surrounded his house. It does not appear, however, that he suffered any serious personal violence; but he became alarmed for his safety, and, about 1774, went to England, highly exasperated against his countrymen, and especially against the people of his native state. While in England, he employed himself in reviling the colonists in the periodicals of the day; and, in 1781, published in London this "History of Connecticut."

The book has the form of a serious history. It begins with what professes to be an account of the patents under which New England was settled. Then follows an account of the three earliest colonies which

were established within the present limits of Connecticut. The nature of the government is described; the constitution of the general assembly and of the courts; the organization of the militia; the ecclesiastical constitution of the churches; the physical features of the country; its flora and fauna; and to all this is added a detailed account of each town in the colony; while the whole is enlivened by anecdotes which, it is claimed, illustrate the state of society among the people.

The book, on being published in London, proved a failure, as far as the immediate object was concerned for which it was written. It was noticed in the "Monthly Review," where it was said: "We observe in it so many marks of party spleen and idle credulity that we do not hesitate to pronounce it altogether unworthy of the public attention."

Hon. J. Hammond Trumbull, in a book lately published, says: "Peters presumed too far on the credulity of English readers and on their ill-will to America. With less inveterate aversion to truth, he might have imparted plausibility to fiction; with less exuberance of malice, he might have tickled the English ear with the absurdities and misdeeds of the 'rebels,' and have passed for a humorist."

The "History" could not have been intended for circulation in America. It is to be remembered that it was the work of an angry Tory refugee, written in England during the progress of a bitter civil war, for the purpose of avenging his own fancied wrongs, and of currying favor with the English government, and advancing his own interests with them. The book was, however, in time, brought to this country, where, of course, its true character was understood. In the earliest American review of the book, in the "Analectic Magazine," of 1814, the writer observes that in the province whose settlement it professes to record, it was called the "Lying History," to distinguish it from all others, and that it received this name very soon after its publication. Dr. Trumbull, the historian of Connecticut, is said to have stated that he had been well acquainted with Dr. Peters from early life, and that of all men with whom he had ever been acquainted, he had thought Dr. Peters, from his first knowledge of him, the least to be depended upon as to any matter of fact, especially in storytelling. So extravagant are the stories in this book, that it has been said Peters him-

self, on his return to this country, was in the habit of laughing over them; and that he never supposed that they would be taken as sober truth.

But in course of time, in the succeeding generation, in the heat of political and ecclesiastical controversy, the book was seized upon by the enemies of New England, and its ridiculous stories were used as taunts against the people of Connecticut. But no one at all acquainted with the history of the state ever gave the slightest credence to Peters's statements on any subject whatever. From the earliest to the latest of the historians of the state, the worthless character of the book, when considered as history, has been understood. For instance, one of the latest of them—Dr. Beardsley, the historian of Episcopacy in Connecticut—speaks of the book as "extravagant and incredible," "ludicrous and apocryphal." Hon. J. Hammond Trumbull, formerly Secretary of State of Connecticut, than whom there is no person living more thoroughly acquainted with the written and unwritten history of the state, says there are not half a dozen consecutive sentences in the book that will stand sober criticism. He says: "Its lies, like Falstaff's, are 'gross as a mountain, open, palpable.'"

There is no need, then, for us to characterize the book from a moral point of view, any more than it was necessary for Mr. De Quincey to waste words in an attempt to prove that murder is wrong. Considered as history, the book is worthless—utterly worthless. As Mr. De Quincey says, "It hasn't a leg to stand upon." We propose, then, following his example, to make the best of a bad matter, and shall treat the book æsthetically. And in doing this we shall confine ourselves to an attempt to estimate the position which the "History" merits in that department of high art to which it belongs.

It may be said, then, in the first place, that in the extravagance of its stories, if it does not equal, it certainly does not fall far behind those to be found in the "Travels of the Baron Munchausen." In proof of this we have only to transfer to our pages one or two of its famous stories. We will begin with the "caterpillar story."

"In 1768, the inhabitants on Connecticut River were alarmed at an army of caterpillars, and no one found reason to jest at their fears. Those worms came in one night, and covered the earth on both sides of that river to an extent of three miles in front and two in depth. They marched with great speed,

and ate up everything green for the space of 100 miles, in spite of rivers, ditches, fires, and the united efforts of 1,000 men. They were, in general, two inches long, had white bodies covered with thorns, and red throats. When they had finished their work, they went down to the River Connecticut, where they died, poisoning the waters until they were washed into the sea."

This is fully matched by the "Windham frog story."

"One night in July, 1758, the frogs of an artificial pond three miles square and about five from Windham, finding the water dried up, left the place in a body, and marched—or rather hopped—toward Winnomantic River. They were under the necessity of taking the road and going through the town, which they entered about midnight. The bull-frogs were the leaders, and the pipers followed without number. They filled the road forty yards wide for four miles in length, and were, for several hours in passing through the town, unusually clamorous. The inhabitants were equally perplexed and frightened; some expected to find an army of French and Indians, and others feared an earthquake and dissolution of nature. The consternation was universal. Old and young, male and female, fled naked from their beds with worse shriekings than those of the frogs. The event was fatal to several women. The men, after a flight of half a mile, in which they met with many broken shins, finding no enemies in pursuit of them, made a halt and summoned resolution enough to venture back to their wives and children, when they distinctly heard from the enemy's camp these words: 'Wight, Hilderkin, Dyer, Tètè.' This last they thought meant *treaty*; and, plucking up courage, they sent a triumvirate to capitulate with the supposed French and Indians. These three men approached in their shirts, and begged to speak with the general; but it being dark and no answer given, they were sorely agitated for some time betwixt hope and fear; at length, however, they discovered that the dreaded inimical army was an army of thirsty frogs, going to the river for a little water."

These stories are thrown into the shade by the famous account of Bellows Falls, in the Connecticut River.

"Two hundred miles from Long Island Sound is a narrow of five yards only, formed by two shelving mountains of solid rock, whose tops intercept the clouds. Through this chasm are compelled to pass all the waters which, in the time of the floods, bury

the northern country. At the upper cohes the river spreads twenty-four miles wide, and for five or six weeks ships of war might sail over lands that afterward produce the greatest crops of hay and grain in all America. People who can bear the sight, the groans, the tremblings, and surly motion of water, trees, and ice, through this awful passage, view with astonishment one of the greatest phenomena in nature. Here water is consolidated, without frost, by pressure, by swiftness, between the pinching, sturdy rocks to such a degree of induration that an iron crow cannot be forced into it. Here iron, lead, and cork have one common weight; and here, steady as time and harder than marble, the stream passes, irresistible, if not swift as lightning. The electric fire rends trees in pieces with no greater ease than does this mighty water. The passage is about 400 yards in length, and of a zigzag form, with obtuse corners."

In the second place, although the "History" shows marks of humor, yet it must be confessed that Mr. Peters, as a humorist, is to be ranked an inferior to the genial Diedrich Knickerbocker in his "History of New York." There is throughout a sort of grimness about his humor which detracts from the effect. Yet there are passages in which he approaches even some of the best chapters of the "History of New York." We refer, then, to his story of the circumstances connected with the erection of the first Episcopal church in Connecticut, as a favorable example of his humor:

"An ancient religious rite, called the 'Powwow,' was annually celebrated by the Indians, and commonly lasted several hours every night for two or three weeks. About 1690, they convened to perform it on Stratford Point, near the town. During the nocturnal ceremony, the English saw, or imagined they saw, devils rise out of the sea wrapped up in sheets of flame and flying round the Indian camp, while the Indians were screaming, cutting, and prostrating themselves before their supposed fiery gods. In the midst of the tumult, the devils darted in among them, seized several, and mounted with them in the air; the cries and groans issuing from whom quieted the rest. In the morning, the limbs of Indians, all shriveled and covered with sulphur, were found in different parts of the town. Astonished and terrified at these spectacles, the people of Stratford began to think the devils would take up their abode among them, and called together all the ministers in the

neighborhood to exorcise them and lay them. The ministers began and carried on their warfare with prayers, hymns, and adjurations; but the powwows continued and the devils would not obey. The inhabitants were about to quit the town, when Mr. Nell spoke and said:

"I would to God that Mr. Visey, the Episcopal minister at New York, was here, for he would expel all these evil spirits!"

"They laughed at his advice; but, on his reminding them of the little maid who directed Naaman to a cure for his leprosy, they voted him their permission to bring Mr. Visey at the next powwow. Mr. Visey attended accordingly, and as the powwow commenced with howlings and whoops, Mr. Visey read portions of the holy Scriptures, litany, etc. The sea was put into great commotion; the powwow stopped, the Indians dispersed, and never more held a powwow in Stratford."

In the two particulars already mentioned, it will be seen that we have admitted that Mr. Peters has been surpassed by others; but in those which we shall now mention he appears at his best, and we think we are safe in saying that he has never been exceeded. We proceed then, in the third place, to mention the fact that, in order not to spoil a good story, Mr. Peters does not hesitate to present himself and his own children in a supremely ridiculous attitude, as, for instance, in the account which he gives of the custom which he speaks of under the name of "bundling." The passage is too long to be transferred to our pages, but it may be found by those who are curious at pages 325-335 of the original edition of 1781. We refer to the original edition, as his descendant, Mr. McCormick, the editor of the recent reprint, has seen fit to suppress what relates more particularly to the family of Mr. Peters.

We mention now, in the fourth place, as the special claim of this "History" to distinction, the fact that, besides the ordinary extravagance of its stories, there is at times an audacity of misstatement with regard to well-known matters of fact which has never been surpassed.

For instance, Mr. Peters claims that Yale College owes its origin to one of his ancestors. He says:

"Thomas Peters established a school in Saybrook which his children had the satisfaction to see become a college, denominated Yale College." * * * "At his death, which did not happen till after the restora-

tion of Charles II., he bequeathed his library to the school above mentioned."

Our readers can judge of the audacity of this claim when we say, on the authority of Professor Kingsley (1838):

"There is not the slightest evidence that there was any early school in Saybrook higher than a common school; or any school whatever to which the Rev. Thomas Peters left a library. As to Yale College, it was founded and incorporated without any reference to Saybrook, and it owed its origin in no sense to any school before existing there or anywhere else."

Now Dr. Peters was a graduate of Yale College, and could not have failed to know that he was uttering a deliberate falsehood.

As another illustration of the reckless audacity of Peters in his falsehoods; we will refer to his account of the first settlement of the colony. He says that when the colonists entered Connecticut its territory was divided between "three Indian kings, viz.: Connecticote, Quinnipiog, and Sassacus, of whom Connecticote was emperor, or king of kings." Professor Kingsley says:

"There is no evidence that any such person as Quinnipiog ever existed, and there is just as little evidence that there was ever any such 'king of kings' as Connecticote."

But this is not all. Peters has the audacity to say that as this "king of kings" (Connecticote) would not sell his lands to the colonists, the Rev. Thomas Hooker (one of the saints of New England), under the pretense of seeking to convert him to the Christian religion, but in reality to get possession of his lands, sent him a Bible, the leaves of which were infected with the small-pox, and that as the results of this "infamous villainy," as he calls it, "the small-pox raged in every corner, and swept away the great sachem and laid waste his ancient kingdom." If this story had been told of the present Archbishop of Canterbury, it would not have been more utterly untrue.

But the most remarkable illustration of the audacity of Peters is the invention of a whole code of laws, which he says were made by the people of the colony of New Haven before their incorporation with the colony of Connecticut. The following are specimens:

"No woman shall kiss her child on the Sabbath or fasting-day.

"No one shall read Common Prayer, keep Christmas or saints' days, make minced pies, dance, play cards, or play on any instru-

ment of music, except the drum, trumpet, and jew's-harp.

"Every male shall have his hair cut round according to a cap.

"No one shall run on the Sabbath-day, or walk in his garden, or elsewhere, except reverently to and from meeting.

"No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep house, cut hair, or shave on the Sabbath-day."

These and a score or two of others which he puts down with all soberness, he says were termed "blue laws, i. e., bloody laws, by the neighboring colonists;" and he adds that, although "they were never suffered to be printed," they were all sanctified with excommunications, confiscations, fines, banishment, whippings, cutting off the ears, burning the tongue, and death."

But the audacity of Mr. Peters did not stop here. It must be confessed that he had one of the elements of genius, the capacity of lighting his own fire, and of exciting his own enthusiasm. But he had also one of the imperfections so often attendant upon genius. He was too apt to allow his enthusiasm to run away with him. A critical examination of his story of the "blue laws" shows that, warming with his subject, he proceeded from one extravagant statement to another, till, at last, aspiring to something which might be ranked as a *chef d'œuvre* of mendacity, he went one step too far! He declared that these laws were by no means confined to New Haven. His explicit statement is that "similar laws still [that is in 1781, less than a hundred years ago] prevail over New England as the common law of the country."

We have referred to but a small fraction of the stories to be found in this "History." The book is full of others just as untruthful. In making our selections, we have felt in an unusual degree the *embarras des richesses*. We think, however, that we do not need to make further citations in order to prove that the falsehoods of Mr. Peters rise above the rank of ordinary falsehoods, and are to be judged by the rules of high art.

But we have not finished. There is yet another and fifth reason why we think their author is to be placed at the head of all liars—and this is the fact, that he has been successful in making his lies believed to an extent which no other liar ever attained.

We have admitted that, in humor, the "History of New York," by Diedrich Knickerbocker, is superior. But, when it comes to the credence that has been given

to his statements, it is very different. There have been individual cases, to be sure, in which the humor of Diedrich Knickerbocker has not been understood, and his accounts of the wonderful doings of the early settlers on the island of Manhattan have been taken for literal fact. For instance, there is the case of Goeller, the German editor of "Thucydides" (Leipsic, 1836), who, in one of his annotations on a passage of the Greek historian, in which he describes the rivalry of the Athenian factions, gives two modern illustrations—one of the Guelph and Ghibelline factions of Italy; the other, the factions of the Long Pipes and the Short Pipes in New York, under the administration of Peter Stuyvesant. We quote the original Latin, as given by Professor Henry Reed: "Addo locum Washingtonis Irwingii, Hist. Novi Eboraci." Lib. vii., cap. v. [The old factions of the Long Pipes and Short Pipes, strangled by the Herculean grasp of P. Stuyvesant.] There have been occasionally others, who, from some defect of mental organization, have fallen into the same mistake with the unfortunate German scholar.

But how different the result in the case of Peters! Professor Kingsley says: "Thousands have implicitly believed these stories, who had no other article of faith." Peters, certainly, seems to have known how to strike the average mind, and to secure belief for his fabrications.

Now, to be successful is generally regarded as one of the highest claims to distinction. Others before Fulton had the idea of propelling a boat by steam through the water; but Fulton was successful in making his invention a practical thing. And therefore, to Fulton is accorded the honor of being one of the greatest inventors of modern times. Judged in the same way, then, by his success in securing belief for his falsehoods, we conclude, as the result of the investigations we have thus far pursued, that to the Reverend Samuel Peters, *facile princeps*, is to be awarded the distinction of the most remarkable achievements in lying that the world has ever witnessed.

Yet we are not disposed, on the whole, to regret that a new edition of this spiteful libel on the Puritan settlers of the colonies of New Haven and Connecticut has been given to the public, as it affords an opportunity to call attention once more to certain misapprehensions which the book and others of the same class have sown broadcast over the land.

One of these misapprehensions is that the first settlers of New England were persons

of low condition at home. This is conspicuously not true. We doubt whether in the seventeenth century, in the case of the ancestors of three-quarters of the present peers of Great Britain, they were one whit higher in social standing than the leading men among the colonists who left Old England to lay the foundations of New England. The corrupt families who were the bulwarks of the court of Charles II. have in great measure died out, and the peerage has been recruited by men who have attained eminence by their brilliant public services. And these men have been generally from the ranks of the families who, at the period referred to, were the untitled gentry, who are an ancient aristocracy themselves, and in a multitude of cases have pedigrees as long and as honorable as the oldest of the peers. Now, Mr. Bancroft says that in the course of ten or twelve years, about four thousand families came over to New England. Very few came afterward, and the millions of people of New England descent scattered throughout this great Union, all sprang from these four thousand families. Of these families, not a few were connected with the nobility at home. The rank and file were of the class of freehold farmers, who then constituted the strength and glory of England, though now as a class they can hardly be said to exist there. The New England farmers of to-day are their legitimate descendants. But the leading men among the colonists were, to a large extent, descended from and connected with the untitled gentry of the times, of whom we have spoken. They belonged to the same class of families with the men who were exerting themselves to curb the absolute power of the king, and to engraft principles of liberty on the English constitution. Now, Goldwin Smith says these men were usually of good birth. The student of history knows what sort of men Sir John Eliot, John Hampden, and John Pym were. Well, the leading men who settled New England were of that class of men. They were their relatives and their personal friends.

For further evidence that these early colonists were of good birth, look at their names,—see how large a number of them are names of historic importance in England; see how many of them are Norman names; go into the towers and chateaux of Normandy, among the cultured families there, and the features which are most common there are the features which are so familiar among

the same class of persons in New England to-day. The more one studies the subject, the more will he be convinced of the truth of what was said by one of the old Puritans: "The wheat of three kingdoms was sifted to plant New England." Now, there was a difference even among the early colonists of New England, and among them the colonists of Connecticut and New Haven, whom Mr. Peters makes the butts of his ridicule, were conspicuous for their wealth and for the number of those among them who belonged to families of distinction at home. There are but few of the leading families of the state to-day who are not able to trace their pedigree to the historic families of England, and who do not still preserve the armorial bearings which were used by their ancestors in England, many of which go back hundreds of years before the settlement of this country, to the times of the Norman conquest.

Another of these misapprehensions is that the first settlers of New Haven and Connecticut were a set of men who were ignorant of affairs. How conspicuously false such an idea is appears from the fact that although they had left England and were out of sight, they were not forgotten in their distant homes in the wilderness, and their reputation was such that no small number of them were invited to return to England and occupy high positions there of influence and authority. The way, also, in which they met the many difficulties incident to the planting of a colony and establishing a government in these ends of the earth shows that they were not ordinary men. From the superstructure which has been raised, it is not difficult to infer how broad, and deep, and solid were the foundations which they laid. They drew up, in 1639, the first written constitution known in history, which has proved to be the model for all the constitutions which have since been made on this continent, including that under which the people of the United States live to-day. Look, too, at the men themselves. We cannot delay to describe individuals with any particularity; but there was Governor Haynes, the first governor of Connecticut,—“a gentleman of fortune, the owner of an elegant country-seat in Essex,” which he gave up, undeterred by the privations incident to founding a new state in the wilderness. There was Governor Eaton, first governor of New Haven,—a London merchant, who had acquired wealth by trade in the Baltic, and who had repre-

sented his sovereign, Charles I., at the court of the King of Denmark; there was Governor Hopkins, another London merchant, of princely generosity, who had also made a fortune by trade in the Baltic. Having had occasion to return to England, he was retained there by an appointment to the office of Commissioner of the Admiralty and of the Navy; there was Governor Winthrop, an accomplished scholar and gentleman, who, before he came to this country, had enjoyed opportunities, which were then very rare, of extensive foreign travel, and who, on the occasion of his being sent to England on colonial business, by his engaging manners and courtly bearing, extorted even from Charles II. memorable expressions of interest and good-will; there were the two great preachers at Hartford and New Haven,—Thomas Hooker and John Davenport,—who had not their superiors as preachers and theologians in England itself, and who were so highly esteemed there that they were invited to return to England, by numerous members of the House of Parliament, to assist in the great revolution then commenced and in progress; there was Ludlow, the most accomplished lawyer in the colonies; there was John Mason, who had gained such reputation as a soldier in his campaigns in Holland with Lord Fairfax, that he was offered the commission of a major-general in the English army, if he would return to England; and Desborough of New Haven, who accepted the offer made to him, and returned and served as major-general; there, too, at a later period, was Governor Saltonstall, of whom the British officers who came to this country always spoke with admiration, as fitted to shine at the court of St. James. Now, in ability, in the practical wisdom of all their political action, in the dignity of their state papers, in their knowledge of the world in all its aspects, these men, and many others who figure in the early history of New Haven and Connecticut, do not suffer one whit in comparison with the men who secured our independence in 1776, or laid the foundations of our present national government in 1781.

Another of these misconceptions is that these early colonists were ascetics. This too is memorably false. As a people they were social, and disposed always, in the intervals of labor, to engage in whatever sports were in season, and to enjoy whatever delicacies they could find for their tables. Those who are misled by the stale

taunts about Puritan dislike of plum-puddings and Christmas festivities, show an ignorance that is simply laughable. Suppose that at that time the people of Connecticut, in common with the Puritans at home, did abstain from eating plum-puddings at Christmas, did they not eat them on other days, and enjoy them too? Is it not conceivable, also, that they had some reason for abstaining on that particular day from that particular article of food other than the disposition to mortify the flesh. How long is it since thousands of very social and cheerful people in our times avoided wearing a white hat for fear that it might be supposed that they were publicly displaying their political sympathies for the presidential aspirations of Mr. Greeley. How long is it since, in some other parts of the United States, loyal men were unwilling to wear gray pantaloons, and butternut-colored coats? Does anybody suppose they had a pious horror of a white or butternut color, or that they supposed that their Maker would be better pleased with them if they dressed themselves all over in the regulation blue? The Puritans would not eat plum-pudding on Christmas-day, or engage in the usual Christmas festivities, for the reason that to do so had a well-established meaning, and was understood to be a way of signifying publicly their approbation of the method of celebrating what was claimed to be a religious festival under the auspices of the Abbot of Misrule, with a riotous disregard of all decency, which was entirely inconsistent with their ideas of propriety, and we may add with ideas which are held by all respectable people to-day. The whole history of New England shows that the people were not inimical to innocent sports or to good living. The "harvest feast" which they instituted at the close of their first year is a sufficient refutation of all the spiteful things that have been said about their asceticism. Winslow, in a letter to a friend, tells how the Plymouth people kept their first "Thanksgiving." He says: "Our Governor sent four men on fowling, so that we might, after a special manner, rejoice together after we had gathered the fruit of our labor. They four, in one day, killed as much fowl as, with a little help besides, served the country almost a week. At which time, among other recreations, we exercised our arms, many of the Indians coming among us, and among the rest, Massasoit with some ninety men, whom for three days we entertained and feasted."

He says: "The Indian guests too went out and killed five deer, which they brought to the plantation, and bestowed on our Governor and upon certain others." The beautiful festival thus instituted was so in harmony with the feelings of the early settlers of New England that it has continued to be observed to the present time; and now it may be said to have become a national institution. The season of gladness which it was in 1621 to the fathers, it has never ceased to be to the children's children through all these years. Its annual recurrence has been looked forward to by all these successive generations as a time of joy, as a time for the gathering of families under the old roof-tree, as a time for the special and grateful recognition of the mercies of God, as a time too of sports and of good cheer. It is fragrant to-day in the minds of millions with memories of the happiest days of their lives. While the New England festival of Thanksgiving continues to throw a halo around the chill days of the closing year, and the sports which were instituted in the colonial times are remembered as distinctive of New England, and the score of historic and peculiar dishes of the old New England kitchen are not forgotten, they will always be evidence that the early settlers, whatever else they may have been, were not ascetics.

Another misconception is that in the New Haven colony in particular, the early settlers were weak men who had crotchets about dress and about the length to which the hair should be allowed to grow, and that they introduced into their legislation sumptuary laws in which an attempt was made to regulate a great variety of matters which had better be left to individual fancy. Now, it is well to remember that there have been different opinions held on the subject of sumptuary laws, by people too, who rank high in the world's history. Not to speak of the old Romans and Numa Pompilius, we have seen it stated, within a week, that the police of Berlin are ordered to arrest all women whose skirts trail on the *pavé*. This, after all, may be a joke of "Kladderadatsch." But, not many years ago, there were laws in force there, and in other cities in Europe, with regard to a great variety of minute matters, which would be thought ridiculous if introduced into this country. But, whatever may be thought of the propriety of sumptuary laws in Berlin or Leipsic to-day, or in New Haven in the seventeenth century, it ought, perhaps, to be understood, that as a matter of fact, the colony of New

Haven was emphatically the colony of New England, which was *entirely free from all regulations of this kind!* The men who settled New Haven and gave character to its institutions were wealthy London merchants, who had seen too much of the world to be alarmed at a little extravagance in dress.

As for Mr. Peters's story about people being compelled to have their hair cut around by a pumpkin, and all the popular ideas among a certain class of persons that the Puritans had some special abhorrence of long hair and wigs, the whole set of such stories does not need to be treated soberly. We advise any one who is troubled on this score to open any book he pleases in which there is a picture of any Puritan divine or Puritan layman, and we are mistaken if he does not think their hair is far too long rather than too short. Yet it is a fact that the extravagance of dress had, in the seventeenth century, proceeded to such a pitch that sensible people felt like making some protest against it. For instance, the hair of the would-be fashionables of the time was worn in essenced curls half-way down their back, and the Puritans thought it in better taste to cut their hair at the shoulders, and so at once arose a cry of derision of "roundheads" and "cropped-ears." So people at the present time are beginning to be disgusted with the heaps of flowers which are displayed at funerals. Now, some people have been so affected by these extravagant displays, of which we have all at least heard, that they prefer not to have any flowers, or only a very few, on such occasions. Perhaps some caricaturist of the Peters stamp will yet make a good story about their asceticism and hatred of flowers. He will say perhaps that this asceticism proceeded so far that even in newspaper announcements of funerals, the words, "no flowers," were not unfrequently to be seen.

Another of these misconceptions is that in the legislation of the New Haven colony there was something peculiarly severe. Mr. Peters gives his readers the idea that the laws were so severe that they were called "blue—i. e., bloody—laws." Now, what the peculiar shade of blue is which can be properly designated as "bloody," we are unable to state. But with reference to this charge that the legislation of New Haven was characterized by any peculiar severity, we feel disposed, instead of making a serious reply, to follow the example of the Rev. Dr. Cox, on an occasion when his country was attacked in his presence, when

he was in England, by a violent hater of republican institutions, who expressed in no measured terms his contempt for the government of a country where, as he said, the nose of the President of the United States had been pulled in a public place without any punishment having been inflicted on the ruffianly assailant. Instead of attempting to enlighten the Englishman by informing him that it was an insane man who had attempted to take that liberty with the nose of Andrew Jackson on the deck of a public steamboat, and that the old general had given the poor man a sound thrashing with his cane before it was ascertained what was his condition, Doctor Cox gravely admitted the fact and said that it was indeed so. But he added: "If I have read the history of England aright, your countrymen, some years ago, cut off the head of one of their kings; and I think I would rather have my nose pulled than my head cut off!"

So for the benefit of the simple people who have been misled by Mr. Peters and others of his stamp, we will content ourselves with reminding them that in England, in the reign of a king who was living not more than a hundred years before New Haven was settled, they boiled people to death! and a hundred years after the corner-stone of the little commonwealth of Davenport and Eaton was laid, they boiled people in Germany in hot oil! And they were not thrown into the vessel at once, but with a pulley, or rope, under the arm-pits, they were let down into the oil by degrees, first the feet, and next the legs, and so the flesh was boiled from the bones of the man while he was still alive. It would appear that all the "severe" people were not in the New Haven colony. If its laws had been ten times more severe than they really were, we should be able to match them with something worse in the contemporary legislation of England. We have Mr. Trumbull's book at our elbow, and we can quote chapter and verse and continue to match every act of severity in New Haven by something more severe in England as long as it is thought to be necessary. To begin, we make the following quotation:

"When Connecticut and New Haven were forming their first codes, larceny above the value of twelve pence was a capital crime in England."

It will be enough to say that as late as 1819 two hundred and twenty-three offenses in England were punished by death, one hun-

dred and seventy-six of which were without benefit of clergy. Now, Connecticut, by her code in 1642,—mark the year,—imposed the penalty of death on twelve offenses only. New Haven added two or three to the number of capital laws, but with such reservations as to leave the execution of the supreme penalty to the discretion of the courts. Yet Mr. Peters had the impudence to talk of the "severity" of the people of the colony of New Haven. We are reminded of the lines of Hosea Biglow:

"Taint a knowin' kind of cattle
That is ketched with moldy corn."

When we commenced our work, it was with some feeling of gratification that the publication of a new edition of Mr. Peters's book gave an opportunity to point out some of the popular misconceptions with regard to the early history of the people of Connecticut and New Haven. But as we have proceeded, this feeling has changed to one of humiliation that there should have been any necessity for it. Indeed, Mr. Bancroft says: "There is no state in the Union, and I know not any in the world, in whose early history, if I was a citizen, I could find more of which to be proud, and less that I should wish to blot."

The men who settled New Haven and Connecticut were some of the ablest, the most wealthy, the best acquainted with affairs, of all the early colonists. They came to this country with plans perhaps more enlightened and more thoroughly digested than those of any other body of colonists in the whole country. They had views respecting

the origin and the object of civil government which were far in advance of the age in which they lived, and which in the progress of time have now come to be recognized as the true views. They proposed to lay the foundations of a state in which they could carry out these views of theirs with regard to church and state. They intended that this new state from the first should have all the advantages of the highest culture of the times. They proposed to establish at once a college and a public library, and to educate in common schools the whole body of the people. They had far-reaching views respecting foreign commerce. They dreamed of entire independence of the country which they had left. But their position was an exceedingly delicate one. They knew that their old enemy, Archbishop Laud, had declared exultingly that his arm should reach them in their distant wilderness. Now, in meeting all these dangers, and in the constitution of their state, and in the administration of its government, they made an exhibition of high statesmanship which will ever make one of the brightest pages in the history of free governments. Of course, they were exposed to the taunts of all the advocates of despotism in church and state who had failed to bring them into subjection. But it is humiliating that in a land which owes so much to their labor and exertions, it should be necessary to say one word to remove such misconceptions as we have mentioned, which owe their existence in great measure to the malicious libels of a man whose word in his own day was utterly worthless.

HOME-SEEKING.

I SENT my soul out on a summer eve,
While yet the clouds were crimson in the west.
The happy-hearted birds had sunk to rest;
And all the swaying branches seemed to grieve
As rough winds swept them. I bade my spirit leave
This clayey tabernacle that oppressed,
And through unbounded distance make its quest,
That in some orb remote it might perceive
A fitter home. Long time it strayed afar,
And wandered restless on from sky to sky,
From star-spanned deeps to deeps without a star;
Yet came at last and moaned, "Tis vain to fly
Through this expanse. No waiting homes there are.
Than this myself no other house have I."

WAR CONTRASTS.

BULGARIA, 1877.

I.

BULGARIAN.

A STRANGER lingered by Mahala's well,
What time rude war across Bulgarian plains
Swept wildly; and the shock of battle fell
On Russian breasts that feared nor death nor pains.
The cooling cup he took from peasant's hands,
And when his thirst was slaked, he proudly said,
"See! thou poor tiller of these pillaged lands,
I give thee gold!" The farmer bowed his head;
Tears dimmed his eyes; upon his sun-browned face
There fell a holy and a tender calm;
He gently spurned the money from his palm,
And said, with exquisite and pious grace:
"Nor gold nor silver from thee will I take;
I serve the water for the Lord Christ's sake!"

II.

RUSSIAN.

THE Mussulman before his captor stood;
His wounds were many; all his weapons gone;
His brawny hands were red with Russian blood;
Around him half his comrades dead were strewn.
He waited death and torture; but instead
His hurts the Muscovites with gentleness
Bound up or stanch'd; while over their own dead
New troops rushed forward to the battle's press.
His enemy no longer sought his life
But brought him food and water; led him where
Soft beds and skilled hands waited to repair
The ravages of long and deadly strife.
And while he muttered curses on his loss,
Above him waved the standard of the Cross.

III.

TURK.

ONE weary night the baleful Crescent shone
On shameful massacres of wounded men;
The Turk was deaf alike to prayer and groan
Of dying Russian in the Balkan glen.
The swart stern Kurd from Asiatic hill,
The grim Circassian with his reeking blade,—
The ragged bandit—all of blood their fill
Drank fiercely, while, in mighty pomp arrayed,
From field to field the savage pachas strode,
Or ordered conflagration and the sack
Of burning villages; or there the track
Of dim past murders gleefully o'erode.
The cross of Christ each infidel defiled,
And, in his frenzy, thought Mahomet smiled.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Thoughts Suggested by a Recent Appointment.

NOTWITHSTANDING the fact that the appointment of Mr. Bayard Taylor to the Berlin mission was unanimously confirmed by a Senate made up almost wholly of intense party politicians, it was in no sense a party appointment. Neither was it an appointment which the Senate would have made if it had held the privilege of nomination in its own hands; but it was an appointment so eminently proper in itself that there was no legitimate ground of opposition to it. We doubt whether any Republican member of the Senate was satisfied with it, and we presume that the special satisfaction with it among the Democrats grew out of the fact that it had no significance as a party appointment in opposition to themselves. No politician could fight the appointment and justify himself before the country; therefore the nomination was "unanimously confirmed."

There has probably never been, in the history of this country, such a popular indorsement of a governmental appointment as that which has been given to Mr. Taylor's. It has been so pronounced and so universal that no politician can shut his eyes to the fact that it means a great deal. Mr. Taylor, by his character, his achievements, his eminent fitness for the post to which he has been elevated, has called forth a considerable share of the friendly demonstration that has attended his appointment; but there has been something beyond this. He is certainly a popular man; but it can hardly be said that his personal qualities are those which arouse great enthusiasm. Yet his appointment has been greeted by the greatest enthusiasm, and his life has almost been worried out of him by such a series of complimentary attentions and festivities as no other American was ever favored with. We will accord to Mr. Taylor himself more of the motive to this enthusiasm than he has ever been willing to claim, and we shall still have left an amount that we can only account for on the ground that the people not only approve this particular thing, but this sort of thing. It is as if they would say to the President, to Congress, and to the politicians universally: "This is the kind of appointment that we like. You cannot repeat such work as this too often. We are tired of your jobbing politicians; we are tired of your office-seeking men; we are tired of representatives abroad who cannot speak the language of the nations to which they are accredited; we are tired of men who have no fitness for the work they are set to do. This is what we mean by 'civil service reform,' and the more of this kind of reform you give us the better we shall like it."

The politicians at Washington are quick to recognize the significance of these demonstrations. Nobody in the country knows so promptly and so well exactly what these demonstrations mean, as they. They know that if the President had it in his

power to make a few more such appointments as this their occupation would be gone. Now, it does not matter much whether the President has lived up to his professions or not; it does not matter whether he has been wise or simple. Independence of the machine politicians of the country is what he stands for in the minds of the people. They know that the politicians do not like him; they know that he does not ask counsel of the machine, and that Bayard Taylor's appointment was one that was made without consulting the machine. So, while approving of Mr. Taylor as a man most fit for the place, they have said as loudly as actions can speak that they like the way in which the appointment was made, and that in this thing they are heartily with the President and against the machine politicians of both stripes. In the long run, this sentiment will tell upon the policy of the country. If the President stands by his colors, he will win the good opinion and the good-will of the masses of the people just in the proportion that he loses the good-will of the machine politicians, and the latter will be forced into unity with him to save their own necks.

Some of the pleasantest thoughts that occur to one in connection with this appointment are those that relate to Mr. Taylor's own personal satisfactions. He has done more work than any other literary man of his country; he has traveled more and written more about his travels; he has written more verse, we judge, than any of his countrymen; he has given the world the best translation of Goethe extant; he has written very clever novels; he has contributed to the magazine and newspaper press almost an incalculable amount of material; he has lectured throughout the country many years, going through campaigns that were more severe in their tax upon strength and patience and good nature than the uninstructed public can imagine. He had done this enormous amount of honest work with not very high recognition. His place as a poet, his position as a *littérateur*, even his reputation as a writer of travels, was questioned by the generation that had watched his progress. The glamour that environed his youth had vanished; people had become used to him. But at last new eyes were opened upon his career. The jealousy of his contemporaries was extinguished in many ways, but mainly by age and death, and he has now come out into full recognition, where everything that he has ever done will be interpreted, not through the dust of struggle, but in the bright light of success.

It is very hard for men, especially for literary men, to be just to their contemporaries. It is hard for a man to realize that what looks like a candle in his neighbor's window is a fixed star above his dwelling. It takes a good many years of steady shining, and often the fresh eyes of a new generation, for securing true recognition; and Mr. Taylor has run into this "desired haven" earlier than most men. Bryant, and Longfellow, and Whittier came there by

a longer route; and we congratulate him on his anchorage and his neighborhood.

Crime in its own Element.

THE visitors at a popular summer resort last season were very much astonished one pleasant afternoon to discover a huge whale in their harbor. He swam around, "blowing" at his leisure, carrying terror to the school of mackerel he had chased into the bay, and retiring when he had completed his errand. It seemed very strange to these good people that such a monster should come so near them; and they marveled over an event that had no cause of marvel in it. There was the water,—the whale's own element,—and enough of it for all the whales and all the navies of the world to swim in. There was no enemy, organized and armed, to oppose him. His coveted food had taken refuge there, and it was entirely natural that he should be just there, at that time, and under those circumstances.

When such a man as William M. Tweed rises in a community, and becomes a great public thief, and debauches, or seems to debauch, a multitude of helpers and defenders, and achieves supreme power over a million people, there is really nothing strange or unnatural about it. The way is all prepared for his operations. The atmosphere in which such a man can breathe is all ready for his breathing. The food upon which such a man can live lies all around him. There is no force in organization that can oppose him. Tweed could no more have done what he did, if the public mind had been in a sound condition, than a whale could swim on dry land. He accomplished his gigantic robberies, with long years of impunity, because the tone of the public morality was low, and because there were multitudes who were ready to divide the spoils of iniquity with him. Nothing but the instinct of self-preservation led men so to organize their forces that he was overthrown. It is well, therefore, now that he has passed away in ignominy, for the public to say little about him, and to remember that he was only an ulcer upon the body politic which betrayed the vitiated blood that circulated out of sight.

When such a woman as Restell dies by her own hand, within a gorgeous and costly palace, reared with the price of blood, we raise our eyes in horror, and wonder how it can be. Here was a woman who lived a life of prosperous infamy, in the proudest street of the metropolis, her calling perfectly well known, her house notorious among young and old, the patent sources of her wealth being the vices of the rich. Now we doubt whether this woman ever debauched a great number of people, or whether the profession which she was known to follow ever had any considerable influence in the beginning of vicious courses by the immunities it promised. New York was the natural home of just such a woman. If it had not been she would not have been here and could not have lived here. The crimes on which she lived gave birth to her, poured their blood-besprinkled gold into her lap, reared a palace to shelter her head, and kept her out of a prison, the

fear of which, as it haunted her guilty soul, drove her, at last, to suicide. The vices of New York needed this woman to assist in covering them from sight. That was the secret of her life, her long prosperity, her tragic death. And this is the fact that should strike our society with horror, and not the fact that a bad woman has come to a perfectly natural end.

There is a woman in Brooklyn who chooses to advertise herself as a liar, a perjurer and an adulteress. She chooses to spread a story of her own wickedness and her own ineffable worthlessness and shame throughout the length and breadth of the land, to pollute the daily literature of her country, to make herself an unsavory topic of conversation, to exhibit herself to the loathing contemplation of her own children. If this woman is what she says she is,—or what last she said she was,—she volunteers to enter the class with Tweed and Restell, and we are in no way responsible for bringing her into association with their memories. If she is not what she says she is, then nothing but the plea or the fact of insanity or imbecility can release her from a classification with the moral monsters of the world. She is either a jumping-jack, pulled by a string out of sight,—irresponsible and worthless,—or a person of incalculable wickedness. To this alternative every rational mind is bound.

Now it happens that the self-advertised lies of this woman relate to a crime which implicates a great man whose life has been one of remarkable beneficence and usefulness. In every good work he has been among the foremost. Thousands of lives have been reformed or elevated under the inspiration of his example and his eloquence. His word has never been impeached. His character was never besmirched until it was touched by the finger of this woman, who volunteers, with the blind waywardness that sometimes smites a liar, to prove that her word is more utterly and irredeemably worthless than that of any other woman in America. The fact is patent that in any fairly virtuous community no more credence would be given to her word, as against his, than if she were one of Dr. Gray's madmen, or one of Dr. Wilbur's idiots.

Now let it be remembered that the word of this woman stands at the very foundation of this whole infamous business, and that whatever other evidence has been introduced to back up her word has only claimed to be "corroborative." Will some one tell us now what there is to "corroborate?" Under this woman's confessions of falsehood and perjury there is nothing left of her or her stories, and we are bound to accept any explanation which the accused man has to offer,—bound we say, as fair and honest men and women. No court, ecclesiastical or legal, has ever found anything against him. To-day the only evidence against him that ever had any vitality, is destroyed.

We ask, therefore, in all candor, what is indicated by the fact that any considerable number of people in this community believe what this perjured woman says against a conspicuously pure and noble man, while he denies it, and has always denied it. Is it anything to his discredit? Then what is personal

character worth? Is he to stand branded with infamy by the word of a woman who, over her own signature, has declared that word to be of no value whatever? With some, doubtless, he will so stand, and it is such a hardship as has rarely been put upon the shoulders of any man to bear; but, after all, the disgrace is less as it touches him than as it is reflected upon the community that gives its confidence rather to the perjurer than to him. The liar, like the whale, finds the elements of her life around her,—plenty of credulity to swim in, plenty of notoriety to “blow” in, plenty of silly fish to be swallowed, and a gaping multitude to marvel over her appearance and to believe she is a “right-whale,” rather than a fraud. That her latest story should be believed to any considerable extent, simply proves that there are a great many people who are more than willing to believe a foul report against a good man, even when its authorship is confessedly worse than worthless. The plain, humiliating truth is that none of these monsters, either of wickedness or foolishness, thrive without a popular atmosphere that fulfills all their conditions of life; and the infamy is not monopolized by the thief who dies in jail, by the suicide trying to escape from the consequences of her crimes, or by the woman who publicly advertises her falsehood. It is fully shared in, both in its causes and consequences, by the community, whose condition makes their existence possible. If we are to have no more thieves, or child-murderers, or liars, we must reform ourselves, and refuse to furnish an atmosphere in which thievery, and murder, and falsehood can live and thrive.

The Art of Speaking.

DURING the last week of March, two notable addresses were delivered in the Academy of Music in this city, by Rev. Dr. R. S. Storrs of Brooklyn, on “The Ottoman and the Muscovite—their long Duel.” These discourses were fully noticed by the public press on the occasion of their original delivery in Brooklyn, and we are, in this article, not attempting to recall their substance or subject; but they were fraught with many suggestions upon topics often mentioned in these columns, viz., public speaking and popular lecturing, on which we should like to say a word.

Dr. Storrs has carried the art of public speaking about as far as anybody has ever carried it in this country. Edward Everett could write and commit to memory for recital in public, an elegant oration. The Boston orators who followed in his wake could do the same thing, in a less admirable degree. Mr. Phillips could go somewhat further than the most of his oratorical confrères, and make a fair speech under the inspiration of a competently stirring occasion. Winthrop, Bullock, Hillard, Whipple and the rest prepared carefully, memorized carefully, and delivered carefully their public addresses. Certainly, spontaneity has never been the characteristic of the Boston school of oratory, a school which—like its congener, the school of literature of which Emerson is the head or highest representa-

tive—seems to be dying out. Learned, however, as these men were, there was never one of them, unless Mr. Everett be excepted, who would trust to his memory to recall a hundred or a thousand names and dates connected with histories that had no relation to his own life. They certainly could not do this without writing out every word, and unwinding the thread exactly as it went upon the bobbin.

What Dr. Storrs seemed to do was this: he studied up his subject, which pretty thickly covered an immensely long period of time, arranged it loosely in his mind, and, with an unerring grasp upon every name, every date, every detail, every relation to contemporaneous affairs among other nations, he went before his audience. Then without a word written to guide him, without a word having been written to remember, he stood upon his feet, in the presence of a great crowd of men and women of the highest grade, who trusted to his power to do the thing he had undertaken to do just as implicitly as if he had been a demigod, and there he forged his great discourses. When they were completed, he could no more have written them out than he could have re-delivered them in the same form. He, almost alone of all the American orators we know, has exhibited the power to hold in his mind the unarranged material for public discourse, and the ready and unerring art with which to shape it to the purposes of any occasion. We know of nothing higher than this in human achievement. It is as rare as Shakspeare. There is a vast difference between this and the power of improvisation that some orators possess in a marvelous degree,—orators who work in the realm of fancy and feeling, orators who talk out of themselves. This man talked out of the aggregated experiences of the world, held not only in solution or suspension in his memory, but philosophically comprehended in their relations to each other, and to their causes and effects. For nearly five hours, during the two evenings, he reviewed the histories of the Turk and the Russian in their long struggle with each other, in a way as entertaining and exhaustively instructive as can be imagined. The great procession of facts and events that was passed in review was not a procession of puppets, but every thing was alive. The statistician himself was a poet, the *raconteur* was a philosopher, the historian was a preacher of righteousness, and the instructor an inspired inspirer.

Mr. Bayard Taylor, in his recent remarks at the Goethe Club reception, spoke of the necessity of a wide and varied knowledge for the accomplishment of the best in art; and it can hardly be doubted that wide and varied knowledge is quite as essential in oratorical art as in any other. If we are to learn anything about public speaking from these discourses of Dr. Storrs, it is that a man must be full before he tries to communicate. This is the condition that takes precedence of all others. The great lack of our public speakers relates to catholicity and exactness of knowledge. Their memories are good for nothing. Mental training, such as we get in the schools, is very well, but knowledge such as we get out of, and after, schools is the very

first condition of the best oratory. The art of speaking, when a man is full of his subject, is one that takes pretty good care of itself. A man can hardly speak otherwise than well when he is full of his subject, and has an intensely interested audience before him. That can hardly be called an art which is spontaneous. If these addresses of Dr. Storrs had been written out, and read with the highest finish of the elocutionary art, they would have fallen flat. The bare walls of a study never hold the inspiration that springs from a wall of beating hearts and an array of earnest eyes. This speaking, eye to eye, under the impulse and inspiration of a great occasion, holds the secret of oratorical success.

There is another point in connection with these addresses that we wish to notice, though we have left but little space for what we have to say. There was a time in the history of what is called "The Lecture System" in this country when addresses of this character would have been in order—when men were called for because they had something to say. We doubt whether it entered into the imagination of any lecture bureau to invite Dr. Storrs to repeat these lectures in New York. They have been so much in the habit of supposing that the people wanted trash and nonsense, and of supplying precisely these commodities, that it did not occur to them that there was generous money for the lecturer and themselves in these long historical orations. They have forgotten, if they ever knew, that the people like most the best that the best man has to give. We have never seen in this country, east or west, anything made by talking down to people. The lecture business is becoming wretchedly poor business, for lecturers and bureaus alike,

for no reason under heaven but that it is unworthily and incompetently done. Most of the men who lecture have nothing to say, and the men who have something to say suppose they must let themselves down to please the people and secure the popularity that insures them another call.

It is all a mistake, and has always been a mistake. Dr. Storrs could deliver in New York City alone his two long discourses on Russia and Turkey ten times to large and probably constantly increasing audiences. No such audience has greeted any speaker during the past winter as fronted Dr. Storrs, at the Academy of Music, on the night of his last appearance there. The American people are not fools. It has only to be known that a competent man has something valuable to say to secure for him a good audience. But people talk about the "decay of the lecture system" as if it were an institution that had had its day, and were naturally dying of old age, when in truth it is starving to death for lack of men who have something to say. Pretty women, whose fascinating pictures adorn the lecture bureaus; literary clowns who manufacture and retail absurdity by the square yard; dead-beats who have worked themselves out of every other field of employment; "readers" of other people's good things, have become the stock performers of the lyceum, which is now managed and provided for like a theater. The old relation between speakers and the people is done away with. Everything is managed by the bureaus, and decent speakers are everywhere disgusted with the whole business.

So we say it is refreshing to get hold of a man in the old way, because he has something to say, and to show to bureaus and to people just where the vitalities of the old lecture system lay.

THE OLD CABINET.

DIFFERENT nations have the proverb: "Every man to his taste;" and your neighbor, who prefers a bad picture to a good one, a bad book to a good one, will justify his choice by the ancient proverb. But, strictly speaking, there is no such thing as a difference in taste. The difference is in the presence of taste, or the absence of it. Persons of taste may at one time be in the mood for one good thing, and at another time in the mood for another good thing. These moods may, indeed, continue for years, and during their continuance they may express themselves in picturesque and vituperative language with regard to the good things which they like and the good things which they do not like. But as for absolutely bad works of art or literature, persons of taste do not like them at all. Meantime, persons without any taste whatever, seeing this apparent difference of taste among those reputed knowing, think they may escape the censure of the wise while giving expression to their detestation of beautiful things. Let them beware lest they

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find that they have committed the error of those who take part in a quarrel between man and wife.

But it should be borne in mind that there is such a thing as a growth in taste, and that in the early stages of growth mistakes will always be made. An artist of remarkable precision of taste confessed, not long since, that in his early days he, too, swore allegiance to the reigning academical power—the power, once so strong, now so feeble—of the late Wilhelm von Kaulbach! The true Philistine is the man who "never makes a mistake," who has had the same principles, the same opinions "for the last thirty years."

"But what is the difference between a good picture and a bad picture, and how dare any one assume to know?"

It is a very simple matter after all. As has been said here before, it is a question of wear. An expert in stuffs does not need to be a manufacturer of stuffs in order to tell whether a piece of goods is genuine,—whether the cloth is made of good wool

or shoddy; whether it will wear badly, or wear well. A good critic—that is, an ideally good critic—is a man who can tell you whether you—supposing that you are a person of growing taste—will get tired of a particular work of art in one week, in two weeks, in a month, in a year. He can tell whether a given work of art has a deep and abiding charm, or a superficial prettiness; whether it is imitative in a good way, or in a bad way; whether it is the product of a strong nature or a weak nature. For it becomes more and more apparent, notwithstanding all the gossip about this and that school, this and the other method, that, given a certain amount of training and of taste, the question becomes one of individuality,—of power in the artist himself. It is this that makes authors and artists so sensitive to criticism of their work; for they know that it is not the work that is being criticised so much as their own breeding, their own immortal souls.

It is true that many exquisite and lovely characters “die with all their music in them.” Even natures that have what we call individuality and force pass away often without having reached expression in any adequate form. On the other hand, as our experience increases, it is common to find that what we had deemed the inadequate expression of a sturdy and vital nature was, on the contrary, the incoherent expression of a nature in reality feeble and commonplace—a nature having only the illusion of profundity. Nowadays, the mute, inglorious Miltons generally manage to get “an education,” and it must be confessed that most of them turn out to be intolerable bores.

ALTHOUGH some of the best of modern critics have been purely literary men, it is notorious that literary men, as a rule, are very uncertain judges of painting and sculpture. Some of the foremost of modern authors have made conspicuous failures in their judgments of pictures and statues, and in their appraisal of particular contemporary artists. An artist can say nothing more scornful of an opinion given on his own work, or on that of another artist, than that it is a “literary opinion;” and it is getting to be better and better understood that a picture or a statue that has in it what is called the literary element has in it a foreign and hurtful element,—“an element of disintegration.” A “literary” picture is not merely a picture that tells a story. Some of the most artistic pictures do this, and do it well; Raphael’s, for instance, did not disdain to tell a story, and to tell it in all its minutiae; nor the pictures of Millet, the latest of the greatest masters. Here is a photograph of Millet’s “Shower,” or “Refuge,” or whatever you choose to call it,—the peasant, his wife, and the donkey huddled under a gust-shaken tree, the man with his coat drawn over his shoulders, the sleeves hanging loose, and she with the peasant-woman’s apron drawn over her head; a little way off, on the right, are the abandoned tools, and if you look sharp you will see a tiny figure running across the fields for

dear life to the shelter of a solitary tree. Some one has said that a thought which occurs to a writer as prose must not be written in verse,—that a true poem occurs to the writer as *poetry* and not as prose. So in painting, the impulse must be distinctively artistic, and not literary or anything else. Those who understand the matter know very well that this view of the case does not rule out of the domain of art either intellect, morals, or religion.

Why is it that literary men so seldom master the idea of plastic and graphic art? One reason, doubtless, is that a writer, after looking a while into the arts kindred to his own, is so surprised and enchanted at the points of resemblance, and even the fundamental correspondence among them all, that he is apt to lose sight of the fact that each art, by its own separate existence, proves that there are decided differences between the arts. If the arts are really the same, how did there come to be more than one? It is evident that painting, sculpture, music, architecture, each exists, because each expresses what cannot be expressed in words.

It is true that a great work of art must and always does tell a story. But the story need not be an *incident*; or, if it is an incident, then the incident itself, no matter how important from a historical or a religious point of view,—no matter whether it be the Battle of Waterloo or a Madonna,—the mere incident must not be the principal thing. Whenever a painting relies upon its incident alone for its interest, it acknowledges its own weakness. No, the battle-scene must be typical, let us say, of war; the Madonna of motherhood.

To those who have learned how to enjoy in each art its special expression, the painting of a tree, of a face, of a flower, tells a story that can be told in no other way.

IN the Academy Exhibition which followed immediately upon the close of the Exhibition of the Society of American Artists, there seemed to be no evidences of personal hostility to the members of the new society; although, in the actual disposition of the pictures upon the walls, it is to be supposed that Mr. Wyant, of the hanging committee (a member also of the Society), had little to do. The works of most of the home exhibitors of the society were admitted, and apparently in a spirit of liberality. That pictures by some of the artists whose canvases contributed to the success of the Society’s exhibition,—such as Mr. Fuller’s two pictures, Mrs. Whitman’s portrait, Mr. La Farge’s “Andromeda”—were put nearly out of sight, together with the work of the clever Frenchmen, Bonnat and Henner,—that this sort of skying was done, was a matter to be expected, as the result of the standard of taste which exists at the Academy, and which is likely to exist there for some time to come. The best places in the principal rooms were generally given to the kind of work that the majority of the Academy honestly believe in, whether the work was done by Society exhibitors, or by the leading spirits and old “stand-bys” of the Academy itself.

A LETTER from Mr. John La Farge, dated March 15th, and printed in the newspapers a day or two later, urged the admission of wood-engravings to the American division of the fine-art department, at the Paris Exhibition. Mr. La Farge declared that we have attained to a very high standard for the present day in the art of engraving on wood, and on this ground we could compete favorably with European nations, most of which are decidedly our inferiors. A like superiority, he stated, we cannot with certainty maintain in any other department of art, and he thought that all sincere lovers of art in America, would regret our throwing away this opportunity of deserved success and honor. The "World," the "Times," and the "Nation" heartily and intelligently indorsed Mr. La Farge's view, but the discussion came too late; the wood-engravings were not admitted to the walls of the art department, and engravings would not have gone to Paris at all (except those sent by publishers for their own shelves, where they will be lost to the general public), if, at the last moment, the commissioners had not consented to let Mr. Maitland Armstrong, the artist in charge, hang a few hastily gathered proofs somewhere among the beds, tables, candlesticks, and nutmeg-graters of the American department.

An exception to the general indorsement of Mr. La Farge's letter occurred in the case of the "Evening Post," which held that, "wood-engravers, properly speaking, are not artists, nor do artists, as a rule, recognize them as such. * * The engraver is little if not an imitator and a plodder; * * his business is to copy, not to create; to interpret, not to meddle with the text." Some may "try hard to be something more than mere copyists, and the occasional slight successes which they achieve in this direction have for us a mournful and tender interest. Their trade has clipped the wings of their spirits, and when they would soar, they can only flutter. They want to create, but they are held back. The artist, however, is distinctively a creator; and, in a fine-art exhibition, his absence cannot be compensated for by the presence of the engraver, who, so far from filling the chair of the former, is scarcely large enough to rattle about in it."

On points like these,—to say nothing of some much smaller points,—a controversy arose between the "World" and the "Post," which it is not necessary to follow. Mr. La Farge came himself to the defense. Whatever the "Post" says of wood-engravers not being necessarily artists, "is true," said he, "of painters and of sculptors likewise. Not all wood-engravers are artists, nor are all painters; but, when a man of artistic mind and training is an engraver, he does not cease to be an artist, not even if he should never engrave any original work of his own. This is an elementary rule of the grammar of art. * * To translate faithfully the work of another artist into a different art, requires a high degree of many of the qualities that are rarest in art, and that are identically the same as those through which the artist who paints or carves copies and imitates nature. * * If he is an artist (and he must be an artist in soul to be a good engraver), he need not be a plodder and

an imitator' any more than the artist in other departments, on whom we bestow this very reproach if he be not lifted beyond mere technical mechanism." Mr. La Farge also denied that engravers were not esteemed as artists by the brotherhood of painters and sculptors.

Mr. Whittredge followed on the same side in a generous letter, correct in its statements as regards America, in whose National Academy, engravers admitted as engravers, take equal rank with their artist fellows; but slightly in error, we are informed, as regards the Royal Academy of England, where, though indeed the constitution of the Academy (as quoted by Mr. Whittredge) prescribes that the "privileges and obligations as associate and academician engravers shall in no respect differ" from those of the other associates and academicians,—they are still considered "a distinct class." Nevertheless, they are expressly included in the general term of "artists." Said Mr. Whittredge, "Nothing, I think, would surprise American artists more than to learn that an engraver was not an artist."

The elder Inness joined in the controversy, thinking that the case had been "too strongly put" for the engraver. "In one sense, indeed," he said, "all workmen are artists—a wood-chopper is an artist, a carpenter, and a tailor; but, that the same artistic power is required in producing an engraving as in producing an oil-painting, I deny." Mr. Inness gave three excellent reasons to prove that "the best oil-painters are artists, in a higher sense than are the best engravers." But Mr. Inness was not consistent; though he rated the engraver with the wood-chopper he still discussed his position relative to that of the painter in oils. But, if an engraver is an artist in the same sense as is a wood-chopper, Mr. Inness, of course, wastes his time and degrades his own profession as a painter, in talking about the engraver's position relative to that of a painter in oil. But Mr. Inness knows very well that a wood-chopper is not an artist in any pertinent sense whatever; and therefore, we say, his argument is inconsistent. The fact is, and Mr. Inness acknowledges this fact in his comparison of engraving with oil-painting, that engraving is essentially artistic, just as painting is essentially artistic; of course, meaning by engraving, not the immature form of the art, and, of course, meaning by painting, something different from the work of the North American Indians. It is perfectly legitimate for Mr. Inness to discuss the difference between painting and engraving, and to exalt the former above the latter; just as it would be perfectly legitimate for a figure-painter to discuss the difference between figure-painting and landscape painting, and to exalt the former above the latter. Mr. Inness says that "a man naturally will not confine himself to engraving if he can paint equally well." Very true; but it would be surprising to the present writer if a painter would confine himself to landscape, when he could paint the figure equally well.

* Members of the Academy elected as engravers, and now living: Academicians, Alfred Jones, elected 1851; John F. E. Prudhomme, 1846; James Smillie, 1851; Associates, W. J. Linton, Stephen A. Schoff.

If Michael Angelo thought it idle to discuss the relative value of painting and sculpture,—“for more time is thus lost than would suffice to make statues,” it was because he thought that although he had always considered sculpture the superior, still it might be that they were equal. Imagine then his scorn at any discussion as to the relative value of landscape-painting and figure-painting. Not Claude, nor Turner, nor Constable, nor Corot, nor Rousseau, nor Inness could convince Michael Angelo that the greatest artists would hold mainly to landscape, when they might find more explicit, full, and passionate expression by the more noble means of the human form.

The denial of the term “artist” to an engraver is especially astonishing to those who have any knowledge of the methods of engraving on wood, although it might be thought that the results would be enough for the eye of any critic, particularly of any artist. In his second letter, from which we have already quoted, Mr. LaFarge explains that “the art of engraving has mechanisms of its own, many of them invented for the occasion, which require as much capacity in artistic technique as painting or sculpture.” He speaks of Mr. Marsh’s well-known engravings of butterflies, which were only mapped out on the wood, the artist really drawing with his graver the insect which lay before him. In these engravings, any one who looks carefully “will recognize all sorts of artistic devices, often invented by himself on the spur of the moment, just as a painter does who is studying from nature; all done to reproduce the brilliant or sober color of these insects, their furry or metallic bodies, or the fairy dust which covers their wings. * * This remarkable transcript of some of the most delicate beauties of nature is as much his own as the skies of Turner or the flesh-painting of Titian.”

In the February number of SCRIBNER there is an engraving of St. Gaudens’s panel of adoring angels, in St. Thomas’s Church, New York. The lovers

of art are indebted for this exquisite reproduction of one of the most important pieces of sculpture yet made in this country, to a young wood-chopper by the name of Cole. In the reproduction of this beautiful bass-relief, Mr. Cole was not assisted by any draughtsman. The group was photographed upon the wood, and cut by the engraver with a large photograph before him. But the engraver could never have given so accurate, so valuable a copy, if he had not, also, seen and been inspired by the original in its place in the church; if he had not done his work in the same spirit in which St. Gaudens had done his.

Before us, as we write, lies a wood-engraving of a Madonna and child. The art of the master by whom the original was made is apparent here, but no less apparent is the art of the master who has given in firm and sensitive lines this rich, and broad, and luminous reproduction. And yet we are told that the man who draws thus with his graver as few other living artists can draw with pen, pencil, etching-needle, or brush,—we are told that William James Linton is scarcely large enough to rattle about in the chair of an “artist”; that, as an engraver, he is capable of imitating or expressing beauty in the same sense as is the wood-chopper, the carpenter, and the tailor.

But the writer in the “Evening Post” and Mr. Inness have both had time to look deeper into the matter, and to repent of their hastily expressed opinions. They may at least congratulate themselves that they have been the means of calling forth so interesting, though so brief, an essay on the principles of engraving and of art in general as the second letter of Mr. La Farge, from which we have quoted, and the thoughtful and eloquent paper by Mr. Linton, which is published elsewhere in this magazine.

We learn, just as we go to press, that the controversy has had the excellent result of an exhibition of engravings to be given under the auspices of the Boston “Museum.”

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Annals.

“WHEN I get rich, I will have a flower-garden,” I once heard a person say. But it is a mistaken idea that flowers are a costly luxury attainable only by the rich. Of course, the rare exotics that adorn the pleasure-grounds of the millionaire are not for poor people, but there is a world of bloom and beauty outside of these. And any one with a few rods of ground and a handful of seeds, may become the happy possessor of a little Eden of his own. The annals are within the reach of all, and, with sweet-peas at ten cents an ounce, mignonette, nemophila and many others at five cents a packet, poverty is no bar to floriculture. I know whereof I speak, for I seldom spend more than one dollar each season for seeds, yet I always have plenty of flowers from April until November.

I even indulge in “novelties,”—it is so pleasant to have something to look forward to, and the watching and waiting for the first bud and blossom of a new flower is very delightful and even exciting. My “novelties” are my own, however, and not the florists. One year it was nemophila and whitavia, at five cents a packet, both daintily beautiful. This spring, I treated myself to several at the same extravagant rates. One of them is a real acquisition, namely, *Agrostemma (coeli rosa)*, a rosy-faced little flower on long slender stems that give it a cheerful expression, as it seems to be nodding “good-day” most of the time. *Phacelia congesta* is another good little thing, it is very hardy, of a pale blue color, and will bloom all summer if not allowed to go to seed; it is also said to be excellent bee-food; I have myself observed that it is much courted by winged-folk.

There are seven varieties of *nemophila*, and I have had them all from one packet of mixed seed; they are all interesting, but *insignis* and *maculata* are the best; *insignis* is of a lovely blue color with white center hardly enough defined to be called an eye, and *maculata* is a white flower with a violet blotch on each petal; this is the largest and most showy. *Nemophila* is an early bloomer, one of the first of the annuals, and very desirable on this account. I have planted it in March and had it in bloom the latter part of May. It is a native of California and is a favorite in England, where it seems to flourish; with me it does best early in the season; it does not bear the summer heats,—which is singular when we consider its origin.

All of the foregoing, with the exception of *nemophila*, are excellent bouquet flowers, and they are all perfectly hardy and will seed themselves. The new Japan pinks (*Dianthus chinensis*) cannot be too highly commended; the colors are brilliant and varied, and the habit of the plant admirable, and with good treatment it will bloom several years. Then there is that old-time flower the snap-dragon (*antirrhinum*). I like it as much for its fine form and foliage as for its bright blossoms, which are a source of endless enjoyment to the children. The double dwarf scabious (mourning-bride), Mexican ageratum, *browallia*, *calceola* (Flora's paint-brush), *calliopsis*, *entola*, *erysimum*, *nigella* (love-in-a-mist, devil-in-a-bush, lady-in-green) and *salpiglossis* are good and durable bouquet flowers. Candytuft is excellent for cutting, but does not bloom long; sweet alyssum is more lasting, but is liable to be devoured by the small black cabbage-flea as soon as it appears above ground. Asters, so fine for an autumn show, with me, do no good. The aster-beetle takes them all. Balsams (lady-slipper) are very handsome when well-grown, but do not always come true to seed. Pansies I treat as annuals, getting fresh seed every year, and giving them a rich soil and plenty of moisture. The north side of the house is the best situation for summer blooming, and a southern exposure for early spring flowers. The plants in bloom now (midsummer), from seed sown in the open ground this spring, will most of them live through the winter and begin to bloom in April, and continue until replaced by new plants, which will be ready to set out in June if grown in the seed-bed or cold-frame,—those raised in hot-beds of course will be earlier. I have no difficulty in keeping pansies over winter, for my plants are always less than a year old; young plants endure the rigors of our winters best. Pansies for spring blooming are often injured by covering too closely during the winter,—the covering should be about the roots, but the leaves must be left free to the air or they will rot. A light mulch of dry leaves spread over the beds late in the autumn, and kept in place with a little brush will answer the purpose. Sweet-peas should be planted in March, if possible, or as soon thereafter as the ground can be got ready; they do not require a very rich soil, but do well in limestone regions. If the soil is deep, and if they are well watered and hoed, and the flowers are cut freely, they will bloom until frost

comes. If allowed to ripen seed, they soon cease blooming, and dry up like table-peas. The climbing nasturtium (*Tropaeolum majus*) is one of my favorites—it is always to be depended on; it never fails to put in an appearance, no matter what the weather may be. I condoled with a lady this spring, who said she sowed a great many seeds, but nothing came up but the nasturtium. If a flower wont come up you cannot do much with it, but you can do many things with nasturtiums besides making salads and pickles of them. They will run up a string as nimbly as a morning-glory, clamber over a trellis and climb a tree. And where will you find a more beautiful plant? Flowers and leaves it seems to me are both as near perfection as possible. And besides, it will flourish where almost any other flower would starve. The soldier's flower, like the soldier himself, easily accommodates itself to various climes and modes of life. The blossoms of the Drummond phlox are very gay and at the same time delicate, it is a profuse bloomer and quite hardy, but its form is bad. A good, stocky, self-supporting Drummond phlox is what we are waiting for, and the florist who gives it to us will be a benefactor to his race. The zinnia is as reliable as the nasturtium, and makes a fine display in midsummer and autumn, but be careful about your seed; procure it only from a reliable florist, for a poor zinnia is absolutely not to be tolerated; the best are double, and almost as large as a dahlia. Then there are petunias and verbenas; both may be treated as annuals. I have a bed of each on the lawn that seed themselves year after year, and cost nothing but a little labor. The petunias are the common varieties. I do not know whether the large new sorts will take care of themselves or not. I have not tried them yet, as bouquet-flowers are my favorites, and I have rather neglected the petunias. The verbenas I procured in the first place from pot-plants, let them go to seed, and the following spring burned the stalks, and indeed all the rubbish of the whole garden on the verbenas bed, then dug it over, gave it a covering of leaf mold, protected it with brush and waited. In due time the tiny seedlings came up, grew, bloomed, and went to seed; and they have been doing the same thing ever since. Both verbenas and petunias sport, and so you are sure of variety. This is slipshod gardening, doubtless, but it suits lean purses and may encourage some Faintheart among flower-lovers to go and do likewise.

E. A. M.

A Successful Experiment.

A lady in Indiana has been trying an experiment suggested in a former *SCRIBNER*, and describes its workings in a letter from which we make these extracts.

"WE—a mother, with 'boys and girls,' aged fourteen, sixteen, eighteen, and twenty years, with friends and companions—concluded to try your suggestion, in the November number of *SCRIBNER*, about ladies' clubs taking up the study of cities as a means of entertainment during winter evenings; and we find that, with care and a little addition in the way of music, it is very pleasant. All profess to enjoy the

evenings, and it also gives something of interest to talk about between-times, and guides in the selection of books to read, histories and books of travels being much more in demand; and these many are surprised to find 'as good as a novel.' This study creates a demand for maps and pictures, and makes a good geographical review for old and young. For instance: studying in Italy, if your book of travels is not of recent date, your boundary lines are not right, either for Nice on the west or Venice on the east. One is therefore led to study both geography and history, to find the reason why. We find Hillard's 'Six Months in Italy' and Silliman's 'Visit to Europe,' both published in 1852, much better than most of the modern books of travel. In fact, Silliman's is the best, I suppose, that could be used for our purpose. Making the tour of Europe as a teacher, understandingly, after a life of study and intimate acquaintance with the subjects he writes about, being of mature age, yet young in heart and sympathy, he is able to interest, whether he talks of fossil fishes and geological strata, or museums and philosophical apparatus, or mountain scenery, or statuary and fresco-painting. Moreover, having been to Europe when a young man, he is able to show us the changes which forty-six years have made in the countries he visits. I am thus particular in describing this work, because it is such an exception to the ordinary book of travel; it is not filled up with

personal matter, which avails so little when you are looking for information.

"We have studied mostly in Italy, beginning with Venice and approaching Rome by degrees. The younger members of the club thought nothing could be very interesting after Venice; but they were very much interested in Florence, while 'Herculaneum and Pompeii' were almost intoxicating. Of course, Bulwer's 'Last Days of Pompeii' was in demand.

"We want more than anything else maps or plans on an enlarged scale of some of the Old World cities, but do not know how to obtain them. We have none except of Paris. If they could be had with descriptive letter-press, they would be better. We have Grey's 'Atlas,' with maps of the principal cities of the United States, and want something similar giving points of the compass. The only city of which we can get these correctly is Rome. Silliman takes us to the top of Capitoline Hill, and there fixing these 'points,' locates the seven hills (the junior member of the club says, 'Why, there are more than seven hills!') and maps out the city for us, with a full description of what lies to the north, south, east, and west.

"Our object in this has been to interest the younger members as much as possible. Hence we have not studied any one city as long or as thoroughly as we would if the members of the club were all older."

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

Bascom's "Comparative Psychology."

THE ground covered by this treatise, as the title of the volume indicates, is entirely different from that of psychology proper. The subject is not so much the science of mind as the comparison of intelligence throughout its innumerable phases of development, from the lowest manifestation of consciousness up to the highest reaches of intellect.

Unlike most modern advocates of the intuitional philosophy, Mr. Bascom has thought it worth his while to master those facts of physical and natural science out of which materialism has created its system. In his preface he says,—after speaking of the facts which modern science has accumulated,—“We gladly accept the many truths which this philosophy furnishes; but we build them into an edifice very different from that for which they were quarried” (p. iv).

The chapters on instinct and intelligence are full of thought,—calm, philosophical and dignified. While the argument does not militate against evolution as the mode by which the present physical development of man has been reached, it utterly repudiates the idea that intellect and soul are the mere outcome of a growing refinement of organization.

It seems a great mistake of judgment, that a book so full of real life should open with a metaphysical discussion clothed in unfamiliar and technical language. A natural repugnance and distrust of everything which wraps itself up in mysterious phrases, and holds aloof from common use, has been created in the popular mind by the charlatans of mental and theological science. This democratic and practical age tolerates no magnificent obscurities. But, as is so often the case, the natural and healthful reaction from the intellectual monopoly and priestcraft of the past has been extreme, and much which is good has gone down with the evil. In this volume the thinking is clear, the convictions intense, and yet the language is too technical in the purely metaphysical portions to be pleasing; this is in part due to the infirmities of language and in part to the infirmities of human nature; but it nevertheless leaves the book a less efficient defense of sound faith than it would otherwise be.

When the author begins in his own field,—comparative psychology,—the subject is handled not only well but worthily. If the subject had been so managed that the particular should precede and lead up to the general the effect would have been better to a general reader, and a far larger audience would also have been secured. The mode of considering the facts of comparative intelligence—of instinct and intellect—casts a flood of illumination

* Comparative Psychology, or The Growth and Grades of Intelligence, by John Bascom, Author of "The Philosophy of Religion," etc. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

upon the general statements of the author; but this light, unfortunately, does not fall backward and so many a reader, capable of appreciating the thoughtful, earnest philosophical spirit of the writer, plods through a labyrinth of statements wanting the clue to help him out.

The argument is purely constructive. The author appreciates the facts of modern science in biology and the physiology of body and mind; he builds up out of these facts a system which excludes neither God nor his laws; which makes of the two a harmonious system, including the natural and the supernatural, the physical and the divine. He says in conclusion: "We meet God as the scientist would have us meet him, in nature and under the laws of nature; and we meet him as the theologian would have us meet him, as the Supreme Presence and Ruler in the world."

We all feel conscious that there are certain truths which a too close inspection cause to disappear, and which yet return with a renewed strength of conviction when we look broadly at the subject again. These truths are not mere isolated facts, they are always truths of relation. The human mind is subject, from the infirmity inherent in it, to difficulties which are akin to those of our physical constitution. We have a moral and mental, as well as a physical, recognition of perspective; things close by assume undue proportion and importance and those far away melt into indefiniteness. By the same law subjects when viewed from a distance lose something of their definition, yet at the same time they assert their mutual relations, as they cannot do when we look too closely into either. The mutual relation of body and mind, of instinct and intelligence, we feel as we look calmly at ourselves in our relation to organic nature. We feel, when we contemplate the vast panorama of historical events, that the physical is subordinated to the spiritual, that there is in man something which makes him differ in kind as well as in degree from the brutes. And yet a too close and exclusive study of physical science has wiped out—for thousands of the most honest and brilliant minds of the present day—these distinctions. By a certain power in this volume Mr. Bascom brings the two phases of organic life,—the brute and the human,—and of human existence—its physical and spiritual side—close, while he yet does not allow their true relation to escape us. We see the facts clearly, and still we see both sides in harmonious proportion. Our instinctive appreciation of the truth is justified and placed upon an impregnable basis of fact.

The spirit of the writer is well illustrated by the following words with which we close: "The wisdom of God cannot be saved by an apology based on the difficulties it encounters. If the physical constitution of the world does not seem to us rational, it is not because the divine reason is not everywhere in it, in the calm, clear flow of a perennial purpose; but because we have not insight, experience and scope enough fully to discern that divine thought. Our growing knowledge has taught us a thousand times the deeper lessons, the truer significance of

physical laws, and will till the very end, till matter, like a transparent crystal without a flaw, shall let the light of the divine mind completely through it. Surely, as we have waited not in vain hitherto, we may well preserve, a little longer, this waiting attitude."

Collected Fragments of Thomas Moore.*

THERE is a flavor of Moore's best about these collected fragments of his that gives them value as a reminder which they could not claim for intrinsic merit. Thousands of readers have thrilled with the patriotism of his verse who only condemn its softer passion, and for many who love the leap and lilt of his lyrics, the confectionery of his longest poem seems only mawkish. Indeed the very charm of his personality, which heightened his reputation among his contemporaries, rather leads the sober judgment of to-day to question it. What was borne off as spontaneous and sprightly, uttered by the man, seems to us, who never heard him, artificial and sometimes tinsel. The form is grace itself, the turns of fancy exquisite, the touches of expression delicate, but it is work wrought in silver filigree, not in marble. Yet his glowing passion for country will keep the best of that work bright and living.

The juvenile poems here collected are like juvenile poems the world over, unless it may be said that they confirm more strongly than is usual with such productions the wise German's saying, "What one longs for in youth he has to the full in riper years." In these promises at least, even more truly than it might have been said of Watts, the babe was father of the bard. The satire, most of it political, which was so telling in its time, belongs to his later years, and must needs seem tame to us, who miss the fit occasion and personal direction that lent it life. What is given of his prose in the form of contributions to the "Edinburgh Review" leaves an impression of serious power of work rather surprising to those who know only his verse. The graver pieces among these essays are as grave as Brougham himself could have made them, while far more elegant, and the witty ones would have gained nothing if Sidney Smith had retouched them. The critique on Lord Thurlow's poems is riotously clever, sharp and even vindictive, but not unfair, if the victim is to be tried by his own utterances. The editor pronounces it unjust, because Thurlow was a true poet; Mr. Stoddard can defend a paradox so ingeniously that we wish he would give us a monograph to justify this praise. These essays recall the peculiarity of the early articles in the "Edinburgh," in contrast with the reviewing tone of later days. They were unconscious, almost naïve, direct to the point, and keeping close to their theme. Take, as an instance, Macaulay's critique of Montgomery, which is almost bald in its simplicity. How differ-

* Prose and Verse, by Thomas Moore, chiefly from the Author's Manuscripts. With notes edited by Richard Herne Shepherd, and a preface by Richard Henry Stoddard. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

ent from the modern style of "Quarterly" article, which just names its subject, and forgets the text, to discourse "*de omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis.*"

The volume contains sparkling comic opera, spiced with diverting songs, and pointed with curious bits of rhyme, the most amusing part of which is a note to the author's preface, hailing the Regent as a morning-star of hope. *That* Regent!—but it was in 1811, early in his day. There is also an unfinished prose story, full of imagination, and recalling in some passages his exquisite tale, "The Epicurean," and there are a few letters, and certain notes for his "Life of Byron," which contain some new anecdotes, and sketch some traits of the greater poet in a fresh and lively way. The American editor has treated his material in his usual accurate and sympathetic manner, and the volume is beautifully printed and with a freedom from errors, especially in the frequent quotations from foreign languages, refreshing in contrast with the carelessness in that respect which nowadays disfigures so much of what is called editing.

Edgar Fawcett's "Fantasy and Passion."*

If the reader open Mr. Fawcett's book with prejudice, it is the fault of the author only. All that a poet dare to hope for in the way of recognition, the title of this volume assumes beforehand. Have I, in the eyes of lovers of poetry, fantasy? Have I passion? That is what the true artist will ask. But Mr. Fawcett has no such timidity. He boldly assumes that he possesses both. Perhaps he has the shallow philosophy at his tongue's end, that the world will not take a man for more than he asserts. That may be a good sentiment for brokers, for business men, for politicians, but not for a poet. Readers prefer to judge for themselves whether a poet has any fantasy and passion,—these rarest of all qualities,—and quickly resent anything that looks like advertising, or like browbeating. They will not believe that such delicate wares can be found behind so indelicate a title.

If Mr. Fawcett's verse is, to our thinking, remarkable for its lack of both passion and fantasy, it is by no means devoid of merit. The author has his flashes; sometimes he has his moods of deep thought; occasionally he has the charm of dexterity in versification, together with cleverness in choice of subject. Here are two stanzas from a picture of "Heat-Lightning."

"The mild night grows; through meadowed ways
The globing dew makes odor sweet,
And slowly now, in that dark cloud,
A pulse of gold begins to beat!

"Drenched to its core with gentle fire,
The cloud, at every mellowing change,
Shows tranquil lakes and lovely vales
And massive mountains, range on range!"

There are scattered lines and even whole poems in the book as good as, if not better than, the above. "A Bird of Passage" is a most graceful little poem which any of our poets might covet:

"As the day's last light is dying,
As the night's first breeze is sighing,
I send you, Love, like a messenger-dove, my thought through
the distance flying!
Let it perch on your sill; or, better,
Let it feel your soft hand's fetter,
While you search and bring from under its wing, love, hidden
away like a letter!"

And Mr. Fawcett is able to put into a stately meter an Oriental legend like "Pest," and make it solemn, almost grand. We quote this poem entire:

"I came at midnight to the city's great
Last gate.
Below me gleamed its shadowy stately maze
Of ways;
Domes, minarets, obelisks, firm-reared to dare
Mid-air;
Masses of blended roofs in shadow deep
As sleep;
And woven among its thousand streets and sites,
Dim lights.

"But now, as I bore onward to that great
Last gate,
A dark shape stole toward me, glided fast
And past.
With wonderment I turned, not trusting quite
My sight,
When lo! the shape beneath me on the hill
Stood still,
And even as I had turned, so turned apace
Its face.
Wherewith the moon, from out a cloudy lair,
Broke fair,
And showed me, lit with large eyes, burning dull,
A skull!

"Days after, this news reached me in the West:
"The Pest"
Sweeps Ispahan with its embittered breath
Of death!
Within the temples prayers and maddened cries:
Arise;
And by her heaps, forever newly fed,
Of dead,
Our city moans for Allah to disperse
The curse."

It is noticeable that he is best when simplest. The very commonplace tale involved in "The House on the Hill" is made effective by the simplicity of its meter and wording, and there is a touch of sincerity in "Attainment." When his meter becomes fantastic Mr. Fawcett becomes weak. Here are some stanzas from a "Barcarolle,"—a piece which, with the exception of a line or two, seems to us the height of bad taste:

"With strange half-proud humility,
With sumptuous tranquillity,
Thou art lounging, Sweet, at my flattered feet, in
statuesque immobility,
Against thy bosom's chaste superb repose
One heavy blood-red velvet-petaled rose!

"Heedless if skies be thunderful,
Heedless if time be plunderful,
And only sure of the splendor pure in those fathomless
eyes and wonderful,
My soul would soar beyond all time, as soars
The upleaping lark through dawn's white corridors."

And here is a "sample" stanza from a poem called "Winds:"

"Here grouped in superb frigidity,
The blasts of the North repose,
Proud spirits of stern intrepidity,
Whose wings with clangors unclose.
In their saturnine eyes crepuscular
Cold hatreds bitterly glow;
In the girth of their dark arms muscular
Lie shipwreck, ruin and woe!"

* Fantasy and Passion. By Edgar Fawcett. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

Besides putting forth seriously a good deal of verse such as this, Mr. Fawcett shows a decided fondness for the slurring of syllables in the line, presumably after the fashion of Italian meters. Swinburne began this, having caught it from the Italian and Provençal poets. In "Cameos," the first sonnet is on Thackeray, and concludes thus:

"How forcefully could he paint the proud grandee
The skilled adventuress, with her game sly-played,
The toadying snob, in triple brass arrayed;
The dissolute fop, the callous debauchee;
And dowagers, in rouge, feathers, and brocade,
Sneering at life across their cards and tea!"

"Forcefully" must be pronounced *forf'ly*, and "adventuress" as three instead of four syllables, while the line next to the last defies reading smoothly by any method. This is a direction in English verse which must be deplored; it soon becomes a mannerism, and gives a ludicrous sound to poems which are meant to be grave.

Mr. Fawcett has, as becomes a poet, much to say about Nature, but he seems to lack the first requisite of a Nature-poet, that of accurate (loving, and therefore accurate) observation. A poem containing not a little that is excellent is that called "A Toad." But it has a line in which the toad is called a

"Dark stumbler at the roots of flowers."

The simile here is striking, but it is false. The toad sees better in the dusk than men, never springs except when he has a good motive, and never misses his mark. When man—himself a dark stumbler at the roots and stalks of flowers—comes blundering along with his blind feet, then the toad may stumble out of fright, but not through his own fault. By what right does he make the humble box-plant say:

"I cannot lure the dainty bee"—?

Has he ever observed closely the way in which fire-flies show their light, and can still write of them:

"Whose wings can never tremble but they show
These hearts of living fire that beat below!"

Bad art could no farther go than that which we find in a poem called "Rarity," where, to show how much he relished a daisy, he says:

"It wore a pastoral charm so sweet,
This lovely *lissome* marguerite,

That seeing it was like dear repose
To me, whose whole heart loathed a rose!"

It is no great praise of a poem that it is said to give the effect of daintiness, but if a poem aims to be dainty, it should be this at least. Self-consciousness is the curse of all modern literature; but if we are to have in poetry artifice rather than art, let the result of the artifice be as simple and unaffected as possible, not inaccurate, magniloquent, strained, turgid. In this writer we find the turgidness of maturity and of "polish," not of youth and spontaneity. The trouble seems to be that Mr. Fawcett seldom writes from a genuine poetic impulse. "Ferns," "Moss," "Leaves," "Clover," "Grapes," "A Toad," "Weeds,"

"A Bat," "Box," "Dew," "Fire-flies," "Velvet," "Satin," "Brocade,"—given these subjects—what shall I say about them? It is in consequence of the want of spontaneity that he has taken to straining after epithets. There is a beauty in satin, but it will not do for an unskilled writer to make satin the subject of a sonnet; the result will be a burlesque. Just as modern French painters paint so well that they impress the dignity of fine workmanship upon insignificant subjects, so do modern French versifiers manage their words so well that they give importance, if not dignity, to trivial or repulsive subjects. Mr. Fawcett is following in the same rut, but without the requisite mastery of his profession. Here is the octave from his sonnet on satin. To those who do not see the poor taste in the conception of this sonnet, and the bad poetical art in the execution, it is useless to explain them in detail:

"No moonlit pool is lovelier than the glow
Of this bright sensitive texture, nor the sheen
On sunny wings that wandering sea-birds preen;
And sweet, of all fair draperies that I know,
To mark the smooth tranquillity of its flow,
Where shades of tremulous dimness intervene,
Shine out with mutable splendor, mild, serene,
In some voluinous raiment white as snow."

The sequel to this sonnet, worthy of a sentimental draper's assistant, is that the poet's mind reverts, from satin to the acme of passionateness—to Shakespeare's Juliet! This must be the result of making a serious pursuit of the collection of bric-à-brac. But what can be expected from a writer who uses constantly such adjectives as "statuesque," "quaint," "superb," "bland,"—words that we expect only in poetry written for "Godey's" or "The Ledger"!—"Plethoric hamperfuls of cheer," "imperishable pathos," "terrible crashes," "the impetuous silver of the brook," "to win suave healing from the fluctuant years," "with opulence of full-orbed accomplishment,"—expressions such as these disfigure almost every page.

If the examples of a lack of taste which we have quoted in this notice were exceptional, it would be an ungracious and an unnecessary task to dwell upon them. But they indicate the inveterate habit of the writer,—they seem to be the result of choice,—they are well-considered methods of composition, and not mere lapses,—as, for instance, the use of the extra syllable alluded to above, which obliges the reader to take the Dundreary skip sometimes in every line on the page. Furthermore, Mr. Fawcett is not a new writer; though this is his first book of poems (except a volume of poems for children), his work is familiar, and has been for years, to the readers of almost every magazine and literary periodical in the country. He has, probably, printed a greater number of verses during the last ten years than any other writer in America. It would not be just to criticise his work as that of a novice.

No experience is so useful to a writer as that of seeing his detached pieces brought together in a volume. The faults which the critic is so prompt

to point out, he often has no need of assistance to discover. If Mr. Fawcett has in him the power of growth, which the author of poems as good as are his best should possess, his work in the future will be worthier of his best aims.

Gibson's "Complete American Trapper."*

Books of a thoroughly practical sort, emanating from a writer's own experience, are always valuable, not only, but have about them a certain freshness and charm which makes them entertaining even if we are not specially interested in the theme. This is particularly true of out-door literature, and this little manual of "the tricks of trapping and trap-making" is no exception. Within the limits of 300 small pages the author has compressed "all necessary information" concerning nearly every known device for the capture of bird or beast, with directions as to baiting traps, selection of ground for setting, and methods of concealment; also with full directions for building log-cabins and shanties, boats and canoes, hints on outfit, food and camp equipage, and a description of the manner of curing and tanning skins and furs; besides good brief accounts of the natural history of the animals chiefly to be met with by the trapper, and a dozen other matters akin to the subject. Having in mind as his readers sport-loving boys, the author has taken pains to explain, in the most circumstantial manner, and illustrate with much detail, all the devices he presents, and there surely need be no fault found with the book on the score of obscurity. Every difficulty likely to occur to a beginner seems to have been anticipated. Whether all his traps will succeed as well as promised is somewhat doubtful,—not a few of them are original inventions vouched for by the maker; but that the great majority will do their work almost infallibly, and are within everybody's power to construct, there is no doubt. Mr. Gibson being an artist as well as a trapper and woodsman, he has embellished his book with about 150 wood-cuts.

Minot's "Land and Game Birds of New England."†

Of the inexpensive treatises upon our familiar birds that have yet appeared, we regard this as the most satisfactory. It is evidently written not by a mere cabinet student, but by a practical field ornithologist who loves the live bird itself, and knows how to describe it. The book is made up substantially of original observations, many of them decidedly fresh and entertaining, and all of them clearly and directly put. The simple diagrams of the birds that accompany the text are more effective than one would think it possible for them to be, and in the absence of colored plates, are of about as much service to the student, as more elaborate wood-engravings. The fact is, nearly all the birds have very marked pro-

files, and when these are accurately caught by the draughtsman as they are in most cases in this work, there is no mistaking them. The only noticeable failure (if it is not an error) of this kind is on page 217, where the diagram of the white-throated sparrow is a much closer representation of his congener, the white-crowned. The latter bird has the long, broad tail, and the slender form here indicated. The work is prefaced by a valuable introduction on the practical study of birds, with advice about egg-collecting, forming a cabinet, etc., and has in the appendix an interesting ornithological calendar for Boston, Massachusetts, with other valuable matter.

New English Books.

LONDON, April 1, 1878.

It is almost superfluous to say that with a prospect of war in all its dread reality before our eyes, the commerce of literature partakes of the stagnation common to all businesses and professions that do not deal with the actual necessities of life. Whether the danger of hostilities—now apparently imminent—is averted or not, the effect is almost equally disastrous as far as literature is concerned. Brain-work, to be worth much, is a force of slow and careful elaboration, and while publishers, as at present, shrink from committing themselves to any future enterprises, the motive power that impels the student to laborious research or experiment in literature or science, is entirely wanting, and the result will probably be found in a year unmarked by any production of value above the ordinary supplies that feed the circulating libraries. While most costly or important works are kept back for better times, a few books that had been prepared for the usual spring season have been brought out during the past month, and may be briefly enumerated. A book vying with the most elegant productions of the modern press is "A Voyage on the 'Sunbeam'; or Our Home on the Ocean for Eleven Months," by Mrs. Brassey,—a handsome octavo, furnished with a prodigality of illustrations, pictorial, cartographic, etc., that does credit to the source whence they emanate. This is, of course, the liberality of the owner of the "Sunbeam," Mr. Thomas Brassey, member of Parliament for Hastings. The father of this gentleman, Thomas Brassey, the elder, who better deserved than Beckford Lord Byron's epithet of "England's wealthiest son," was one of the most remarkable characters produced in England by the railroad era. Unlike the Hudsons, Petos, and others, whose colossal fortunes evaporated before they could be counted, Mr. Brassey's millions were realized and safely invested, and at least three of his sons in three English counties—Sussex, Kent, and Oxfordshire—take high rank among territorial magnates, and are found in possession of lordly mansions and broad acres that have passed into their hands from decaying members of the older aristocracy. The "Sunbeam," as might be expected, seems to have been rather a floating "pleasure-house," the embodiment of an epicurean dream,

* The Complete American Trapper. By Wm. H. Gibson. New York: James Miller.

† Land and Game Birds of New England. By N. D. Minot. Naturalist's Agency: Salem, Mass.

than an ordinary yacht, and all the views that greeted its inmates on their voyage round the world are naturally tinged with a roseate hue. Still, the crew were not exempt from the accidents incident to humanity, and the book is a most interesting one as the shifting scenes of the panorama of the world are presented to us in the lively narrative of the authoress, while it does credit to the manliness of the race to learn that Mr. Brassey was his own sailing-master and navigated his vessel with its precious freight safely through the perilous Straits of Magellan and other marine dangers, with a skill testified to beyond dispute by the happy issue of the adventurous voyage.

A book of more enduring importance is the new and enlarged edition of the classic work of Dr. F. Keller, on the "Prehistoric Lake Dwellings of Switzerland, and other parts of Europe," as translated and completed by Professor Lee. In its first conception the work was confined to the singular remnant of Lacustrine habitations in Switzerland only, but the same field of research has been followed up with so much success in the British Isles, northern and eastern Europe, and even in Asia Minor, that the book now presents a careful digest of all that has been discovered on the subject not only in Switzerland but in other countries. The modes of examination and methods of research are fully detailed and, thanks to Dr. Keller's earnestness and thorough enjoyment of his work, we can form, in some respects, a clearer idea of the social status, industries, food, clothing, etc., of the very early, if not among the earliest, inhabitants of Europe than we can of our own immediate ancestors two or three centuries ago. The clear calm bosom of the silent lakes has proved a faithful custodian of the numberless relics that it now yields to investigators of the aboriginal races who in the very dawn of history constructed their villages on piles in its placid waters. They were probably led to this choice of a situation by a desire for security from the attacks of ruder and less civilized tribes inhabiting the neighboring mountains; but if so, it is a sad beginning of the history of civilization to find that almost all these infant communities bear marks of destruction by fire. Nearly three thousand of these various relics of all kinds are figured and described in the work before us, where a new page of history will be found written with startling distinctness. Professor Mahaffy's "Rambles and Studies in Greece" is much enlarged in a new edition. The author has no equal as a brilliant writer on the topics inspired by the scenes of his rambles,—topics that now, through the labor of Dr. Schliemann and the German savants at Olympia, have become matters of interest to every person of the least mental cultivation. Professor Besley's vivid sketches of Roman history are collected in a volume entitled "Cataline, Clodius, and Tiberius," and exhibit extraordinary power in investing with life the old historic dry bones of our school-boy days. A work of considerable magnitude and importance makes another step to its conclusion by the issue of the first volume, relating to the New Testament, of what

is now popularly known as "The Speaker's Commentary" on the Bible, though probably it will be the destiny of the "Notes and Queries" of the next generation to explain the meaning of this appellation. So diverse are the various schools of criticism on Biblical interpretation that it was for some time doubtful whether the leading men among the bishops and clergy of the Anglican Church could unite in the production of a work of this kind; but this difficulty has been overcome. The Old Testament is complete in six volumes, and the New Testament will form four. The first of these is remarkable for the commentary of that late distinguished metaphysician and divine, Dr. H. L. Mansel, Dean of St. Paul's, on the Gospel of St. Matthew. He was in fact engaged on it at the time of his death. The general introduction to the New Testament is by Dr. Thomson, Archbishop of York, author of the well-known book, "The Laws of Thought." Another member of the Episcopal bench, Dr. Basil Jones, Bishop of St. David's, closes the volume with a commentary on Luke. Volume two of the New Testament will comprise St. John's Gospel and Acts of the Apostles; and the remainder of the New Testament, volumes three and four.

The great architectural historian and critic, Mr. James Ferguson, has recently devoted a special treatise to the subject of "The Temples of the Jews and the other Buildings in the Haram Area at Jerusalem," in one handsome quarto volume, with numerous fine illustrations. As Cuvier could reconstruct the form of an entire extinct animal from a small fragment of its structure, so Mr. Ferguson claims for the architect the same power of reproducing the past from very limited remains of its genuine work. His theories based on this faculty, though they are totally at variance with the conclusions of other antiquarians, have succeeded in exciting attention, though they would revolutionize the received opinions on the topography of Jerusalem, as Mr. Ferguson sees in the Mosque of Omar, on the very site of the Temple of Solomon, not a Saracenic building at all, but the mausoleum erected by Constantine around the sepulcher of our Savior. Ample discussion of all the questions connected with this fertile subject of inquiry will be found in Mr. Ferguson's book.

The interest connected with the long artistic career of George Cruikshank has provided a large audience ready to welcome the autobiographic memoir from his pen that may be expected in the coming autumn. His last pictorial work was the execution of some thirty or forty drawings for its illustration. They preserve much of his old fire and spirit, and give a unique character to the book, now being edited from his MSS. by his widow.

Two books of travel are about to appear, and probably will be unaffected by the war,—Mr. Henry M. Stanley's narrative (christened somewhat too sensationallly), "Through the Dark Continent," and Captain Sir G. S. Nares' account of the last government Polar expedition in 1875-6, each in two volumes, amply illustrated with photographs, wood-engravings, etc.

ten stores, each having apartments in the rear, and above the stores, every floor is laid out as exhibited by the plan. At the ends of the block bow-windows are carried up to the top floor, and at the rear are six projections, each 2.13 meters (7 feet) deep, and containing wash-rooms as shown in the plan. The windows on every floor are unusually large and reach to the ceiling, and all the windows facing the street are provided with broad slate sills and iron guards for flowers. The stories are 2.52 meters (8 feet 3 inches) high in the clear, this comparatively low ceiling being considered sufficient where every room opens to the air and has such large windows.

In examining the plan, it will be seen that each tenement, or set of rooms, is complete in itself and entirely independent of all other. For instance, the stair-way at the right opens to the right on the balcony, and from this is a hall-way common to tenements marked M and N. The end set, marked N, has a hall, parlor, bedroom, living-room, and kitchen with range, set tub, sink with water, coal-box, water-closet, and ash-spout. The tenement marked M has a hall, bedroom, parlor, living-room, a kitchen with place for stove, and a wash-room. The wash-room is in the projection, and has sink, set tub, water, and separate water-closet with a large window, and there is also an ash-shoot. The balcony on the left opens into two tenements, each of four rooms. The central tower balconies open into three sets of rooms each,—one of three rooms and two of four rooms. Besides these rooms, each tenement has a large closet in the cellar, the free use of a bath-room, and ample drying-space on the roof or in the yard. At the back of the block is a cart-way, closed by gates at each end, through which all heavy stores and coal are delivered to the cellars, and all the ashes collected in the bins under the shoots may be removed. Each tenant is obliged to burn the garbage, and thus nothing but clean ashes remain to be removed and the air of the house is at all times pure. No waste-barrels are allowed on the sidewalks, as in the wretched New York fashion, and the tenant is relieved of all care in the matter.

Such a block as this is in remarkable contrast with the average tenement-house of New York City. There are no dark rooms, no water in the stair-ways, every stair-way is fully open to the air and light, and is absolutely fire-proof. No gas is supplied in the room, but all the stairways are lighted till eleven P. M., free of charge, and every tenant has a key to the iron gate at the entrance. The block contains sixty tenements and ten stores, every one having ample light and air, and each tenement having its own water and sanitary system complete in itself. Ventilating pipes extend to the roof from every water-closet, and the rain-water from the roof follows the soil-pipes, thus keeping them clear. Every tenement has, also, two chimney-flues.

One of the blocks, containing forty tenements and now occupied, presents the following as the outcome of the experiment: The land cost \$6,478.04;

the building, \$32,064.37; insurance, taxes, etc., \$943.49,—making a total of \$39,485.90. The rents for one year from the tenements and stores reached \$5,054.60, and the expenses of water, janitor, removing ashes, repair fund of one and one-half per cent., vacant room allowance of one-half per cent. on the total cost, amounted to \$2,071.88, leaving earnings of \$2,982.72. The same block could now be erected for somewhat less, and would thus raise the percentage of profit to about eight per cent.

Near these blocks are several rows of single dwellings on the Philadelphia plan. These houses are 9.76 meters (32 feet) deep; 3.50 meters (11½ feet) wide, and two stories high, and contain six rooms each, except the end houses, which are three stories high. The blocks are 61 meters (200 feet) long, and are placed facing each other with a park-way or garden between them. At the rear of each block is a cart-way, and thus the two blocks occupy a space 31.72 meters wide, or 132 centimeters (4 feet) more than a New York City lot. The park-way between the blocks is only for foot travel, and the ash and coal carts come to the rear entrance of each house; while ample drying space is provided in the cart-way; this being closed by private gates at the ends, the clothing is perfectly safe from theft, and no intruders can come to the back doors of the houses. Each house has its own porch, with one step on the walk and the rest within the walls, and all the houses are built of the best materials and in the most tasteful and thorough manner. These blocks and tenement houses were erected as an experiment to see if it is not possible to house the families of the very poorest respectable working people in a manner that would give each family complete privacy and ample light and air, and the best sanitary appliances—all at a cheap and profitable rate. The rents for the tenements of four rooms in the large house range from \$2.40 to \$2.60 a week, as the rooms front the street or the rear; and \$2.90 for end sets on the first floor. For the second floor, and upward, the rents vary from \$1.90 to \$2.70 a week, according to location. The three-room tenements range from \$1.90 on the first floor to \$1.50 on the top. The single houses rent for \$18 a month. The rents are always paid in advance, and for advances of a month a discount of 10 cents a week is allowed. The tenants so far accepted are exceptionally quiet and orderly, and belong strictly to the laboring poor—longshoremen, day-laborers and the like. Delay in payment of the rent is rare, and only one tenant has been actually turned out for non-payment.

This experiment in building dwellings and tenements for the poorer classes that shall be at once safe; pleasant and cheap, is interesting as showing that such houses may be rented at low figures and yet pay as an investment. It also shows the great blunder that has been committed in laying out city lots in New York. At the same time, it points a remedy, and shows that tenements need not be made with dark rooms, because the lots are of the wrong shape and dimensions. The ends of the blocks facing the avenues are ample for a fine front-

age of either tenements or blocks of single dwellings, and as the lots are 30.5 meters deep, one block of tenements and one block of dwellings, with a park-way or narrow street between them, or two blocks of dwellings, with broad park-way or short street between them, can be placed on the lots as now divided. For lots on side streets the same arrangement can be carried out by means of an arch-way under the block and leading to the park in the rear. A still better plan would be to erect the tenements of this narrow width, so as to get rid of dark rooms, and to give the space in the rear to a private garden and play-ground, and cart-way common to all the tenants, and closed by a gate. These buildings prove that it is not necessary to make tenements so deep in order to make them pay. Large gardens and cart-ways in the rear are not wasteful because the improved comfort and convenience attracts a better class of tenants and secures a more stable income on the investment.

Memoranda.

A NEW form of wash-stand for state-rooms on board ships and in sleeping-cars and dwelling where space is valuable is now manufactured, that may be tipped up and folded back into a recess in the wall. The stand for the water-pipes and faucets and waste-pipes and the bowl are inclosed in an iron frame that may be let into the wall of a room, and when closed is only 18 centimeters (7 inches) thick. The bowl is hinged at the back and, on being tipped up, the water it may contain flows back

into a broad spout that leads to the waste-pipe, thus cleaning it effectually and leaving it empty when not in use. The stand is made wholly of iron, enameled on the inside and bronzed or otherwise ornamented on the back. By letting the stand into the wall only the round bottom of the bowl will project into the room. The stand is complete in itself and only requires connection with the mains.

OF the many attempts that have been made to render boiler-flues stronger in resisting collapse, none have proved more promising than a new system of corrugation. The tubes are made of plate-iron, welded into tubes in the usual manner, and then submitted to a rolling-mill of peculiar construction and designed for the purpose. The flue, in passing the rolls, is rolled or squeezed up into ring-like corrugations. By this arrangement the flue is braced and materially strengthened against collapse. Reports of experiments on plain and corrugated flues of equal length, diameter, and thickness of material say that under a water test the plain flue showed signs of distress at a pressure of 75 kilos, and collapsed at a pressure of 112½ kilos (225 lbs. per square inch), while the corrugated flue only gave way at a pressure of 510 kilos. The corrugating tends to spread the iron out thin in the corrugations at the center of the flue, but this leaves more material at the ends, where strength is needed for the riveting. The corrugating is also a test of the material, as only the best iron and work will submit to the mill without lamination, or breaking up into layers.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Old French Metrical Forms.

H. C. BURNER.

(Within the last few months, the efforts of Messrs. Austin Dobson, Edmund Gosse, Robert Bridges, and others, to revive certain old French metrical forms have excited considerable interest. These dainty refinements of versification date back to the times of the Trouvères and Troubadours. The Provençal and kindred tongues being rich in strong accents, their prosody is in perfect accordance with the Anglo-Saxon system of rhythm, and Mr. Dobson, in his latest volume, has proved that these metres may be used in English with exquisite effect.

The following essays in the *Chant Royal*, *Rondeau*, *Rondel*, and *Triplet* forms may need a word of explanation. The *Chant Royal* has been called "the final *tour de force*" of poetic composition. It was "reserved for the celebration of divine mysteries, or for the exploits of some heroic race." It is composed of five stanzas of eleven lines, all using the same set of five rhymes, in the same order, and each ending with the refrain or burden. To this is added an Envoy of five or six lines (half the length of a stanza), ending also with the refrain, and beginning with an address to some dignitary or dignitaries, as "Prince" or "Barons." The *Rondeau* consists of thirteen iambic lines of eight or ten syllables. It has but two rhymes, and is divided into three stanzas, of five, three, and five lines respectively. The initial word or phrase (four syllables) repeated at the end of the second and third stanzas, forms the unrhymed refrain. Apropos of refrains in general, it must be noted that a slight shade of difference, in sentiment or verbal meaning, should be

introduced at each repetition. In the *Ballade*, *Rondel*, and *Triplet* slight variations in the phraseology are permissible. The *Rondel* has fourteen eight-syllable lines, on two rhymes. The refrain is the two lines beginning the first quatrain, repeated at the end of the second, and again to close the final stanza of six lines. The *Rondel* here given is written on the plan of a re-arrangement introduced by Mr. Austin Dobson. The *Triplet* is a condensed *Rondel*. It has eight lines and two rhymes, and begins and ends with a two-line refrain, the first line being, moreover, repeated to form the fourth.

Other forms of the Romance metres are the several varieties of the *Ballade*, and the *Villanelle*, which are described at length in an able article by E. W. Gosse, in the "*Cornhill Magazine*" for July, '77, from which most of the above definitions are abridged.)

A PITCHER OF MIGNONETTE.

[TRIPTYCH.]

A PITCHER of mignonette,
In a tenement's highest casement:
Queer sort of a flower-pot—yet
That pitcher of mignonette
Is a garden in heaven set,
To the little sick child in the basement—
The pitcher of mignonette,
In the tenement's highest casement.

O HONEY OF HYMETTUS HILL.

[RONDEL—DOBSON'S VARIATION.]

O HONEY of Hymettus Hill,
Gold-brown, and cloying sweet to taste,
Wert here for the soft amorous bill
Of Aphrodite's courser placed?

Thy musky scent what virginal chaste
Blossom was ravished to distill,
O honey of Hymettus Hill,
Gold-brown, and cloying sweet to taste?

What upturned calyx drank its fill
When ran the draught divine to waste,
That her white hands were doomed to spill—
Sweet Hebe, fallen and disgraced—
O honey of Hymettus Hill,
Gold-brown, and cloying sweet to taste?

ON NEWPORT BEACH.

[RONDEAU.]

ON Newport beach there ran right merrily,
In dainty navy-blue clothed to the knee,
Thence to the foot in white, *au naturel*,
A little maid. Fair was she, truth to tell,
As Oceanus' child, Callirrhoe.

In the soft sand lay one small shell, its wee
Keen scallops tinted with faint hues, such as be
In girlish cheeks. In some old storm it fell
On Newport beach.

There was a bather of the species *Æt*,
Who saw the little maid go toward the sea;
Rushing to help her through the billowy swell,
He set his sole upon the little shell,
And heaped profanely phrased obloquy
On Newport beach.

BEHOLD THE DEEDS!

[CHANT ROYAL.]

[Being the Complaint of Adolphe Culpepper Ferguson, Salesman
of Fancy Notions, held in durand of his Landlady for a failure
to connect on Saturday night.]

I.

I WOULD that all men my hard case might
know;
How grievously I suffer for no sin:
I, Adolphe Culpepper Ferguson, for lo!
I of my landlady am locked in,
For being short on this sad Saturday,
Nor having shekels of silver wherewith to pay:
She has turned and is departed with my
key;
Wherefore, not even as other boarders free,
I sing (as prisoners to their dungeon-
stones
When for ten days they expiate a spree):
Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs.
Jones!

II.

One night and one day have I wept my woe;
Nor wot I, when the morrow doth begin,
If I shall have to write to Briggs & Co.,
To pray them to advance the requisite tin
For ransom of their salesman, that he may
Go forth as other boarders go away—
As those I hear now flocking from their
tea,
Led by the daughter of my landlady
Piano-ward. This day, for all my moans,
Dry bread and water have been served me.
Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs.
Jones!

III.

Miss Amabel Jones is musical, and so
The heart of the young he-boarder doth win,
Playing "The Maiden's Prayer," *adagio*—
That fetcheth him, as fetcheth the banco skin
The innocent rustic. For my part, I pray:
That Badarjewska maid may wait for aye
Ere sits she with a lover, as did we
Once sit together, Amabel! Can it be
That all that arduous wooing not atones
For Saturday shortness of trade dollars
three?
Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs.
Jones!

IV.

Yea! she forgets the arm was wont to go
Around her waist. She wears a buckle,
whose pin
Galleth the crook of the young man's elbow.
I forget not, for I that youth have been.
Smith was aforetime the Lothario gay.
Yet once, I mind me, Smith was forced to stay
Close in his room. Not calm, as I, was he;
But his noise brought no pleasure, verily.
Small ease he gat of playing on the bones
Or hammering on his stove-pipe, that I see.
Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs.
Jones!

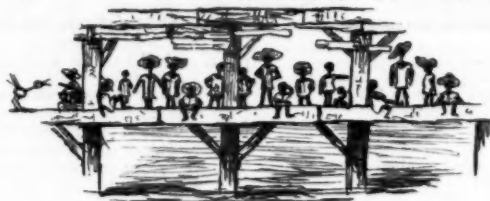
V.

Thou, for whose fear the figurative crowd
I eat, accursed be thou and all thy kin!
Thee will I show up—yea, up will I show
Thy too thick buckwheats, and thy tea too
thin.
Ay! here I dare thee, ready for the fray:
Thou dost not "keep a first-class house," I say!
It does not with the advertisements agree.
Thou lodgest a Briton with a puggaree,
And thou hast harbored Jacobes and
Cohns,
Also a Mulligan. Thus denounce I thee!
Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs.
Jones!

ENVOY.

Boarders! the worst I have not told to ye:
She hath stolen my trowsers, that I may not flee
Privily by the window. Hence these groans.
There is no fleeing in a *robe de nuit*.
Behold the deeds that are done of Mrs. Jones!

"Our Artist" Abroad.



ARRIVAL AT ASPINWALL.

First impressions of the city and its inhabitants. Colored citizens on the dock, awaiting the steamer.



ARRIVAL AT CALLAO—THE HARBOR.

The landing-boat being a trifle too much loaded by the head, Our Artist finds it somewhat difficult to steer.



LOCOMOTION IN SOUTH AMERICA.

What the country people would do down there, if the jackasses were only long enough. What they *do* do, is but slightly caricatured by Our Artist.



HACKMEN IN SPAIN.

Portraits of the three hackmen, who (upon our arrival at the city of Burgos, in the dead of night) meet us at the railroad station, and propose accompanying us to our hotel.



BEGGARS IN SPAIN.

Our Artist having, in a generous moment, distributed a handful of copper coins to the poor of Grenada, finds himself, thereafter, in all his strolls about the Alhambra, at the head of such a procession as this.